Newspaper Clippings

written by

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# ADVENTURE WITH A SEA-ELEPHANT.

BY WILLIAM H. MACY.

Sixteen of us, from the schooner Fantail, were quartered in a little shanty, on the sterile beach at Hurd's Island, situated three hundred miles Southeast of Kerguelen's Land, under the parallel of fifty-three, with an eternal glacier forming its central ridge or back-bone. This island, marked with the seal of utter desolation, affords a stopping place, not to say a home, for screaming sea-birds, penguins, and amphibious beasts of the genus *phoca*. Here we lived a sort of semi-savage life, for several months, engaged in hunting sea-elephants, for the oil to be obtained from them.

Bob Turner was one of the best men in our beach-gang, who would watch the line of shore and breakers untiringly through the long, tedious hours of darkness, ready with gun or lance to prounce upon his prey, at sight, or would "skin out" and "back off" as much blubber in a day as any man of his weight, in all the fleet. A man full of professional enthusiasm, who looked upon elephant-hunting as one of the fine arts.

It was towards the end of the month of February, when very few elephants were hauling. The remnant of the females which had escaped the death-dealing lance, had gone to sea, and it was nearly time to expect the coming of the March bulls. Bob Turner had sallied forth about midnight, armed with a lance only, his favorite gun having been dissected the night before, to undergo repairs.

He had scoured the beach patiently, with tle or no success, until the hour which is id to be the darkest time of night, just fore day. He was then nearly at the exue South point of the island, and severiles distant from the shanty. The wind is rising to a gale, which drove in a heavy ller upon the shore, and whirled a comete *simoon* of fine beach-sand into his face l eyes.

But struggling onward, he continued his ary tramp, straining his gaze more eaerly now at the white meeting-line of sea d land. For it is one of the habits of the ast to come up from the sea just at daybreak, and no one knew better than Turner hat this was the most profitable hour in he twenty-four.

Suddenly the peculiar snort, which was music to his ears, rang on the breeze, and a black bunch, like a bull dog's head, broke the line of white foam. Bob dropped at full length upon the ground, his dilated eyes never wandering from it.

As the animal struck the shelving beach, the neck and body rose into view, looming darkly against the sky. He came rapidly upward, with a hitching motion of his powe ful flippers, using them as levers, on the firm sand. His immense size at first struck our hunter with astonishment. But the next moment, he hugged himself for joy.

"A 'March bull!'" he soliloquized. "The pioneer of the season! I must make sure of him—for this will be something to crow about."

The bull-elephants of the largest class are usually killed by putting a bullet into the brain, being ugly customers to attack in any other way; and if near the sea, it is necessary to make speedy work, or they will escape into the surf before they can be weakened by loss of blood.

Having no weapon but his lance, Bob's policy was to lie quiet, and let the animal "haul" well up inland before attacking him. But he chafed with impatience at being obliged to wait so long, and felt like offering his "kingdom for a"—gun.

Suddenly a new shadow, a human figure, appeared, running with levelled rifle, from the opposite direction. Turner at once recognized the form as that of Chester, the mate of the Centaur, and leader of an opposition party, working the same beach.

To spring to his feet, with a yell, was the first impulse, acted upon without a second thought. Chester, in the confusion of the sudden surprise, fired his rifle too soon, and with unsteady aim. The ball passed as near to Turner's head as to the animal's, and both escaped unhurt. Bob gave vent to a derisive laugh, while his baffled rival relieved his feelings in language more forcible than chaste.

The elephant, thoroughly alarmed, instinctively wheeled in his tracks, heading seaward. But Turner at once confronted him, and driving his lance into his broad breast, gave a cheer for "first blood." Stung to the quick, the monster seized the lance-pole in his teeth, and with a convulsive writhe of his body at the same moment, wrenched it from his assailant's hold. With splintered pole and shank bent double, the weapon remained in the wound, and Bob was left with no arms but his butcher-knife and steel at his side, without which the elephant hunter never goes abroad.

But, nothing daunted, he again threw himself between the infuriated beast and the surf, and thus pressed backward down the slope, continued the fight, by repeated stabs with his knife. It was awkward work in the dark, with so short a weapon; for as the elephant rose upon his flippers, he towered high above Bob's head. It was necessary to rush in and make a thurst, springing out of the way, as the animal jerked himself forward. If he stumbled and fell, in the darkness, he would be ridden over and crushed by the unwieldy beast.

Still he plied his knife manfully at every opportunity, hoping, by copious bleeding, to weaken the elephant in time to save him. Already his feet were in the water, when the quivering of the gigantic body and the drooping of the fierce muzzle showed how the numerous stabs had done their work. The bull rose again upon his levers, rallying his strength for a last effort. He threw himself blindly forward; Bob's foot brought up against a slippery stone, and down he went into the water. With a roar of mortal agony, the elephant fell at the same moment—the advancing breaker overwhelmed them both, and man and beast were both afloat together.

Meanwhile, Cheste, busied in re-loading his gun, had been but a looker-on, rather hoping that the bull would escape. But, seeing his fellow-man, as he thought, in real danger, he dropped his rifle and rushed to the rescue. At the same moment two of our own party bove in sight, and hastened to assist. Turner, half drowned, and considerably bruised—for the elephant had fallen partially upon his legs, was dragged up on dry land, and the first words he gasped out were, "Save the bull! the first 'March.'" Here a half-pint of salt water, sweetened with elephant's blood, came up in his throat, and the remainder of his triumphant boast was—not lost, but only postponed.

By cutting hand-holes in his hide, and taking advantage of the incoming rollers, the bull was secured, and rolled up beyond the reach of the tide, to the great delight of Turner, who was obliged to be helped home to the shanty. A few days' rest, with his elation at having killed "the first March bull of the season," brought him round again. His prize was a magnificent specimen, skinning out six barrels of fat, and Bob did not fail, on every possible occasion, to make the most of the story.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

# GIDEON BUNKER'S EXILE.

Nov. 25 BY W. H. MACY. 1871

The summer breeze played gently with the broad Atlantic, rippling its waves upon the white sand-beach at the "Cliff Shore," on the north side of Nantucket. A light whale-boat, with the oars peaked ready for a start, lay with her head grounded on the shore, while her stern lifted and swayed lightly by the buoyant power of the waters, as if she were impatient to be afloat and speeding away at the sport of her appropriate element.

It was the last boat ashore from the Proteus, lying in the offing beyond the "Outer Bar," with her fore-topsail loosed, and her cable short-up-and-down. A long Pacific voyage lay before the six persons in amphibious costumes, who might easily have been selected as forming the crew of the whaleboat, though they were mingled with groups of their friends, who had come down to the beach to see them off.

It is to a seventh personage, however, that we would introduce the reader; a man of tall stature and great length of limb, clad in a pair of "satinet" trousers, made evidently for service rather than for show, with a shirt of gray-striped kersey; while over all hung a coat of the peculiar cut affected by members of the Society of Friends. We say "hung" rather than "was worn;" for there was an air about the man, and the garment, too, as if it occupied a place on his back under protest, having no business there. The same was true of the broad-brimmed hat, which might be said to top his head rather than to cover it. It was as if they were an acknowledged violation of the fitness of things; a something to be soon deposed and sent into retirement, as really was the case.

The woman at his side, on the contrary, wore her drab gown and closely-pinned scanty shawl about her shoulders as if they had grown there, and were part and parcel of her very nature. The bonnet on her head was such as her apostate descendants now ridicule as the "sugar-scoop" style; and her whole make-up quite effectually robbed the figure of any of those touches of grace or piquancy such as most of us poor frivolous mortals delight to look for in the gentler sex. She might have been comely, at some period of her life; but the features had long ago settled into rigidity, and the form developed into angularity.

Two boys, who might have been called, respectively, twelve and eight years of age, the elder wearing the enforced garb under protest, like the father, the younger as prime and precise as even the mother could desire, completed this group, which was a little apart from the main body of their fellow-townsmen, many of whom had assembled to give them a Godspeed.

"Thee acts as though thee's in a hurry to get away from us, Gideon," said the wife, in a cold measured tone. "I don't know what thy neighbors will think of thee to see thee care so little about thy family."

"I don't care what they think," answered the man, with an air of quiet indifference. "As for caring for my family, I think I've always tried to do my duty by 'em, and I suppose I love my children as well as men in general do. I don't think it's *my* fault that I haven't lived very pleasantly with *thee*. We can't seem to look at things alike; and I don't know why thee should take the pains to come down here to the beach at all, when I thought our parting was all over at home. Thee might have let the boys come."

"But I didn't mean to let the boys come, without I come with them. It would look nicely, wouldn't it, for Naomi Bunker to let husband go to sea without coming to the shore to see him off?"

"That's it! Always thinking how anything would look to outsiders. Suppose they could get a peep at the inside economy of our household, and—"

"Let me go in the Proteus with you, father?" interrupted the elder boy.

"Peleg," said the mother, sternly, "why will thee be so rude and unseemly? If thee would only behave thyself like Seth, I should have to be always ashamed of thy actions before folks."

"What's the matter with his actions?" asked Gideon. "I don't see but what he acts as any boy ought to at his age, if he has any [illegible] him."

"Yes, of course, thee'd take his part and uphold him in his crazy conduct. Whatever Peleg does is always right in *thy* sight."

"That's not true. I've always loved both the boys alike; but I don't like to see him snubbed as he is every time he lets out a little of the live boy that's in him. Thee can't make Quaker preachers of both of 'em."

"No," said Peleg. "I never shall preach. I want to go round Cape Horn, and I'm going before I'm a year older."

"Well, shut thy mouth now," said Naomi, sharply. "I suppose I shall have to let him go, for he wont be suitable for anything else, if he don't; and sometimes I wish I had fitted him out and sent him with thee in the Proteus."

"I don't want him," retorted her husband, abruptly. "Or, at least, I don't think he had better go with me. He'll go to sea, of course; but I would rather somebody else had the training of him than his father. I think he'll do better."

"My brother Shubael will be going away next spring, and he can go with him," said the mother.

"No! I forbid it!" exclaimed Gideon, with a sudden accession of steanness. To impress his meaning more forcibly he seized his wife's hand in his own. "Let him go round Cape Horn if he wants to—he'll be old enough and stout enough next year—but not with Shubael Coleman! Mark what I say, not with him!"

The act of the captain was seen by his subordinates, who were grouped with their respective friends just out of earshot, and was supposed to be a last affectionate hand-shaking, preliminary to a final start. It served as a signal to hurry up their adieux; and truly it was full time, for both wind and tide served for the good ship Proteus to commence her voyage.

"Farewell, Gideon," said Naomi, rather coldly.

"Well, good-by," he answered, in a husky voice, as if a shade of regret, not to say compunction, touched his feelings for the moment. But he hurried to the water side without any show of the deep feeling which quite overcome some other members of the boat's crew, who found it very hard to tear themselves away from their loved ones. His parting from his two boys, who followed him down to the boat, was much more affectionate, and no difference could be observed in the degree of tenderness for the two. His statement that he loved his sons equally, might well be believed; while the partiality of the mother for her last born, Seth, was notorious to the whole neighborhood. He was, indeed, a child after her own heart; cold, impassible and calculating, with nothing of the open bluff frankness of manner, or the impulsive daring which distinguished his father and Peleg.

A few final words exchanged with the owner of the ship—a plain old Friend in rough garb, who did not look as if he owned even a better suit of clothes—and Gideon Bunker took his stand in the stern-sheets of the whaleboat, with legs wide apart, in the attitude so suggestive of an inverted letter Y, and gave the word to his crew, in a firm voice, to pull ahead. An hour later, the Proteus had spread her wings to the favoring breeze, and was laying her course to clear Great Point. The broad brim and coat of formal cut had disappeared from sight ere the anchor was fairly at the bows, and the captain was himself again, in dress as in speech and action.

In the days of which I write, intelligence from absent whaleman seldom reached home; the only chance for news being with casual encounters with homeward-bounders on the ocean. Thus it happened that Shubael Coleman arrived home in the Massasoit, and, after spending a winter on shore, sailed again the next year, while as yet no tidings had arrived concerning the Proteus. Naomi, in stubborn defiance of her husband's parting injunction, fitted the boy out to sail with his uncle; and Peleg himself, only too glad to follow out his roving propensities, as well as to escape from the government of his mother, between whom and himself no warm feelings had ever existed, hailed with joy the prospect of emancipation. Shubael Coleman bore the reputation of a Tartar when on his quarter-deck, though at home he showed no character but that of the staid and demure Friend; but the youth, from day to day, impatiently watched the equipment of the ship, which was to bear him away on a career of adventure, and gave little weight to his father's words spoken on the beach, which he, too, had heard.

When too late, he called them to mind, as striving hard to learn his duty on board the Massasoit, he met with nothing but abuse from one who should have been his guide and friend, as he was his near relative. The most contemptible tyranny and petty spite marked the whole conduct of Coleman towards his smart, ambitious young nephew, and it was a common remark on board, that Peleg Bunker would have found more mercy at the hands of any stranger, and would soon have worked his way upward under the command of any reasonable man. But he was destined to a dog's life where he was; kept constantly at the hardest of "work-up jobs," or the most menial of services, for which his only payment was short commons and "monkey's allowance, more kicks than ha'pence." Grown desperate from ill-usage, he deserted at an uninhabited island of the Galapagos group, preferring to take his chances wherever fate might cast them, rather than longer endure thraldom on board his uncle's ship. He went ashore with others to collect terrapins among the rocks; and failing to return, was reported missing. It is but justice to Coleman to say that he searched a reasonable time for the boy, and only gave him up when he felt satisfied that he must have perished.

His ship had left the island but a few days when the Proteus, whaling on the same ground, touched there, and Peleg, coming down to meet the new-comers as they landed, with the intention of securing a passage somewhere, or indeed anywhere, found himself face to face with his father. After a grasp of the hand, which expressed the full strength of parental feeling, Gideon asked, sharply:

"Got lost or runaway?"

"Run away," was the boy's answer, given proudly, and with an expression which said, "As you would have done yourself, if in my place."

"What ship?"

"Massasoit—Uncle Shubael."

"I thought it. My last words—but never mind. What do you expect to do now?"

He had led his boy a little aside, out of hearing of his subordinates.

"To go with you in the Proteus."

"No, that can't be. You must wait for some other ship."

"And why, father, can't I go in yours?"

"Because—well, I don't want you—it's no use to question me about it—it can't be done."

And spite of all that the son could urge, the father remained inflexible. He brought ashore provisions and various matters to insure the boy's comfort, cruised in sight of the island a week, until he saw another ship touch and send a boat in, and visited the shore himself the next day, to find and bring away the record that Peleg had gone on board the English whaler Valorous, leaving this farewell message at a certain spot agreed upon by the two. The Proteus then bore away for the Spanish coast, while the officers, who knew the boy and the relationship, wondered at the meaning of it all; but Gideon Bunker was not in the habit of assigning reasons for his conduct to those sailing under his command.

Some of his crew came home from time to time in other vessels, and told contradictory stories as to how the voyage had been broken up at Guayaquil, and the ship condemned, though most of them thought she was seaworthy enough. But Gideon Bunker soon disappeared from the port, and no one could tell whether he went away secretly in some other vessel or went inland. He neither returned to his home nor sent any word either to his family or to his owners. But his business was entrusted to competent hands, and the proceeds of the sale of the Proteus and her oil were correctly accounted for to the last dollar. Many years passed, and no one at home knew whether Captain Bunker was living or dead; he had, like many others, "strayed abroad," and was spoken of as "round the other side o' land somewhere."

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Naomi Bunker, after she had ceased to look for the return of her husband, settled down into her hard formal ways, and reared her younger boy Seth after a standard of her own. She had never loved Gideon deeply, though she had, to all outward seeming, done a wife's duty by him. Their union had been an ill-sorted one, and she was not likely to feel any great sense of loneliness at his absence, even though it might be permanent. He had left property enough to keep her and Seth above want; Peleg was providing for himself in his chosen vocation of a mariner; he was never a favorite with his mother, and the chances were that he would seldom trouble her with his presence. And so the Bunker family moved on quietly, without feeling much the loss of its head, who was gradually forgotten, or nearly so, by the majority of his townsmen and former acquaintances. Once or twice rumors reached home that he had been seen by some voyager, that he had taken a foreign wife, and had another family, and so on; but they had no stable foundation, and soon died out again.

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The Shepherdess, commanded by Peleg Bunker, lay at anchor in Nooaheva, homeward bound, after a successful voyage. A canoe with several men and women had come alongside from a distant bay on the other side of the island, and among the party were a boy and girl, evidently of white parentage, at least on one side, whose rare beauty attracted general attention and many remarks from the crew and officers. An elderly man, extensively tattooed, like all the rest, sat in the canoe and declined to come on deck. Several times he called to the young people in the native tongue, and appeared to be urging them to make haste and start off again, as if he were anxious to reach their distant home before night.

"What's the matter with the old man?" said the mate of the Shepherdess to the half-breed young fellow, who understood English tolerably well.

"Speak—hurry up—go home—my fader."

"Your father!" was the remark of the mate, spoken as half in ridicule of the statement. "If he is, who, for Heaven's sake, was your mother?"

"Mother—Nooaheva."

The mate, who had been joined at the moment by Captain Bunker, was looking down attentively at the old gentleman in the canoe. The object of their scrutiny raised his face, and showed, spite of both tan and tattoo, the features of a white man.

"I say, old shipmate!" said Peleg. "Come aboard and rest, and stretch your limbs a while."

A gloomy shake of the head was the only reply, as if he would not trust himself to speak.

"He's a white man, at any rate," said the mate. "Maybe he's a Frenchman or Dutchman, though, and don't understand English."

"I wonder," said Peleg, "what circumstances should ever make a civilized man wish to bury himself on an island like this, among barbarians, and decline to mix at all with the people of his own color and faith? Unless he may, perchance, have committed some crime, for which justice is awaiting him in his own country."

"Might he not be unhappy at home, even without having committed any particular crime?" asked the old man, in clear English."

His hearer started with astonishment, and, at the same time, a strange thrill went through him, for there was something in the tones of the voice that carried him back far into the past. With an impulse that was uncontrollable, he grasped the man-ropes at the gangway, and dropped quickly into the canoe, by the speaker's side. He peered curiously into the bronzed face, which now, for the first time, steadily returned his look. The recognition was mutual, and the rough crew of the Shepherdess, attracted by the strange conduct of their captain, saw, with feeling of respectful wonder, the mutual embrace of father and son.

"Your mother?" asked Gideon, with tremulous voice.

"Still lives," was the answer.

"Does she ever speak of me as living?"

"Neither as living nor dead," said the son, quietly.

He felt that was no time for deceit.

"You have been a good son to her? and Seth, too?"

"Yes."

"It is well as it is. Forget, if you can, that you have ever seen me."

"Are this young man and girl your children, father?"

"Yes. I cannot ask you to call them brother and sister, but they are none the less mine, and none less near to me than you and Seth."

Peleg, although a man of fine moral perceptions, was quite unable to repress his feelings of natural affection for his father, spite of all his wrong doing. He was old enough when the Proteus sailed to realize that his parents were unhappy with each other, and that his father's home had never been made what it should have been. He knew intuitively that it was this which had driven him to stay away from it, and that the knowledge of his own ill-treatment on board the Massasoit, where he had been sent in very spite and defiance of his father's last expressed wish, was the last straw that had broken the back of forgiving endurance. It was in pursuance of his purpose to wind up the voyage and banish himself forever from his native land, that he had wished to leave his boy behind to be taken off the desolate island by some other vessel. The worst feature of the case was, the foreign wife and children, to which his father had honestly pleaded guilty.

It were useless, he well knew, to urge him now to sever the new ties and go home. Indeed, to Peleg Bunker's moral perceptions, it would not be right to ask it, and most certainly could not conduce to the happiness of either parent. It was better as it was. His father's words, "Forget, if you can, that you have ever seen me," had all the force of a command.

But it could neither be forgotten nor kept secret, for many had been witnesses of their interview; and it was not long after the arrival of the Shepherdess at Nantucket ere the news reached the ears of Naomi. She sent for her son to come to her house; not a common occurrence, for the captain had a happy home of his own, and the mother's tenderness, such as she bestowed, had always been given to Seth.

"Peleg," said she with outward calmness, but not so well assumed as to deceive the son, "thee has seen thy father. Is thee willing to tell me anything about it?"

Without concealment or extenuation, all the circumstances were made known to her. She made no comment, gave no sign of strong emotion. But from that day, Naomi Bunker failed day by day, and not all the kindness of both her sons—the one, ever kind from a strong sense of duty, and the other really loving her to whom he owed everything—could avail to save or sustain her. Before Peleg's ship was again ready for sea in the autumn, he stood by her deathbed.

"He wronged me, Peleg," she said, when they were alone together.

It was not to be denied. He could only press her thin hand in silent assent.

An hour later she again spoke, almost with her last remaining breath.

"But mine was the first and the greater wrong, Peleg. If thee—ever sees *him* again—tell him so."

The son promised with the hand-pressure and with his eyes.

And within a year he redeemed the promise faithfully. The old man, who was also drawing near the end of life's journey, was deeply affected. He never expressed any desire to revisit his home, but he no longer wished to be forgotten, and the yearning of his heart extended to Seth, for it was true that he loved the boys equally. The Shepherdess revisited that isle of the sea several times during the voyage, and Peleg had the melancholy satisfaction of closing his last surviving parent's eyes in death, and of hearing him express hearty forgiveness of all who had ever wronged him. The blessing he sent by the elder brother to the younger was faithfully delivered, but had little value with Seth, who could never be brought to look upon his father's erratic course with lenient eyes. This was the last conversation upon the subject; and though the brothers were tenderly attached to each other through life, the name of their father was never again mentioned between them.

The descendants of Gideon Bunker are still to be met with by visitors to the island of Nooaheva, and, as fine specimens of physical manhood and womanhood, extort admiration from those who know nothing of the real ancestry, including, not unfrequently, their Nantucket cousins.

# Miscellaneous Reading.

*From Ballou's Monthly for April.*

## All's Fair in War.

Apr. 20 BY W. H. MACY. 1878

My grandfather, like most old sailors, was fond of recalling the incidents of his active life, and spinning them into yarns, for the delight of us youngsters. I have thought, since I grew older, that the dear old man may have embellished them a little, or at least that, as the phrase goes, a story lost nothing in his telling. I try to remember, as nearly as I can, his account of how he was taken prisoner by the British letter-of-marque, which he always declared was strictly true.

When the war with England broke out in 1812, I was around Cape Horn, on my second voyage as boat-steerer, in the old "Belinda," or "B'lindy," as she was generally called, with Captain Hezekiah Starbuck. Of course we heard about the war, and a great many wild rumors about the British naval fleets coming round into the Pacific, and British privateers fitting out from the Spanish main to cruise for Yankee prizes on the whaling-grounds; but we never knew how much to believe or disbelieve of these wild stories. So we kept steadily about our business, which was to fill the "Belinda" with sperm oil, though we knew we must take a fearful hazard in trying to run the gauntlet of the enemy's cruisers on our passage home.

Well, the old ship was getting deep in the water with her greasy cargo, and wanted only three hundred barrels to fill her up, when we found ourselves one fine morning in sight of Charles's Island, one of the Galapagos, and soon after lowered away for whales, of which many were in sight within a circle of a few miles. I belonged to the larboard boat, which was commanded by Absalom Hussey, our chief mate, a man of great resolution, immense physical strength, and a temper which, when roused, carried all before it. We got separated from the other boats, and fastened to a lively forty-barrel bull, which carted us away several miles to leeward before the mate got a good fatal lance at him; but at last the victory was ours, and our whale turned his broadside up to the sun, while our hurrahs rent the air.

There was a ship in sight, heading on a wind directly at us, but this was rather a pleasant circumstance. He was a whaler, of course, and we felt the true whaleman's delight in aggravating our rivals by a show of our good luck. So we cut a hole in the whale's nib, and, coiling our line down all ready for streaming, we had nothing more to do but wait for the "Belinda" to run down to us. She was still keeping her luff, as the captain and second mate were fast to another whale, which had run to windward. We were all sitting or lounging at our ease in the boat, watching the strange ship as she rapidly neared us.

"Doesn't look like any Nantucket or Bedford ship that I know," said Absalom, as he stood up on the stern-sheets and straightened his gigantic frame to its full height. "I thought I knew about all the ships on the ground, but this one is a stranger, a new-comer. She has got some oil, though, by the looks of her waist."

"It seems to me," said I, "that her bows and head have rather a British look."

"Just so," asserted the giant, with his eyes steadily and keenly fixed upon her. "And the hoist of her topsails don't look nkee whaler. I think I cific Ocean for both of us to pursue our business without quarreling."

"So there is," answered the mate; "but I haven't much opinion of John Bull's politeness when he thinks all the advantages are on his side. He may take it into his noddle to steal our whale, and say all's fair in war-time. And, if he is the strongest, we can't help ourselves."

As the ship drew near us, we could see that she was much larger than any of our Nantucket whalers, and had six ports on each side, with guns mounted in some of them at least. But her mastheads were manned after the usual manner of whalers, and there were no more men to be seen on her deck than might have belonged to any four-boat ship. On she came, altering her course just enough to run clear of our whale, and the captain, standing on the quarter-rail, saluted us with,—

"Boat ahoy! What ship are you from?"

"The 'B'lindy,' of Nantucket," roared Absalom Hussey. "What ship is that?"

"The 'Allahabad,' of London," was the answer. "Cast off from your whale, and come alongside when I luff to."

"*What?*" demanded our mate, doubtful of his own ears.

"Leave your whale, and come alongside!" was called again, louder than before.

"Can't stop!" yelled Absalom. "Much obliged t' ye all the same."

By this time the ship had passed us so far that the skipper used his speaking-trumpet to repeat his order.

"If you don't come alongside, I 'll open fire upon you!"

"Fire, and be hanged!" shouted our Hercules, in a voice that must have been heard on board, for it was louder than the trumpet's hail.

"Now what sort of a mean trick is he up to? For I don't s'pose this is a friendly invitation, though I thought it was the first time he spoke. The 'Alley'—What did he say her name was?"

"'Allahabad,'" said I. "It 's an East-Indian name."

"Well, he 's more than an East or a West Injun himself if he means to play any piratical tricks upon me. Hollo! his helm is down, and jib-sheets flying! Going in stays!"

"Yes, sir," said I. "He's coming for us. If we cast off now, and pull right up to windward, we can pass his bows, though we may not escape a shot, if he's wicked enough to fire at us."

"Won't do it," said Absalom stubbornly. "I'll stay where I am, and see it out. He's got guns enough to blow us sky-high, whether we stay here or try to run away."

The Englishman tacked, and came along a little to windward of us, the captain standing on the rail as before, and at his side a man with a musket in his hand. At a wave of the captain's trumpet, the main-topsail was thrown in aback, deadening the ship's way.

"Come alongside, or I'll fire at you!"

"Fire away, if you're *mean* enough!" retorted Mr. Hussey.

He had hardly spoken, when the report followed, and the mate, clapping his hand upon his left arm, sang out,—

"I'm hit! The sneaking cowards!"

"They're coming for us!" said I; for two boats were in the act of being lowered from the ship. "Are you hurt much?"

"No," he answered sullenly. "Nothing serious. Give me the boat's spade, and I will cut some of— But, no; it's of no use fighting against such odds."

With a few strokes of the oars, the two English boats closed upon us; and, seeing [illegible] it was to resist we submitted teer, or what not, but *I* say you're no better than a pirate and a murderer!"

"Don't chafe, friend," said the English captain. "You'll not be ill-treated, if you just keep your temper, and submit to the fortunes of war. My business now is to get possession of the 'Belinda.' She has hauled her other whale alongside, and will put her helm up directly to run down for you. Mr. Derby! set the Yankee flag at the peak."

Our giant, though a man of wonderful powers of endurance, found the flesh wound so painful, that he went to the doctor and had the ball extracted. But as soon as the arm was bound up, he returned to the deck, where, with all the rest of us, he watched the proceedings with the keenest interest.

Our little ship, the "Belinda," was coming down before the moderate trade-wind; but, having a whale towing in the fluke-rope alongside, her rate of sailing was quite slow.

Meanwhile, the "Allahabad," with the stars and stripes flying as a decoy, and her guns shotted for action, held her course sharp on a wind, and it was evident that when she tacked she would have the weather-gauge. The English mates and crew were already rubbing their hands in eager anticipation of a prize, and laughing at the idea of the green Yankee running down to put himself right into their hands.

But it was evident that Absalom Hussey did not share in their opinion. "Let them laugh that win," said he. "And it's my belief that these John-Bull pirates will soon laugh out of the other side of their mouths. You may depend on it that Kiah Starbuck has got his eye peeled; and, if I know him, he already smells a rat. He must soon make out that this is an armed ship, even though she *does* carry whale-boats on her cranes. And he must know Absalom Hussey better than to suppose he would neglect his business, and leave a whale afloat on the water, to go gamming on a mere friendly visit to a strange ship. Then again, the English second mate was stupid enough to put his own waif—a black waif—upon the whale, instead of taking one of mine. Kiah knows well enough that I never had a black waif in my boat. The 'B'lindy' will soon be near enough to make out all this; and if she once lets go that whale, and makes sail on a wind, she'll soon show a clean pair of heels to this fellow, who is no sailer at all."

Absalom was right in his predictions, for the "Belinda" was still three miles to windward of us, when it became evident that Captain Starbuck had woke up, and was keenly alive to the whole situation. The "Belinda" came suddenly to the wind, on the opposite tack from that of the Englishman, and everything was trimmed sharp for a race; while the rate at which the little ship forged ahead showed that she had shaken off the burden by cutting the whale adrift from alongside.

"Hurrah!" yelled Absalom. "Cheer, boys, for Ki Starbuck! Now, Mr. Pirate," said he to Captain Sinclair, "you may as well shorten sail, and pick up the whales, if you want 'em; for you can't catch the 'B'lindy' with any such dull wagon as the 'Alley-hay-bad,' if that's her name; and *bad* enough, too, she is in point of sailing."

A half-hour's trial satisfied the English captain that the chase was useless, and he gave the order to abandon it, and go back for the whales. Both of them were secured, and the ship hove to for cutting-in; while our dear old "Belinda" was, before sundown, hull down in the eastern horizon.

Englishman and I got on amazingly well together. I was quiet and cheerful, showing a disposition to make the best I could of the circumstances; a course of proceedings which I recommended in vain to Mr. Hussey, who assured me that he would never knuckle to any John Bull, and that he meant to be defiant to the very last. The remaining four men of our crew were quartered among the English seamen in the forecastle, and our boat had been hoisted up on the starboard-bow, where the ship carried spare davits for such a purpose. We learned that the "Allahabad" carried, as her full complement, forty men all told; but, as she had taken and manned two prizes, the number was reduced to twenty-eight. The prizes had been sent to Guayaquil, where a few pieces of gold would blind the eyes of the Spanish officials, and make them wink at violations of neutrality, as well as at many other things not strictly regular.

I asked my messmates in the steerage why the captain wished to detain us, as we were only eating up his provisions; and why he did not get rid of us by sending us ashore at one of the Galapagos Islands. But I was informed that the ship would probably soon go to the coast, and make a port either at Guayaquil or Callao. That it was expected the "Phebe" frigate, and perhaps other British men-of-war, would be there; and that, as seamen were scarce, and His Majesty's wooden walls *must* be manned, not even American protections, supposing we had them with us, would be allowed to stand in the way. Indeed, Captain Sinclair might expect to get something in the way of head-money for six good men who had no such papers to show; and certainly so rare a physical specimen as Absalom Hussey would fetch double price in that great human market, the British navy.

I did not fail to report all this to Absalom himself, who swore that the British navy should never have his services; and even threw out threats that the pirate "Alley-hay-bad" would come to a *bad* end, and would never drop her anchor in Guayaquil, or any other port of the Spanish main, though what hidden meaning there might be in these threats, I could not then for my life imagine.

As the two whales taken or stolen by the Englishman from the "Belinda" would make about a hundred and twenty barrels of oil, the trying-out occupied some time, and all of us, except our own officer, took some part in the work, lending a hand here and there, for the sake of doing something, for it was very hard work, to do absolutely nothing. But Absalom spent a great part of the time walking the quarter-deck in his handcuffs, with a face blacker than a thunder-cloud, and muttering threats of vengeance, which certainly seemed to me an idle waste of breath.

The fires had been going night and day for seventy-two hours, and we were drawing toward the last end of the rich "fare," when I had occasion to come on deck in the middle watch of the night; and, tempted by the cool breeze, which felt so grateful after the heat below, I stretched myself out upon the booby-hatch to enjoy it for a while. The officer of the deck, with all the men of his watch, were forward of the try-works, all plainly visible to me in the glare of the fire; but everything was still elsewhere, there being no man on deck abaft the mainmast except the helmsman, who could not be seen by reason of the intervening house. As I lay there, seeing but not seen, I thought I observed a figure moving in the dark smoke, close up to the try-works, at the lee side, where the black pall was thickest as it rolled away in volumes off our lee quarter. Presently the figure emerged from the smoke, creeping aft on all fours. As he reached the quarter-deck, he straightened up to his full height, and I had no longer any doubt; that gigantic form could be no other than that of Absalom Hussey. With a quick jerk of his arm, he threw something—I knew not what—over the lee-rail; and then, turning his face for the first time, caught sight of me. With a simple bound, he was at my side, one hand upon my throat, the other covering my mouth.

"*Hush!*" he whispered. "Don't speak. all that we could do, for tongues of flame were shooting up the hatchways, and the good ship "Allahabad" was fated.

The helm was put hard up, and she was run off before the wind, which drove the fire forward, and gave us a better chance to work. Absalom rushed up to Captain Sinclair with the handcuffs on.

"Here," said he, "set me free! You wouldn't keep any human being in irons *now*, would you?"

"No, no: of course not! Take your own boat and crew, and save yourself. You shall have the same chance as the rest."

The mate turned to me with a knowing look and a wink. While I was fumbling with the key of the handcuffs, he gave them a peculiar shake, and they dropped to the deck. Of course I knew well enough that he was not in irons when his grasp was on my throat and mouth.

"Here, my 'B'lindy's!" he cried. "Where are you all? Clear away our boat, and follow her right down! Don't stop for provisions or anything else. Let's be the first boat to get clear of the cursed pirate!"

As we were pushing off from her sides, there was a crash and a rumbling, and then a solid body of flame shot way up, masthead high, lighting up the ocean for miles around us. The try-works, with the full pots of boiling oil, had settled down through the deck as the carlines below had burned off, and the whole mass was mingled with the roaring and blazing wreck underneath.

The English boats got clear of the ship as fast as they could, and, like Macbeth's guests, "stood not upon the order of their going." As the man at the helm left the ship to her own guidance, the power of her after-sails, which were not yet ablaze, brought her speedily up to the wind, driving the flames and smoke aft, so that in a moment more the ship became a roaring mass of fire below and aloft. After pulling to a short distance, we lay on our oars, looking at the awfully sublime sight, five boats of us, within easy talking distance of each other.

"Our dear old ship is gone!" said Captain Sinclair, with a sadness in his tone that well expressed that feeling of affection which every old sailor feels for the vessel that has carried him safely on the ocean. "And there's some strange mystery about it too. Mr. Derby, how in the name of wonder could this have happened?"

"Don't know, sir," answered the English mate stolidly. "'Twasn't my fault."

"Didn't you let the caboose-pen run dry?"

"No, sir; it was filled with water as soon as I came on deck, at eight bells. I saw it done myself."

"Well, if there was no carelessness in that way, then it must have been incendiary. Somebody was evil-minded enough to burn us out of our home, but I suppose we shall never be any the wiser for it now," added the captain, dismissing the matter in a very unsatisfied way.

"Serves you right for a dirty pirate," muttered Absalom Hussey, not loud enough to be heard by the English boats. "Well, captain," he cried, raising his voice, "I suppose you don't want any more of my services or of my company. I am quite willing to take my chance on my own hook; and as for my sore arm and the two whales you stole from the 'B'lindy,' I hope to be even with you for all that some day. Good-night. Pull ahead, boys." And away we glided toward the distant land, which was still visible in the bright glare from the burning ship.

"Let 'em lie on their oars and look at her all night if they want to," he said, as we stretched to our oars. "I said I hoped to be even with him some day, but I reckon I've pretty well squared accounts already. I guess his 'Alley-hay-bad' is in rather a *bad* fix just now, and she won't do any more piracy on the high seas at any rate."

After pulling a few miles to windward, we perceived a ship running down by the end of the island, and shaped our course so as to head her off. We lost the run of her two or three times in the darkness, for the firelight of the burning ship had gradually died out. When at last we got near enough to hail, the answer thrilled us with joy, for it was given in the well-known voice of Captain Kiah Starbuck, and the welcome that awaited us on board the "Belinda" was a joyous one indeed. The next morning at daylight we saw the English boats coasting along under the lee of

# "OFF THE HORN."

## A REAL INCIDENT.

Aug 1st 1872.

BY WILLIAM H. MACY.

It was in the stout little bark Sapphire outward bound, that I was initiated to the beauties of that redoubtable headland, concerning which so much has been said and written by voyagers, since the days of the pioneers, Schouten and Le Maire, who gave it the name it now bears. For twenty-five days we had struggled, and wallowed, and tumbled about, stretching up into the latitude of fifty-nine, but making little progress on our desired course; and "Begins with fresh gales from W. S. W., and rugged sea," had become a stereotyped form of entry in our journals.

The morning of a comparatively fine day had at last dawned upon us. The welcome order to "Shake out reefs!" infused new life into all hands, and though it was still a dead beat for us, the winds seeming to have the regularity of trades, as to direction, it was something to see the sun rise clear, and to be able to spread a little more canvass. We must make the most of the present moment, for fair weather was not to be depended upon for any length of time.

"Man the mast heads, Mr. Allen!" sang out the "old man." (The reader will remember that this phrase as applied to the commander of a vessel, has no reference whatever to his age. A young captain would be so called by subordinates old enough to be his father.)

The look-outs were soon at their stations in the cross-trees, for though the breeze was still fresh for whole topsails, and the angry sea of the previous night had but partially gone down, it was a part of Capt. Myrick's creed, that, so long as a whale-boat could live in a sea-way, she could hook to a whale, and kill him, too, if he showed good play.

We had hardly finished the operation of setting the topsails and jib, when the thrilling cry of "There she breaches!" came down to us from the boat steerer at the maintopmast head.

"Where away?"

"Lee beam. Two miles off."

"Hard up!" was the order, and the Sapphire went sliding off before the wind and sea at a pace that promised to place her "right in the suds" before many minutes. Indeed, we had hardly time to make the necessary preparations with the boats and craft, when the Captain, who had mounted the rigging, with the inevitable spy-glass slung to his neck, suddenly shouted:

"Port your helm, and let her come to! Square the main-yard, and hoist and swing the boats!"

As I ran aft to the main-braces, I cast my eyes off the lee bow, and beheld the shining hump of a huge sperm whale in the act of "rounding" to go down. He was not a quarter of a mile from us, as he swept his immense flukes through the air, and vanished in a whirlpool.

"I'm afraid we've run too far," remarked the mate at my side. "But he hove his 'fan' well out; perhaps he hasn't perceived anything."

"Slow as night," said the old man, as he jumped from the shear-pole to the deck. "Ease off the head sheets, there! I don't want to forge ahead any more. We'll have a grand chance next rising."

Sure enough we did. After lying aback three-quarters of an hour, the monster broke water about the same distance from us, having gone only the drift of the ship. Down we went with the two lee boats, the captain throwing a few parting words at us, as we pushed clear of the side

"If you get fast, you must work quick on him—and don't get stove if you [illegible] as I can get wore round. Little more off, Mr. Allen, don't get 'on his eye'—there's no hurry."

There was little need of either sail or oars in this case. It was only necessary to head the light boat off before the sea and wind, and, giving her a slight impetus with the paddles, to drive quickly down on the unconscious prey.

My station was at the after-oar of the waist, or second mate's boat, and the chance fell in our favor. I had never been fast to a whale; for we had met with no luck in the Atlantic, and though nearly four months out from home, were still a "clean ship." Sitting in my place, facing forward to ply the paddle, I had a fair view of the monster, as we advanced to the attack. I confess I would have given something to have been excused at that moment, and had I been on *terra firma*, I might have taken to my heels: but, jumping overboard would not have helped the matter. Mr. Barrett, the second mate, had told all of us green hands, that if we chose to jump overboard, we might stay there, for he would not stop to pick us up; and in the simplicity of our hearts, we believed him.

"Stand up, Tom!" said he, to his boatsteerer, a brawny Kanaka from Tahiti. "Don't be in a hurry, but hold your hand till you're past his hump."

The Tahitian's eye snapped with excitement, and his nostrils appeared to expand to double their natural size, as he rose to his feet and grasped his "first iron."

"Lay in your paddles and face round to your oars!" was the order to the rest of us. Already we are in the troubled water, and as we shoot down the declivity of a wave, I perceive the shining black skin of the whale's "small," close at my side. I involuntarily lean inboard, and turn my head over my shoulder, to see Tom in the act of hurling his keen harpoon. Its sudden stoppage, and the quiver of the pole in the suds, tell that it has not failed of his mark.

I don't know what I did next. I seemed to be going end-over-end, and to have become mixed up with my comrades, three of whom, at least were as green as myself. I only know that I was conscious of being about half drowned, and that I found myself standing erect, with my oar at "charge bayonets," and my hat dancing off to windward, on the crest of a wave. A dozen or more unintelligible orders were given about this time, and I suppose some of them were executed by somebody, but I couldn't swear to it. When I got straightened out again, and untangled, as it were, from my shipmates, Mr. Barrett and the Kanaka had exchangd ends, but no whale was to be seen. The line was spinning and smoking round the loggerhead, as he sounded; and coil after coil ran out of the tub, while Tom watched it keenly and anxiously as it flow through his hands.

"Hold on hard, Tom, and box her down!" shouted the officer. "Snub him all you can! we shall lose our line, I'm afraid."

"Look out boys! foul line!" yelled Tom, throwing it off the loggerhead. "*Cut, Mr. Barrett!*"

It was too late; he had no time to cut. Away went the snarl between our heads, as we threw ourselves outboard to escape it. It went onward till it brought up at the chocks, and the next moment we were all adrift on the ocean, while our boat was submerged headforemost!

I jerked my oar out of the "peak-cleat," as she went down, and clung to it, as it is said a drowning man will to a straw. But I did not think of drowning immediately, for I was a good swimmer; though of course no man could live long in a turbulent sea, where the water was chilly. I know that I looked about me, and counted heads, as I rose on a swell, to satisfy myself that all were still afloat. As I rose again, I caught sight of the larboard boat approaching, and heard the excited voice of Mr. Allen, urging his crew to "give way hard!" Then a sea overwhelmed me, and, while struggling for breath, I felt myself seized by the hair, and was lifted into the boat, which was already overloaded. But the third boat was soon at hand, and a part of us were transferred to her.

Poor Tom, the boatsteerer, was nearly exhausted, having suffered more than any of the rest from his cold immersion, however amphibious he may have been in his own native tropical seas.

"Blows!"

The tortured whale rose almost within dart of us, forcing his breath from his spiracle, strong and spiteful though slightly tinged with blood. Both irons could be distinguish- in his back, and the line towing, as he started to windward, lashing the sea in his agony, and leaving a wake behind him like a paddle-wheeler.

"Let him go! he's sour grapes," said Captain Myrick. Here's our boat too, under the lee, but we can't stop to pick her up. We must get back to the ship as fast aa we can, before that squall comes down upon us."

Until now I had not thought of looking at the weather; but a single glance satisfied me that the captain was right, and the sooner we were under the bark's lee, the better for us. And the [illegible] waist boat, which had been swamped and risen again to the surface, to be abandoned to the tender mercies of Cape Horn gales and seas, for we dared not delay, even long enough to secure her. How much she was injured we could not stay to examine. The whale had undoubtedly, taken the whole line by breaking the chock-pin, which, of course, released the boat.

Down came the Sapphire to pick us all up, and down came the double-headed squall with her. She reached us none to soon, for, as she came to with her topsails down on the cap, and jib slatting at the boom-end, the force of the squall was at its height. A veritable Cape Horner, bringing with it that peculiar sharp hail which seems to cut into one's flesh.

We had enough to do, of the hardest kind of duty, in securing the two boats, and bringing the bark down to her storm canvas again.

"A profitable morning's work!" growled the mate, in a sort of monologue, as I was coiling up the ropes near him, after all had been made snug aloft. "Here we've lost a boat, and a whole set of craft and line, and got nothing to show for it, and now we've got hove to again, under three-cornered scrapers. We may as well make out our log for another month, beating and banging to get around this corner. However, we've lost no lives, and we must be thankful for that, I suppose. *Go below, the watch!*"

## Miscellaneous Reading.

# Why I didn't run away from the Rodney.

Inquirer and Mirror May 4, 1872

BY W. H. MACY.

It was without flourish of trumpets or show of bunting that the old Rodney crept into her berth among the closely packed fleet of shipping in Honolulu harbor. Our season on Japan had been a tedious and an unprofitable one. A single line in "The Polynesian" summed up the whole history—"Arr'd sh. Rodney, Bennett, Japan, 150 sp."

And this too in the memorable autumn of 'forty nine, when every man you met on shore in Honolulu put on the airs of a millionaire, and slung money round with a perfect *abandon*. For, every man who was not from California, was surely from the Polar Basin. In that crowd, the geography of the world, its latest edition, comprised only two grand divisions—the Golden Land, and the Icy Sea.

Most of our ship's company were "cruisers," and took their discharge as soon as the anchor was down. It did not take long to pay them off, as they were all in debt to the ship. But my chum, Louis Simonds, and I, had stuck by each other and the Rodney, since she left home, a weary two years and a half. We were the only "voyagers" on board now, save the captain himself—the last representatives of the original roll-call.

"Guess he'll give us our discharge now," said Louis, "we've stood by him so long."

"If he won't," I returned, "we must take it. It won't pay to fool away two or three more years of our young lives, wandering about the ocean picking up one or two sperm whales a year. If he would shove her up north, I don't know but I would try another season with him."

"*I* wouldn't," said Louis, "I'm bound towards California, now."

But Captain Bennett, we soon ascertained, had no intention of giving us an honorable discharge. We must either follow the fortunes of the Rodney, or desert at once. Sent us ashore on liberty, too, with one dollar apiece in our pockets! Just think of it, ye who can appreciate the situation! This was in Honolulu, in '49.

"Can't help it," he said, in reply to our remonstrance. "You've got nothing coming to ye in the ship!"

"We never *will* have anything, Louis," said I, after we were on our way to the shore, "if we hang on to the Rodney. And here are ships moored all round us, most of them homeward bound, loaded, chain-plates, too."

"Yes," returned my chum, "and here are fellows coming down here every day from the mines—pockets full of shiners—and no change out of a dollar. We must run away, Bill."

"We'll make our arrangements accordingly, while we are on shore to-day," said I. "We ought to have brought our pockets full of hard-tack, for we shall have no money to buy a dinner, if we take a social glass and a cigar first."

At every turn we were made sensible of our comparative poverty. At every rendezvous of seamen we were invited, with an air, to "come up and drink," but were unable to return the invitation.

"What ship are you from?" was now and then asked of us.

"The Rodney."

"Rodney?—O—yes, that sperm whaler. Why didn't you go somewhere, last season?"

"We did. Went on Japan."

"That's nowhere at all. Why didn't you go to the Ar'tic or Okot?"

"Why don't you run away and go to Californy?" asks another new acquaintance, showing a handful of gold. "I came in here last year in the Janus, and came ashore without a *real*, and now—" he finished his story by shaking the coin at us, in the most tantalizing manner.

"Come along, Louis!" said I. "Let's get out of this. We've seen and heard enough, and we're fools if we don't profit by it. Let's go and sit down here awhile, and talk this thing over."

The place we had selected was among a collection of old lumber and ship stores, near the pier where we had landed. Two or three old rusty try-pots were turned over, with one edge resting upon a timber, so as to be slightly inclined, and on one of these pots we seated ourselves.

"Well, Bill," said my comrade, "fire away and give us your opinion. Which way is it best to head, if we run away?"

"It's no use," said I, "to trust any Kanaka to stow us away."

"Not a bit. He'll sell us to the *Kaikos* for half a dollar. No, we must work out our own salvation."

"We might easily get on board one of the ships that are moored close to us, and keep snug until after she gets to sea. I don't believe the Kaikos would find us."

"That's the most common way of doing it in this port, but that won't do for me. It's well enough, if you want to go another season whaling, only changing your ship. But *I* don't want to."

"We can get on board a homeward-bounder," I suggested.

"But I don't want to go home. What's the use of going back penniless after three years' absence?"

"Well," said I, "what do *you* suggest then?"

"There's a brig here—you see her, there in range of the Rodney—that is bound to California. If we could get stow-away on board of *her* now! But I don't see my way clear yet to do that, and for the present we must quarter ashore."

"Yes, but where?"

"*Here!*" said Louis, with a ringing slap [illegible] on the iron pot under us. "Since we sat down here, it has occurred to me that we could'nt find a better place than this. If the old man or the *Kaikos* hunt for us, they'll pass and repass us fifty times a day without thinking to get down on their marrow-bones to look under these pots."

"That's true," said I, "and well thought of. We shall be able to know all that is going on, and we can even slip out at night and reconnoitre, if we are careful."

"I have quite fallen in love with the i[dea]," he continued. "I think I shall get a s[upply] provisions, and take possession to-nigh[t]."

"All right. Do so, and I will man[age] get on board this evening, and pick up [some] traps that we want."

"*You* might stay by the ship a few [days], Bill. Of course you can go and come [as] where you please. You can throw t[hem] off the track, if inquiry is made for [us]. In the mean time I shall be on the lookou[t for] opening to get away to California, [and] can communicate once or twice every [day]."

There was just height enough cl[ear] the timber for a man to creep under [on] his face. When inside, there was ro[om] to sit up, and move round a l[ittle] not to stand erect.

"I can make good weather o[f it] night," said Louis [illegible]

[From the Flag of Our Union.]

# LESSONS IN NAVIGATION.

July 3 BY W. H. MACY. 1870

"I'll take good care of the boy, never fear," said Captain Scoon to my anxious mother, at a private interview which she had sought with him the day before we were to sail, "and l'arn him sailorship and navigation too. I'll guarantee that when you see him again, he'll be quite as good a navigator as—myself." A state of things which in prospect, was highly satisfactory to his interlocutor, inasmuch as she believed him to be a very Colossus of knowledge in that department; the embodiment of all that was then known or could be known of that useful and beautiful science.

An amphibious kind of nondescript, a strange compromise of rural homespun and tarry duck, was Captain Hiram Scoon of the brig Renown, bound to Rio Janeiro, "or a market." I suppose, from what I afterwards learned, this meant that he was bound to Rio Janeiro, if he could find it. A farmer and a mariner by turns, alternately ploughing the soil and the sea, he belonged to the class so happily delineated by Cooper in the character of the Vineyarder, Captain Jason Daggett; bearing some such relation to the genuine in-and-in seaman, as the volunteer patriot, temporarily under arms, does to the more automaton-like thoroughly drilled soldier of the regular army. He was sufficiently at home on board a vessel, and could handle one tolerably well, but would have surrendered at the first broadside from Hamilton Moore's catechism. He could find the sea-face of a continent, or even a large island, taking care to be on the safe side, not to find it before he began to look for it; yet he was hardly the man to be selected for the command of an expedition to survey Polynesian archipelagoes. Indeed, report says that on a previous voyage he had brought up at Turk's Island, his original destination having been Martinique; but as he had disposed of his "notions," and, taking in a cargo of salt, had made a profitable cruise of it, this little deviation was of no great importance. He had the most perfect confidence in his own calculations, however; and as he always stoutly insisted that he went where Martinique was, and it wasn't there, it is to be presumed that island had temporarily struck adrift from its moorings.

I knew a little of all this at the time of which I am writing. I was as eager as any Federal office-seeker now buzzing in the great quadrennial swarm, to secure the position of steward and cabin-boy on board the Renown; and was sure that a glorious career had opened before me when I proudly flourished my autograph on her shipping-papers. In this position, as I then supposed, I should have the finest possible opportunity to acquire a knowledge of my profession on the first voyage; for I was to be near the captain's person, a sort of non-commissioned staff officer, as it were, and would have the benefit of his personal tuition.

I have said that I flourished my name on the brig's shipping-papers. I did so, and left it there, "Leander Sherman." It was folded inside the papers, and I lost it. I was addressed as "Boy," from that day forth, by all on board, even to Miss Adeline, of whom more anon. I had neither Christian name nor patronymic. I might have been twin-brother to the anchor-buoy, for our names were pronounced exactly alike. As I was nearly nineteen, and five feet nine, I thought the title of "Boy" was both too young and too short to suit my idea of the fitness of things.

Of course I was of little use, either to myself or to any one else for the first two days. I was sea-sick, and lay in my berth, wishing that I had never been born, and that I might never be born again. On the third day I was able to crawl on deck, and the captain began my instruction. He was a rough, but not unkind teacher, and I was an apt pupil. He began with the log-line, and explained to me the principle of the common log. I learned the length of the knots, and how to measure the rate of sailing. He then showed me the log-book, and explained the entries. I learned the compass, and how to box it. He showed me the chronometer, and explained its use. I learned the method of finding the latitude by the sun, and how to work the sights. He showed me the tables, and explained the calculations. I learned the method of finding the longitude by lunar observations, and how to work the sights. He showed me the tables, and explained the calculations. 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I learned the method of finding the time by the gegenschein

# The "Beech-Combers'" Duel.

BY W. H. MACY.

After an unsuccesful sperm-whaling cruise, near the equator, we anchored in a small bay on the northwest side of Ponapi, or Ascension Island, to recruit for a season in the Ochotsk Sea.

The "Nanakin," or ruler of the tribe dwelling nearest the anchorage, who bore the romantic name of Kienimboot, or "Kitchen-boot," as it was rendered by our seamen, attached himself to us at once, and afforded us every facility in the way of getting a stock of wood and water, as also an ample stock of yams and other supplies. He spent much of his time on board the ship as did also his prime minister Abraham Booth, an English Adventurer, who had been several years a resident at Ponapi. Booth had piloted the ship into the bay, and also served us during our stay in the capacity of interpreter and "trading-master."

But we were not long in discovering that the anchorage where we lay was a sort of debatable ground, or battle-field of two hostile nations. A state of war existed between Kienimboot's people and a tribe living up the creek, north of the anchorage. A few canoes from that direction were to be seen, now and then, hovering near us, but they rarely ventured alongside unless when certain that none of their enemies were on board. We endeavored, however, to treat all parties alike, so as to preserve our neutrality, and to retain friendly relations with both the belligerents Booth, as well as the Nanakin, had at several times solicited the captain to aid their party in a raid up the river into the North Valley. But he had steadily declined committing himself, and hurried up his work, hoping to finish the business which had brought us there, and put to sea, without being involved in any serious outbreak of hostilities.

At length, one evening, Booth came off from the shore, and reported that a fight was inevitable. He had certain information, he said, that the Northmen were coming down that night in force.

"Let 'em come," said Captain Wheeler, coolly; "I shall have nothing to do with it. If the two tribes want to fight, let 'em fight it out."

"But they'll fight here, on the middle-ground," said the pilot. "Old Kichen-boot'l never let 'em land on this side of the bay. He is mustering his war-canoes, now to meet 'em half way.'

"Good for him! Well, I shall try and protect my ship, of course; but I shan't interfere in the row, if I can help it. I reckon there'l be more noise than bloodshed."

"That's true," returned Booth. "There's very few men killed in battle, though you might suppose, if you saw an expedition going to attack, that they meant to die to the last man, rather than retreat."

"Well, tell old Kichen-boot not to muster his forces on board the ship here, for I don't want to commit myself to either party,"

Booth and his retinue remained on board all night, but the Nanakin did not come off. A strong anchor watch was set, and we did not fail to load all the guns we had, and to prepare cartridges for the old carriage gun, as a precautionary measure.

The Englishman had a good rifle in his possession, and was also skilled in the use of it. He might easily decide the fight at any moment, he said, by shooting the sovereign of North Valley; but, though this would win the battle and secure him high favor with Kichimboot, it would not put an end to the everlasting feud, and would place his life in constant peril, as the tribe would not fail to seek vengeance.

The night wore away without further alarm, but at daylight a fleet of canoes, some twenty in number, were seen drawn up in double line across the mouth of the creek. Booth's canoe paddled away to the shore, and in a short time the other squadron to the number of twenty-four, issued from behind a point of low rocks, the great war-canoe, in which were Booth and the Nanakin, leading the vanguard. A terrible yell of defiance went up simultaneously from both parties, as they advanced to the onset.

Most imposing was the spectacle before us, as, clustered in the rigging and along the rail, we watched the swift progress of the rival fleets, with their paddles flashing in the early sunlight. The yells continued increasing in loudness and fury as they approached each other. Each man seemed to be lashing himself into a paroxysm of rage, as if his object was to strike terror to the heart of his enemy before a blow was delivered. If so, they were not unsuccessful, for as soon as they arrived within stone range, their headlong valor, like that of Bob Acres, "oozed out at their fingers' ends." They turned tail to each other, as the action commenced, and receded quite as fast as they had advanced, the paddlemen displaying more vigor in their work than the stone-throwers, who exchanged volleys with little damage, most of the missiles falling short.

"That's a complete flash-in-the-pan!" said my comrade Dyer, who sat at my side in the foretop. "I looked for them to come together with a shock, like Regulus and the Carthaginians, and all they have done thus far is to expend a great deal of breath in threats, and to spatter each other by throwing rocks into the bay. See! they've hove to again for another yelling match. O! brave lungs!"

"Hold on a bit," said I. "That's only an artillery duel to open the battle with. You see they have faced about again at their paddles. Now look out for a shock in earnest!"

But the same manouvre was repeated, and with much the same result as before. A few light spears were thrown with the volley of stones; but we could not discover that any one was struck down, or even severely injured. The infernal din of voices was kept up; indeed, it never ceased from beginning to end. A mutual retrograde movement separated them again.

"There you are—one—two—like the rounds of a prize fight," said Dyer "They'll have to haul off again, to replenish their ammunition."

Thus they carried it on for an hour or more, alternately advancing and retreating until, as my shipmate had prophesied, their magazines of shot ran low; but their stock of breath seemed inexhaustible. They carried a large supply of spears and darts of various sizes and lengths, some very light, and others of hard wood; but the last could not be very effective, unless they should venture to attack at closer quarters than we had yet seen them.

Kichimboot was the owner of a tolerable good gun, which he had fired several times at irregular intervals, but with such unsteady aim that it had no effect, further than to add its mite to the noise and general confusion. Booth kept his rifle at his side, but made no use of it, seeming to regard the whole affair as a piece of very good sport.

"But they have plenty of other guns," said I.

"Why don't they fire 'em? Almost every canoe has a musket or two."

"Bless you, you couldn't fire some of them with a lighted candle!" exclaimed Dyer. "Trade muskets, bought or stolen out of ships—old flint-locks, that may have done good service at Lundy's Lane, or even as far back as Bunker Hill. There's no danger [illegible] unless you get close enough to get a crack from the but-end, which it is plain these heathens will take good care not to do."

"Then I presume this thing will continue until they have thrown away all their spears, and blown away their lungs."

"So it would seem. Some great military critic, I forget who, has declared that it is not the army which has the most men *killed* that loses the battle, but that which has the greatest number *scared*. Now these fellows have *all* been scared ever since the first attack; so, as Kichimboot had the most numerous force, I think the Northmen have the best of it. Hillo! Booth is going to try a shot at them!"

The "beach-comber" had seized his rifle and, standing erect upon the platform of the outrigger, waved his hand to the paddlemen. The canoe shot out to a position in advance of the rest of the line, while the din of voices suddenly ceased.

Kichimboot alone broke the silence by what seemed to be a stinging taunt, and a challenge to any man of the opposite party to a duel with Booth, to be fought with firearms It was considered a safe offer, for no native was any match for him in skill as a marksman. But few of them, indeed, could shoot with any degree of accuracy, while the majority had a kind of superstitious dread of anything bearing the form of a gun. As Dyer expressed it, "they were afraid of a flint-lock, which had neither flint nor lock."

But, to the utter astonishment of the challenging party, the Nanakin of North Valley ordered his canoe paddled to the front. As she took up her station within fifty yards of the other, a white man, who had until now laid concealed, rose to his feet, rifle in hand, and confronted Booth with a glance of hatred and malignant triumph. No words were interchanged, but quick as thought, the champions brought their guns to a sight, each striving to anticipate the other. Both reports rang on the air at the same instant, and both men fell back into their respective canoes. The cries of wailing on both sides went up more shrill and piercing than had those of rage and defiance. The fight was ended, and as if by mutual agreement, the hostile fleets separated. The Nanakin's canoe came along side the ship, the rest of his force returning to the shore, while the enemy retreated up the river.

Booth was lifted on board, and was found to be mortally wounded by a ball in his chest. His adversary, as he told us while his life was fast ebbing away, was a Scotchman known as Sandy McIntosh, who lived at Kitti, on the southwest side of the island. Between the two, a deadly feud of long standing had existed and, in case of men situated as they were, there seems no alternative but for each to take the law into his own hands. McIntosh, foreseeing the challenge to single combat, had joined the northern tribe on this expedition, for the express purpose of fighting out this vendetta. His appearance was, of course, unforseen to Booth; but he, as may well be supposed, always held his, as it were, in his hand, and knew, at the first sight of his mortal foe, that he must either kill or be killed. McIntosh, as we afterwards learned had been shot through the head, and fallen dead in the canoe. Beyond this, the casualities were few on either side.

The fate of the two adventurers was simply that of scores of others, on this and other islands of the great South Sea. Like that of scores of California adventurers 'forty-nine, it would form a dark page of history, which perhaps, had best remain unwritten. It was not often, however, that two of these desperadoes met so blindly on equal terms, or that such tragedies were enacted in the presence of witnesses

# Select Reading.

## BONFIRE BEACH.

### The Sea-Elephants of Kerguelen's Land.

Sept. 26 BY W. H. MACY. 1878

The great Island of Kerguelen, in the high latitudes of the Indian Ocean, more commonly called by the appropriate name "Desolation," has for nearly half a century past been visited by adventurous mariners from New London and other whaling ports who have hunted leviathan in the adjacent seas, and slaughtered the amphibious phocæ on its sterile shores.

The eastern coast of this island is comparatively easy of access, and affords well-sheltered harbors, where vessels may ride in perfect safety at all seasons of the year. But the seals and sea-elephants, have been nearly exterminated on that side; and the comparatively small remnant of them have been driven to localities where all the resources of human art are hardly sufficient to reach them. These animals are exceedingly timid and wary; and as they multiply but slowly, a few seasons suffice to "work out" a beach where the stock may appear, at the time of its first discovery, to be inexhaustible.

The scene of our story lies on the western, or "weather" coast of Desolation, where a slight indentation, or bight, is laid down on the more modern charts as "Bonfire Beach." We speak of a period when this shore of the island was, for the most part, a sealed book, even to enterprising navigators.

Captain Joe Berkely, one of the most experienced of English sealers, who had made several successful voyages to Patagonia and the Crozettes, was then in command of the staunch, fast-sailing brigantine, Cœur de Lion, fitted out at Cape Town for a short cruise "on Desolation." Not finding the sea-elephants in sufficient numbers at their old haunts, he pushed on, doubled the south side of the island, and proceeded to explore for new hunting grounds. He trusted to the good qualities of his vessel, and to slants of weather, to enable him to "work a beach," even on an iron-bound lee-shore. Success was not to be obtained without incurring some risk; but a good "cut" or two, where the animals were numerous and undisturbed, would fill his brig and send him home to Cape Colony with flying colors.

He found himself one wet misty morning much nearer the land than was desirable under the circumstances; for the roar of the breakers was distinctly heard; while the shore on which they dashed was hidden from view, and the lead gave no soundings. The wind had died away during the night; and his little vessel lay tossing and wallowing in the tumbling sea, which scarcely ever goes down in this part of the ocean.

With hardly steerage-way on her, and the sound of the rollers each moment more and more startling, as she evidently drifted in-shore, it was not to be wondered at that Berkely became anxious and fidgerty. He had already given orders to have the anchors clear for letting go, in case of shoaling his water, as the only salvation from shipwreck.

But a sudden gust off the land filled his sails, and he had hardly time to trim the yards to it when the "woolly," as it is called came howling down from the mountains, sweeping the mist like a scroll before it, and careening the brig to her bearings.

"All right!" roared the captain, with his mind relieved of a burden of anxiety. "We'll make an offing this time, at any rate. But it's none too soon, for another hour's drift would have laid our bones in an ugly place. What are those on the rocks? Give me the glass; quick!"

The captain paused not to admire the rugged sublimity of the scenery revealed by the lifting of the fog; but sweeping his telescope along the base of the cliffs, his eye dilated with professional pride, as he shouted:

"*There's* our voyage, right in that bight! Elephants enough to fill the Cœur de Lion chock to her deck-beams! We might skin out a cargo there in a short time; but the next thing is, can we get it off!"

"There's no landing for a boat, sir," said his mate.

"That true. No boat can be landed there now; though it may be done in some spells of weather, I have no doubt. But if we can obtain footing ashore and get the blubber, we might string it, and haul it off in rafts—by anchoring a boat outside the roller."

"I think it's possible to land in that little cove to leeward of this high bluff," interposed Curran, the second officer, who had also shipped as "beach header," or commander of the shore parties. "If so we'll find a way to climb over the rocks, and come down among them. Just put me ashore sir, with two men, and come back here in a month."

"I will, if I can find a landing place. Pick your men, and get your traps ready."

It was a common practice with sealers to put one, two, or more men ashore at any place where there was a prospect of successful hunting, and to pass on to other stations, leaving them on shore, sometimes, for several weeks. In this way, a cargo was frequently picked up.

No time was lost in preparation, for the weather would not admit of delay. It was found that the swell was not very heavy in the little cove already spoken of. With some difficulty, a boat wormed her way in among the mazes of the "kelp," sufficiently near the rocks to put the three men ashore, with a small stock of provisions, and a coil of slender rope. This, with a change of clothing, and the necessary weapons for killing and skinning the sea-elephants, was sufficient outfit for Curran and his brother adventurers. They were old hands at the business, and accustomed to rely upon their own resources.

After a toilsome struggle, they succeeded in climbing the rocky barrier, and prepared, by means of the rope, to lower themselves and their effects down the other side—where the descent was too precipitous to be made in any other manner.

"We can all go down by the rope," said Shepard, the elder of the two subordinates, but never we can get up again without help from above."

"Never mind that," said Curran. "I can't believe that this beach is surf-bound all the time. There'll be slants of weather that boats can land. If not, the blubber must be rafted off; and then they can land in the cove, and haul us up the cliff again. The elephants *must* be killed, at any rate."

Another glance at the animals below, and they no longer hesitated. The descent was accomplished with little difficulty; and all three soon stood in safety on the beach below.

It was true, as they had supposed, that there was no escape for them by going back the way they had come, unless by having help from above.

The place where they now stood was a segment of which the roaring surf formed the chord, while natural bulwarks of eternal rock towered above their heads all around the arc.

Yet to those familiar with the character and mode of life of this class of mariners, it will not appear strange that, with the great object of their voyage in full view, they should thus turn their backs upon their vessel, and take the risk. They form a class akin to whalemen, whose motto is, when his prey is in sight, "Go on, and trust to Providence to get off again."

And especially is this the case, where a young ambitious subordinate, far removed from the eye of the commanding officer, is called upon to use his own judgment for the good of the voyage.

Feeling his reputation for personal courage at stake, he generally errs on the side of rashness, rather then incur the imputation of over-cautiousness.

For here were the great beasts which they elephant's tongue. The animal were thus made to supply shelter, food, and fuel, as well as furnish part of the brig's cargo.

The sea-elephant, or "elephant," as it is familiarly called by the hunters, is the largest animal of the seal family. It is destroyed solely for its oil, the skin being of no value. The name seems to be derived from the peculiar formation of its nose, or, to speak more properly, its upper lip. This, in the larger specimens, overhangs a little, and may be somewhat elongated at will into a sort of proboscis.

This animal has no tusk projecting externally, and is by no means to be confounded with the sea-lion or walrus, which is peculiar to high northern latitudes, and to which it bears little resemblance. It is probably the largest of the mammalia, if we except the animals of the order cetaceæ, or whales.

The male of the sea-elephants is much larger than the female. The hunters distinguished the sexes by the terms "bull" and "cow;" wuile, by a strange misnomer, the progeny of the two is always a "pup." You never hear of a "calf" elephant.

The fat, or blubber, for which they are hunted is sometimes six or seven inches thick on the back, a large specimen often yielding from four to six barrels of oil.—But it is only at particular seasons, and during short periods, that animals of this size are to be taken. As the average yield of the cows is less than one barrel, an idea may be formed of the amount of labor required to make up a cargo for a large vessel.

Very few of them are taken during the winter; but at the season of parturition, which begins at the end of August, and extends through September, the females come up from the sea, or, to use the professional word, "haul" in vast numbers. They remain on the beach until the young are strong enough to accompany them to sea. At this season they form in "pods," or herds; and each herd will have one or two patriarchal bulls.

The cows, at this time, are easily slaughtered with the lance, and, if killed early in the "pupping season," so termed, are in fine condition.

"Young bull season" follows in November and December. Only the males come on shore at this time, and these not of the largest class. Bulls of considerable size are, however, to be met with, and so on down to the little ones which had gone to sea at early spring, and which seem now to have been abandoned by their mothers.

Unlike the fur and hair seal, the elephant is rarely, almost never, seen at any considerable distance from the land. It vanishes when it leaves the beach. At the regular season for its return, it reappears in the rollers, and if undisturbed, makes directly for the shore.

The time when our three men landed, in the month of January, is known as "brown cow season," or "shedding season. "The females which took to sea in September, now sleek and fat, return in swarms to the land.

They do not "pod" on the beach, as at the time of parturition; but make their way inland among the turf-knolls, and are found even up to the base of the cliffs, or central ridge.

They remain on shore, if undisturbed, for several weeks, living, as it were, on their own fat. During this time, they shed the short hair from their hides, and become gradually lank and lean. On their return to the ocean they present a snaky, ludicrous appearance, being spoken of by the expressive term, "slim-skins." At this time they are hardly worth killing—the yeild of oil being comparatively nothing.

During "March bull season," which real-

The labor was severe, as all the blubber had to be collected in heaps at the most eligible point for rafting it off, when the brig should return. It might remain thus for a month, or even two months, and still be in fair condition; though, of course, always depreciating, as the oil gradually escaped from it.

It is usual to land casks, wherever it is practicable to do so, and the blubber being packed into them, may remain so a whole season before being boiled—it necessary. Thus the oil which escapes is all saved; and the casks may be rafted off through the breakers, at any time when the weather will permit.

A beach where these animals have been numerous, and which has been "worked" two or three seasons, is, of course, thickly strewn with bones and carcasses in every stage of decomposition. But little or no unpleasant effect is observed from this fact. In a climate so cool, with strong winds prevailing, the air preserves its purity, and no sense is affected but that of sight.

Thus isolated, shut in from communication with the outer world, like Sinbad in the valley of diamonds, Curran and his two comrades toiled on industriously for a month. By this time the heaps of skinned blubber had grown to such a size that, even if the brig had met with little success elsewhere, the voyage would be a sure thing—provided the spoil could be got off.

But they were less sanguine in this particular than when they commenced work. Although veteran sealers, this was their first experience on the weather coast of Desolation. And they had observed that during all this time, the winds prevailing on shore, there had been only two or three days when it was possible to beach a boat, or tow casks in, and land them in good condition.

"If we ever save our treasure," said Curran, "it will only be by rafting it in strings, and hauling it off through the breakers, with the boats anchored outside. We've enough now to fill the brig, and it's useless to kill any more. These heaps, if they could be saved now, would boil out a thousand barrels, safe enough. We might get another thousand, I suppose, if we wanted it; for it's about time now for the first March bulls to begin to *haul*."

The days passed on, and the brig came not. There was nothing for the three men to do, but to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted, and to wait with what patience they might.

The great March bulls, the very kings of the *phocæ*, hauled; and again went to sea unmolested; the myriads of penguins croaked monotonously, night and day, in their rookery at the base of the mountains; the sea-birds wheeled and screamed overhead. Thus day after day wore away, till the month had lengthened into two; and still the anxious glances directed seaward failed to discover the missing brig.

Meanwhile, Captain Berkely having met with fair success at another point further south, had the misfortune to lose his topmasts in a gale, and was unable in his crippled condition to return at the time appointed. It would have been highly dangerous to remain on the weather coast; and no alternative was left him but to run down under the lee of the island, and make a harbor. At the nearest available anchorage he repaired his damages, and again put to sea.

It was already late in March, and Curran had begun seriously to estimate his probable chances of life and death, if forced to winter in this desolate spot. The brig must have met with some accident, or failed to find the place again.

The younger seaman, who had stood a silent but deeply interested listener to this colloquy, now stretched his hand suddenly to seaward, in the direction of the weather point, while his face lighted up with excitement.

"Look!" he shouted. "There's the brig!"

His cry of delight was echoed by the other two; for there, sure enough was the Cœur de Lion, under easy canvas, running in for the land.

"I knew Jo Berkely would never leave a shipmate starve here, if he had a vessel under him!" said the leader.

"But what can he do, if this weather stands? He can't land a boat here, nor even in the little cove to-day."

No, that he can't. If he could, they might haul us up the cliff where we came down. But he is luffing now—and there's a signal going up."

"What does that mean?" asked Shepard.

"It means," said Curran, referring to a written paper in his pocket, that he will take us off to-night if he can. That we are to abandon the blubber, and look only to our own escape."

"To abandon the blubber, did you say?"

"Of course. He doesn't dare to delay an hour; and it couldn't be got off to-night anyhow. He thinks only of saving us, and making an offing to-night."

"But I don't see yet how he is to get us off to-night. He can't beach a boat; and there is no anchorage for the vessel, unless he comes very near the land, which he will hardly dare do, with the wind as it is."

"But a boat can anchor outside the roller, and veer away a line with a float. If we can once get the end of that line on the beach, why then—"

"Then what?"

"We must bind it to our bodies, and let them haul us out through the surf. It's our only chance.

Shepard ruminated a moment in silence.

"The chance is a good one," he said, if we can keep clear of the kelp. But it's coming dark very soon, and how are they to see where to drop their grapnel? We must get a light, to make each other understand any signal."

"We'll build a bonfire," said Curran. "There's fuel enough!"

And he pointed to the immense heaps of mellow blubber, from which the oil, forced out by the pressure of the upper strata, had already formed little rivulets, and shining pools in the inequalities of the [illegible]

"No attempt will be made to save it; and it matters little whether we destroy it by our own act, or leave it to run out into the ground.

As the wind was not blowing directly into the bight, but rather from north-west, Berkely ventured within less than a mile of the land; and then, heaving to on the starboard tack, lowered his boat, and took charge of her himself.

It was by this time nearly dark; and, as the boat dropped clear of the brig's counter, the signal-lantern went up at her gaff.

"He shows his light," said Curran.—"But we can answer him, and out-do him, in that line. Keep the run of his signals, while I make a blaze.

A few splinters of wood to start with, and presently the fire caught the pools of oil, and, fanned by the fresh breeze, one of the piles was soon ablaze, [illegible] light upon the sea, guiding the approaching boat into the best channel between the patches of kelp.

Still another and another pile was kindled, till the cloud of black smoke enveloped all the leeward quarter of the horizon in its pall; and as the flames grew fiercer, the whole view to seaward was illuminated.

When the boat dropped her anchor [illegible]

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### A Clairvoyant Revelation.

Aug 30 BY W. H. MACY. 1873

Abel Rowland, my shipmate in the Occident, was a pale nervous little fellow, who looked like anything else than a sailor; and, indeed, his qualifications in that direction did not much belie his looks. His physical strength was far below that of the average of young men, and the same was true of his powers of endurance. His vision, too, was somewhat impaired, so that he was quite useless for a trick at the mast-head. But as every one is good for something, it was found that Abel could steer a capital trick at the wheel; an accomplishment which, as every seaman can testify, is rather a natural gift than an art to be acquired by practice and experience. The best helmsman among a ship's company is usually some fellow who is good for little else.

So, as steering was Abel's forte, he was made very useful by being kept at the wheel a large share of the time during his watches on deck. Being a quiet willing lad, who appeared ever anxious to do his very best, and ever conscious that this wasn't much, he was petted and patronized in a pitying sort of way by his more robust, rough-and-ready shipmates, and rather favored by the officers in matters of duty.

Mr. Gibbon the mate, in whose watch Abel was stationed, soon made a discovery which much enhanced the boy's importance in his eyes. Previous to sailing on this voyage, the mate had given much attention to the subjects of animal magnetism and psychology, and had found that he possessed the magnetic power to a high degree. Bestriding his hobby, he had at various times on the outward passage tried experiments upon one and another, but with very indifferent success. I can never think without a hearty laugh of his attempt to mesmerize me; and how elated he was when I, after the most earnest solicitations on his part, consented to submit to his manipulations. I pretended to be yielding gradually to his influence, while he, bringing his face close to mine, put all his strongest spells and passes in requisition. His success, as he supposed it, made him breathless with excitement. He threw his whole soul into the work, and so well did I play my part, that the astute third mate, who was at the time the only spectator, was as completely humbugged as was Mr. Gibbon himself. I finally allowed my eyes slowly to close—as they thought, in unconscious ecstasy—but really, because it would be easier for me to preserve my gravity.

A few more rapid passes after my eyes were shut made assurance doubly sure, and the mate, now speaking for the first time, said, triumphantly:

"I have got him now, solid! He is in the highest mesmeric state, and you may be prepared to see strange results."

"Do you think I can't wake him?" asked Mr. Bowen, the third mate.

"I don't believe any one can wake him until I am ready for him to come out of it."

"A deck-bucketful of salt water would do it. I'll bet ye a pound of tobacco on it, sir."

"I'm very sure it wouldn't; but I don't want you to try it now. It might spoil some experiments that I have in view; and now that I have found the right subject to operate upon, the chance is too precious to be lost."

"I've heard tell that when a man was magnetized, you might prick him or cut him and he wouldn't feel it at all. Now I don't believe it. I think if I was to jab this roping needle into his leg it would bring him on his feet."

I had one corner of my eye open watching, for fear the matter of fact old sailor might suit the action to the word. But the threat of the needle was only a feint to divert my attention from his grand flank movement. There was a tin cup of water standing conveniently at hand on the booby-hatch; and just as the mate commenced his catechism by asking, in a solemn tone, "Do you see anything now?" a cold douche struck the back of my neck. It brought me erect with the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box.

"Yes, I see and feel, too!" I gasped, as the chilling stream trickled down my spine; and as soon as I recovered my breath, joined in the hearty roar of laughter from Mr. Bowen. The astonished mesmerist acknowledged himself sold, and reckoned another on his list of failures.

But nothing daunted, he persevered in operating upon any one who would humor him; and in Abel Rowland he did indeed find a susceptible "medium." The boy seemed rather to like it, too; and, after a little time, the mate's influence became so completely established over him that a single pass, in connection with an effort of the will, was enough to spellbind the delicate youth. The mate would halt him with a single word as he was passing along the deck, look at him, fix his attention, and—*presto!* he was off into what old Dan Dennis used to call the "cipher-logical" state; broad awake, but with his acts completely under the sway of Mr. Gibbon's will. I have no taste for metaphysics myself, and cannot go into the philosophy of the thing or explain how this was brought about (for indeed, who can?); but I know the result, as I have repeatedly witnessed it. After getting Abel into this state, he could then, by further operating upon him, put him into a trance, and *tranceport* him whither he pleased. By a series of questions he would there draw from him a description of the locality and the various objects passing before his mental vision; which were always true to life, though pertaining to places and things which the lad himself had never seen in his life.

At that time the new whaling-grounds of the North Pacific were just opened by the daring enterprise of Roys, of Sagharbor, and a few other venturous spirits. The Icy Sea, or "Artic," was the topic of discussion among all the whalemen we met; and the most fabulous tales were related by those who had made a season up north, of the abundance of monstrous polar whales, and the easy capture of them. "Hurrah for Behring's Straits!" was the universal cry, and our captain in the Occident did not escape the contagion.

We refitted at Guam, in the Ladrone Group, and pointed her head north, laying a beeline for the Polar Basin. But being early in the season, the icy barrier stopped our progress long before we gained the latitude of the straits. As no whales were to be met with, there was nothing for us to do but back and fill under easy canvas, waiting for the opening to push further north. Meanwhile, we were by no means alone in this disappointment; there being more or less vessels in sight at all times when the sky was clear enough to see them. Frequent visits were made between the different ships, and the night seldom arrived without bringing company for an evening "gam."

Among the sources of amusement on such occasions were the mate's experiments upon Abel Rowland, which being a great novelty to nearly all the seamen of the fleet, were a subject of much wonder and comment. Most of the beholders were inclined to make light of the thing; and, though they did not understand it, dismissed it with a light laugh as "humbug."

But Captain Arthur of the Manchester became a full convert at the first exhibition and afterwards lost no opportunity of visiting us, that he might see and hear more. He was led to experiment, with some little success, on board his own ship; but there was no one among the Manchester's crew as susceptible to the mysterious influence as the boy Abel.

Night after night Mr. Gibbon went through similar performances, the exhibition being more and more satisfactory, until it seemed the medium had been sent to all parts of the world with which either he himself or the operator was acquainted.

"Try him up in 'Artic,'" said Captain Arthur, one evening when the mate had announced that he was now in the most perfect clairvoyant state.

"But neither of us has ever been there."

"Never mind that. Try it; something new in the science may be discovered."

Mr. Gibbon took the limp hands of the lad in his own, and seemed to be engaged in an effort to infuse his own soul or spirit into that of the other; while we spectators, from both ships, crowded round them with breathless interest. For at such times the etiquette of discipline was much relaxed, and we were allowed to group in the forward cabin, where we could both see and hear, while we were held strictly on our good behavior. It was apparent, from the satisfaction depicted in the mate's face, that he felt the assurance of success, and that he and the boy were quite *en rapport* with each other.

The excitement of suspense and of eager interest deepened, until it became an actual strain upon every one present. Captain Arthur, in particular, seemed to look and listen with his whole body.

"What do you see now?"

"The shore, wild and barren—no trees—nothing green upon it."

"Is it high land?"

"Yes, quite high inland, but not near the water."

"What else do you see?"

"Great fields of white on the water that look like pieces of ice—all along the land—but there is clear water beyond it, between the white and the shore."

"Now look sharp in the clear water and tell us if you can see anything."

"Yes—I see—black bunches here and there, like arches, rising out of the water."

"Do you see any white puffs rise from these black arches?"

"Yes—I think I do— but I can hardly make them out; the glare of the ice seems to hide them from my eyes, but I can see something very faintly rising."

"Look sharp now, and tell us what more you see."

"A boat—not like a whaleboat, either. There are men in her paddling. She is very near to one of the black bunches. *There goes flukes!*"

"Hurrah!" shouted Captain Arthur, unable to restrain his excitement any longer.

The silence up to this moment had been painful. The boy's answers had been given in very low tones, and between them one might have heard a pin drop anywhere in the after part of the ship. But when Abel saw the whale's flukes thrown up in air, he sang out lustily, as one might who had made any unexpected discovery.

There could be no longer a disbeliever in the revelations of psychology. The boy was evidently, in spirit, among the wonderful scenes of the Polar Basin, with the whole grand panorama outspread before his mental vision.

"Now tell us," said Mr. Gibbon, "if there is anything else that strikes your eye. Any landmarks, or remarkable objects—so that you would know the place if you should see it again."

"Here is a bluff off here," pointing with his left hand, "that comes nearly down to the water, and there is a strange streak slantwise upon it, as if it had been cracked. Right in front of me now—but away inland—is a peak, much higher than any other land, but the whole upper part of it is so covered with snow that I did not at first make it out from the open sky. But now I can get the whole outline of it. *It looks awful!*"

The expression in the lad's face showed that he felt what he said. The sublimity of the sight impressed him powerfully. A pass or two of the mate's hand, and a strong effort of the will, took the spell off, and the medium was himself again, though at first tremulous and a little wild, like one recovering from the effects of chloroform, or some other anæsthetic.

Though the boy had never been "up north," and could, of course, know nothing of the appearance of the locality, or of the peculiar habits of the bowheads, or "steepletop" whales, as they were called, his description tallied exactly with the accounts of those who had made a season to the Arctic. There were only two or three of these veterans present that evening, but they were, if anything, the firmest believers in the exhibition, and one of them even assured us he could recognize the locality from Abel's description.

He remembered nothing afterwards of what he had seen in this clairvoyant state; but, like a man who has been temporarily insane, all that had transpired in the interval was a blank to him. Nor was there anything especially valuable in the information thus obtained. But the whales he had seen had precisely the peculiar appearance of the bowheads, as we afterwards saw them ourselves, and the boat was beyond question an *oomiak*, such as is used by the Esquimaux of Behring's Straits. His landmarks and other points of description were found exactly correct.

Whales were found plenty, too, at the described locality; and for a week we had all the work we could attend to, and no time for psychological experiments. But a long period of fog succeeded; and when the sky again cleared, the whales were missing. They had shifted their ground; but in what direction to steer, who could tell? Twenty or more ships were in sight from the mast-head, but all, like ourselves, were idle.

That night the Manchester again closed with us, and Captain Arthur's boat was seen coming, even before his ship had rounded to.

"Come, Mr. Gibbon!" as soon as he jumped on our deck. "You must try your medium again and get a new departure."

"But how do you know we can learn anything from him?"

"Of course you can. You just *will* that he go where the whales are, and he can't do otherwise than find 'em. Then he can describe the landmarks again, and tell us just how the surroundings look."

There were several other boats coming to us; for the story of the lad's wonderful powers had got abroad among the fleet, and even the most skeptical in such matters were not insensible to the effects of the natural curiosity which is common to humanity.

Abel was ready, as indeed he always was, to be operated upon; and, seated in the centre of an eager crowd around the narrow cabin, was soon under the strange magnetic influence—a mere tool in the hands of his master. He described the look of the shore as being much the same as that where the ship was at the moment—but he could see an inlet or creek making up into the land, and by the side of it a native village, or rather encampment, of half a dozen huts; for these people drop their settlement temporarily wherever provisions are most conveniently obtained, and pull up stakes again at a few minutes' notice, like the Bedouins of the desert. Here were whales in great numbers, close in shore, and the sea was nearly clear of ice—only a piece here and there. Away on his right, as he pointed his arm, was the snowy peak with the peculiar form; the same which was then in sight from the ships. The locality seen by him must be but a short distance from our position; evidently on the same coast—we being on the American side of the Polar Basin—and not many miles to the northward of our horizon limits.

"All right," was the satisfied remark from several eager captains. "We can all be there to-morrow if we have any breeze."

Abel now began to imitate the action of plying a paddle, as if in hot pursuit of a whale, growing more and more excited. Eager eyes watched his every movement, as he continued to work his arms with increased vigor, with his eyes, or rather eyelids, for they were closed, fixed steadily on some object directly ahead of him—rising partially from his chair to give greater swing to the stroke of his imaginary paddle.

"Are you almost on?" inquired the mate, jokingly.

"Yes—a few more strokes—now, if he spouts twice more—*stand up*—"

He ceased his measured movement and stood, as in a tableau, holding the paddle in both hands. A strange paleness, as of fear, came over his countenance, the hands relaxed, as if dropping the paddle, and with a quick sharp cry, he threw himself headlong forward to the floor.

Two or three hands caught at him in time to partially break his fall, or he would have been seriously hurt by dashing his face against the cabin deck. The spell was broken, and he rose to his feet trembling like a leaf, and with a cold perspiration standing upon his forehead.

After the first excitement of the moment was over, we all laughed at his strange conduct, which could only be attributed to fright; though but a moment before he had seemed eager enough to grapple with the whale, of which he imagined himself to be in pursuit. He had never in his life been "fast," not having been chosen in any boat's crew. There were enough stouter and better men for that service, and Abel had always been left as one of the "ship-keepers."

As on the former occasion, he could recall nothing of what he had done or seen while in the clairvoyant state. All was vacancy, from the time he yielded to the spell of the operator until he found himself erect and trembling in the grasp of two or three strong men, without the remotest idea how he came there.

The company soon after broke up, all the visitors seeking their respective ships, and the first slant of wind next morning was improved to the utmost in our eagerness to get to the northward. Our faith in the clairvoyant medium was not misplaced; for, after passing the next headland, we opened a view of the inlet of which Abel had told us, and the Esquimaux huts grouped near the bank. And before noon we were again among the polar whales, and our boats were down in chase.

One of Mr. Gibbon's crew being disabled by lameness, he ordered his faithful medium into his boat, to pull his after-oar; and Abel seemed ready and eager to embrace this, the first opportunity he had found of doing boat duty in chase of a whale. It was a beautiful day for our purpose; the sea nearly clear of ice, and the water almost as smooth and level as an inland pond. For, in the Polar Basin, where the average depth does not exceed twenty or thirty fathoms, there is no long ocean swell, and at times the surface is like a piece of glass; though when the wind blows hard, it raises a short chopping sea, which is especially unpleasant and dangerous.

The chance fell in favor of the mate's boat, and as it neared the whale—a vicious-looking bull, of medium size—and it became evident that it would soon be within dart, we, in the other boats suspended our labors, and lay, watching the onset, though ready to grasp our oars as soon as the word "Fast!" should be given. I looked at Abel Rowland, with his eyes fixed upon the monster, half risen from his thwart to ply his paddle, just as I had seen him the night before, and wondered at the lad's courage, which I thought remarkable for a novice. I heard the order, "Stand up!" given in low but clear tones, and Joaquin, the Portuguese boatsteerer, reared his tall form in the head of the boat, spit in his hands, as he invariably did on such occasions, and took up his first iron with deliberate coolness.

"He'll have a *splendid* chance!" said the second mate, with smothered excitement. "Be all ready, boys, to pull ahead!"

Nearer and nearer—Joaquin drew back his long harpoon for a dart—I heard the word, "Give it to him!" saw the weapon flash to its mark—and all forward of the midship thwart was "white water." But Abel Rowland dropped the paddle—just as I had seen him do in the clairvoyant state—and flung himself, face downward, overboard. We, the boat's crew all saw it—the tragedy, of which his acts on the previous night appeared to be but a rehearsal. The next moment we bent lustily to our oars, not to attack the whale, but the save to struggling crew from the wreck of the boat.

Her whole broadside had been crushed by a swing of the whale's flukes; but Mr. Gibbon had succeeded in cutting the line, and the whale had disappeared. Four shivering men were assisted into our boat; but neither the boy Abel nor the tall Portuguese Joaquin was ever seen again. The boy, we thought, was not injured, but was so paralyzed with fright, that he sunk just as he fell on the water. The exact manner of Joaquin's death could be only matter of conjecture; but as he was a man of cool courage and resources, and a good swimmer, it is probable that he was struck heavily and stunned. The three oarsmen who sat between the two lost men all escaped without injury.

I have often heard and read of people having a premonition of death in dreams. I am no spiritualist, or believer in presentiments; but I shall always maintain that Abel Rowland saw a vision of the whole terrible tragedy that befell him and his shipmate, though he could remember nothing of it when in his normal state; and that he had, in fact, rehearsed the scene of his own death the night before it happened.—*Ballou's Monthly.*

Comb

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back down; when he found I was really determined to leave him, and take my chance among these barbarians, he said I could do so, as he had pledged his word; but that he should return in a week, by which time he thought I would petition to be received on board again. He has not returned yet; though I think he intended to do so, but got currented off to leeward, and found it impossible, or at least, impracticable, to make the island again.

I saw, at the outset, the importance of ingratiating myself into the favor of the king. I was the first white man who had come ashore to reside here, and was at once heartily welcomed by all, from the novelty of the thing, as it seemed. As I had brought as many tools as I could collect, and was naturally skillful in the use of them, I soon found means to make myself useful, almost indispensable, to Kanka-retah. A still greater source of power and influence was my possession of that wonder of wonders, a musket, and my being, of course, the only one who knew anything about using it.

The first use I made of my growing influence was to persuade the king to administer the sacrament of *taboo* in the highest degree. This was done with the most imposing ceremonies in the presence of the whole tribe. I felt, after this, that my person was safe. Heretofore I had been in constant fear, lest some impulsive savage might, in some capricious or eccentric moment, run me through with a spear, or knock me on the head with a fragment of rock. But, from this moment, such is the power of this singular institution, and the sanctity of the consecrated thing, no one dare assault me, king himself, without another ted ny of repealing or lifting the *taboo*.

I had always cherished a romantic idea whim of settling among some savage of acquiring power among them, a coming—what I now am. I set work assiduously to acquire the langu found this no easy task, for, although t number of words is necessarily small, from the limited range of ideas and subjects of discourse among such people, yet many nice shades of meaning are indicated by slight changes of inflection or intonation of the same word. But I became in time so perfect a master of it, that it is now much more familiar to me than my own tongue. And I cannot better express my meaning than by saying that I now *think* in the idiom of Bonah-tay, and then translate my thought into the vernacular.

I had not been long domiciled here, when a formidable rival appeared in the field. An American ship sent in a boat at another village on the opposite side of the island, and landed one of the crew, a gigantic negro, intending to return for him in a few days. He had shown symptoms of scurvy, and for this reason was put on shore, that contact with the land might restore him to health. But his ship, like the Cambrian, never made her appearance again, and after a few weeks we ceased to look for her. Jerry, as the black called himself, had become a resident of Ewahlua, as that bay and village were termed, the tribe being governed by a chief or viceroy, who was, however, subject to the general sway of Kanka-retah.

Months passed on, and it became evident that Jerry had no intention of leaving the island. His captain had supplied him liberally with tobacco and cloth, and he had also brought a gun and ammunition ashore with him. Two or three ships had touched during the time, but the negro, so far from seeking a passage in one of them, did not even go on board, but devoted all his time and energies to strengthening his power among the natives. He had received the rites of *taboo* from the viceroy, Tuckanooa, and made him safe

would make such a match
though would be best for h
I had never yet dared to me
to the king himself. But
rival precipitated matters, and, on
application for the hand of Sai-see
met by evasive answers. I
was disposed to give my rival at
equal chance with myself, and to play fast
and loose with both of us for the present.
The black and myself became bitter enemie
from that hour.

In the case of men situated as we wer
where a deadly feud arises, there is but on
course for each to pursue; to take
into his own hands, and protect himse
this case, I had thus far the ad
Jerry, in being *tabooed* by the highest
thority of the land. He dared not attack
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# Miscellaneous Reading.

## Her First and Third Husband.

July 7 BY W. H. MACY. 1877

In the house nearly opposite to my father's, in the days of my boyhood, lived Captain David Russell, a retired mariner, who appeared to be in comfortable circumstances, and to enjoy life as a hale hearty man of sixty odd, who is happy in his domestic relations, as he ought to be.

He had two sons, the elder of whom was in active service at sea as mate of a ship, while the other, who was about thirty, kept a small store down town, and lived with his wife and one little fairy of a girl in a part of the same house with the old folks, though making a separate family. The name on his sign door down town read, "J. Bunker Russell," and I observed that the neighbors in speaking of him often called him "John Bunker," as if that were his full name. Even my own mother, though she took pride in being very correct as to the use of names, would sometimes forget herself and send me on an errand to John Bunker's store. I could not help thinking this very strange, and one day, on my return, I determined to know whether there was any good reason for it.

"Mother," said I, "isn't his name John Bunker Russell?"

"Why yes, child. What makes thee ask?" My mother was a birthright Quaker, and from the force of education and habit generally used the plain language to her children, though she did not insist upon our doing the same, but left us quite free in this respect.

"Why, you most always tell me to go down to Bunker Bunker's store."

"Do I? Well, what of it? That's his name, or at least a part of it. But if thee is so particular, I must try to remember and say Russell every time."

"O, *I* am not very particular, mother, but *you* are in every other case but this."

Mother laughed. "Well, I'll tell thee," she said. "His name *was* John Bunker, and the Russell was added after he grew up. Now don't bother me with questions about it, for I couldn't tell thee the whole particulars of the story."

"Then of course," said I, "he isn't David Russell's son?"

"I didn't say that he *was* or *wasn't*," answered my dear mother. "There now, let me alone."

"And as Captain Paul Russell is older than John Bunker," said I, puzzling over it, "of course Aunt Judith Russell, as we called her, isn't Paul's own mother."

"Yes she is, too. Now ask thy father, when he gets back from New York, and he can tell thee all about it, for he knows the names of the different places, and the ships, and all about it."

My father was then absent, being captain of a coaster; but I did not fail to get the whole story of the Russell family from him on his return. And now, at this distance of time, when all the principal parties in the drama have passed on, I can tell the story in my own way.

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On a Sabbath morning in 1805, David Russell and Judith Swain stood side by side in the Friends' meeting-house at Nantucket, and solemnly pledged themselves, each to the other, as husband and wife, after the manner of their sect. Both were young and ardent, full of hope for the future, and rich in love for each other, if not in worldly goods and chattels. David had already shipped when he plighted his faith to his bride, and the honey-moon had not yet waned when he sailed on a voyage to Walwich Bay as mate of the good ship Leo, whereof his old acquaintance and neighbor, Aaron Bunker, was master.

The ship held her course across the Atlantic towards the Azores, intending to touch at one of these islands before proceeding on her southern voyage, and when nearly up with the longitude of Flores, a heavy gale was experienced, compelling the ship to lie to for safety. During Russell's watch on deck one night, and when the gale was at its height, a strange sail was seen close aboard, driving directly down upon the Leo's quarter, under scudding canvas. Owing to the blackness of the night and the rate at which the stranger was moving, she was so near when the alarm was given that there was no time to get the ship headed off to avoid collision.

caped foundering before she could be got back to her former course. When this was fairly done, all on board breathed more freely, but shuddered as they thought of the hairbreadth escape from total destruction. But where, O, where, was Mr. Russell? The last seen of the young mate was when he jumped upon the taffrail, the last sound heard from him was his stentorian cry to those on board the strange ship, "Starboard! Starboard starboard!" His fate, like that of [illegible] of brave seamen [illegible] soldiers, was summed up in the [illegible] fearful word "[illegible]"

All that could be known of the stranger was that she was a very large ship, and apparently a man-of-war, and some had heard voices shouting in great excitement, but seemingly in some foreign tongue. At daylight the next morning the gale had somewhat moderated, but no sail was in sight from [illegible] so without material damage, save in the loss of her chief mate, she made sail, touching at Fayal, where a new officer was shipped, and then proceeded on her cruise in the South Atlantic.

Meanwhile, the young wife, in her quiet home at Nantucket, had settled down into the matron, enrolling herself in the ranks of those whose missions seemed to be, in those days, to wait like faithful Penelope for the return of their long absent lords. But she had not to wait long for the fatal tidings; for the early arrival of another whaler from Walwich Bay, which had spoken the Leo, set the dreadful truth beyond all doubt, and the bride of a few short months was a widow, even before the beautiful seal of maternity had been set upon the fair brow.

In due time the Leo, deeply laden with oil, arrived home.

The sight of her lost husband's shipmates only stirred anew the wound in the widow's heart; yet there was consolation in the sympathetic visit of Captain Bunker and his generous praises of his lost mate. The Leo was to be fitted out again immediately, and the captain's stay on shore was very brief. Time works wonders, as we all know, and it had already begun to exert its healing influence. Aaron Bunker, though on the verge of thirty, was thus far a bachelor, and to the surprise of both matrons and maidens, he seemed determined to remain so for the present. And so, when he had made more voyages, and five years had elapsed since the fatal night of the collisions off the Azores, it was a matter of no surprise to the staid and prudent members of the Society of Friends that David Russell's widow stood again in the meeting-house, to exchange vows with her second husband. She had done well, everybody said: little Paul would have a kind father, and as for Aaron, he, too, had certainly chosen wisely.

And Judith was, indeed, happy in the new marriage relation, though as Captain Bunker had more voyages to make, she was still forced to continue the part of waiting Penelope. Two more years passed, and the long train of grievances endured by our seamen had led to a rupture between our government and that of Great Britain.

It was a heavy hour for Judith Bunker when the news of the declaration of war reached her island home. Captain Bunker had sailed but a few months before on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean; he was away on the other side of Cape Horn, and his return not to be looked for under two years. Would the Ardent run the gauntlet in safety? was now an anxious question, for, in addition to the ordinary dangers of the seas, it was now predicted by those who ought to know, that the enemy's naval cruisers would infest every sea, the Pacific as well as the Atlantic. But like a brave little woman, she tried to hope for the best, and while she prayed for the safety of her husband, she strove to do her whole duty by her two boys, so unlike each other, and yet so equally dear to her mother's heart. As she looked upon Paul, now a stout stripling, and already talking of the time when he, too, should go "round Cape Horn," a tear would sometimes escape her, as a tribute to the memory of him to whom the freshness of her first love had been given. But this was over in a moment, for her heart told her that he was gone forever, and that her duties were with the living present and the anxious future.

The story now returns to David Russell, who, although mourned as lost, and believed to be at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, had been preserved by one of those strange chances which seem little short of miracles, and which are yet not so uncommon in the career of the sailor or soldier. At the moment of the collision when the strange ship's jibboom was very nearly over his head, he had been thrown from his balance and lost his footing. Clutching wildly in the air, he seized upon some rope, he knew not what, but supposed at the instant it was the spanker vang of his own ship. More rapidly than he could think, he was lifted and swung out into the darkness, while his only safety lay in clinging desperately to whatever he had laid hold upon. A moment more, and he realized that he was far away from the Leo, and among the bowsprit gear of the other ship. Her jibboom had been carried away in the conflict, but he had been fortunate enough to escape without bodily injury. As soon as he found his footing, and partially regained strength, [illegible] over the ship's bow

class on the West India station, but was now returning, to join the combined French and Spanish fleet. She had been separated from her consorts before the gale came on, and was now making the best of her way to the home rendezvous. Beyond the loss of her jibboom, the ship had sustained no material damage in the collision with the Leo.

Russell was well treated on board the Frenchman, but the prospect before him was anything but cheering to a young man of his character and nationality. His voyage, which he had begun with such high hopes, was of course broken up and lost. All Europe was in a state of war, and the chances of returning to his own country for years to come were very uncertain, even if he were permitted to be a free agent. But every able-bodied man, and especially every able seaman, was wanted in these troubled times; the fleets both English and [illegible] French *must* be manned, and those in authority were not wont to be over-scrupulous as to the means made use of to get recruits. From the hour he set foot on board the man-of-war, Russell was beset with solicitations to enter his name as a volunteer in the French navy, but all offers and blandishments were steadily refused. His determination, kept always in view, was to make his escape and get back to his own country as soon as an opportunity presented itself, and he resolved that if he served under any other flag than his own, it should be under compulsion, and never as a volunteer.

In due time the Formidable safely ran the gauntlet of the English blockading squadron, and joined the combined fleet in the Bay of Cadiz. But Russell was not permitted to go on shore, and though he succeeded in gaining the ear of the French admiral, he received no satisfaction from the interview, for the truth was, he was too fine a man to be lost. He was urged, coaxed, solicited, and even threatened, but he steadily refused to enlist, and returned to the Formidable as a sort of prisoner, though on duty. He preferred duty of any kind, however, to a life of sulky inaction, so he resolved to be quiet and submissive, and to bide his time.

In a few days the whole fleet put to sea, and soon after gave battle to the ships of Nelson off Trafalgar. In the great conflict, Russell found himself bearing a part, though with little heart or soul in the result; but the Formidable was one of the captured ships, and he became a prisoner in the hands of the English, thus literally jumping out of the pan into the fire, for notwithstanding his straight-forward story, confirmed by his French shipmates, little heed was given to it, and it was apparent that England expected every man—who spoke good English—to do his duty.

He was transferred and changed about from one ship to another, until his original statement and his identity were entirely lost sight of. When he attempted to remonstrate, he was charged with being a renegade Englishman, and threatened with hanging at the yardarm; for he was assured that it would not be difficult to find those who would swear to him as a deserter from the British navy. There was no help for it but patience, and he submitted to his fate, but always doing duty as a pressed man, and stoutly refusing to enroll his name as a volunteer. Thus seven years of the prime of his life were worn away, with no opportunity for escape from his thraldom. He was seldom allowed to go on shore in any port where it was possible to desert successfully, and was always under watch and guard as a pressed man, and one not to be trusted out of sight.

He had several times written letters to his wife, and to others in his native island, but none of these ever reached their destination. Two or three attempts at desertion had proved failures, and had only served to make his situation the harder, and to cut off the little liberty which had before been allowed him. Swallowed up in the insatiable maw of the British navy, he had nearly settled down into the most hopeless, aimless existence, when the war was declared in 1812, and he found himself compelled to serve actively against the land of his birth. But still a little gleam of hope stole into his benighted heart, when he learned that he, with others, was to be assigned to the Ringdove, sloop-of-war, and sent on a cruise to the Pacific Ocean.

The chances of communicating with his home, and even the chance of final escape, would be much improved if he could get into the South Sea on the further side of Cape Horn. With this hope to live for, he became more cheerful, and did his duty so well that he soon rose high in the estimation of the commander and officers of the Ringdove, being valued as one of the finest seamen on board.

After doubling Cape Horn, the sloop-of-war proceeded to Valparaiso to refit, finding no American vessel in port on the arrival. Russell, having completely won the confidence of his commanding officer, was allowed liberty on shore with his watchmates, and he now determined to make a bold push for freedom. He bargained with a Chilian, who agreed, for certain consideration, to stow him away in his own house, and keep him snug until the Ringdove should be far away in blue water. But as his watch was likely to have another turn on shore before sailing, he meant to defer his attempt until the

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strangers who have come to dwell among us, as my son-in-law. They are both here in council with us, and my people are all assembled. Both of them were with us and aided us in the great business, and both of them I think, look for a favorable answer. But that, of course, cannot be. According to our customs, it is for me to choose a husband for Sai-see-wah, and for her, like a dutiful daughter, to take the one who is chosen. But I shall, in this case, depart from our usual custom. Sai-see-wah shall choose for herself."

A murmur of applause ran through the tribe.

"Let my daughter come forward," said Kanka-retah.

The Princess Royal advanced from her place among the women in the background of the picture, and stood by the side of her father. She seemed embarrassed by the position in which she was placed; for it was a rare occurrence for any woman in Bo-na-tay, still less for the daughter of any person of rank, to be called upon to express any opinion of her own in matrimonial arrangements.

"My daughter," said the king, "you will choose one of the two strangers for your husband. I trust you will choose wisely, and as becomes the daughter of Kanka-retah. But your choice shall be free, and wherever it may fall, he whom you choose shall be my son-in-law. I give my royal word upon this in the presence of the whole tribe."

The princess hesitated a moment, glancing at the impassible faces upturned to her from all sides of the assembly, then stepped lightly from the platform and advanced toward me. She crouched by my side, hiding her face, and laid one hand on my shoulder. I thought I could see a slight shade of disappointment on the iron face of her father, in spite of his efforts to hide it. But the negro rose to his feet, blinded by rage and disappointment. With the quickness of thought, a pistol, which he had carried concealed, was levelled at my head. I seized my musket, and brought it up to my shoulder; his pistol snapped, and with a deep curse the black cleared the door and bounded down the hill, followed by my bullet, and by the whole assembly of warriors in full chase. I saw him clap one hand to his leg for an instant, indicating that he was hit, but the injury appeared to be trifling. His strength and agility exceeded all belief as he drove straight for his own house, distant some two hundred yards. Several spears were hurled after him in his flight, but he eluded them all, and safely reached cover. He closed and barred the door, and we all came to a stand to consult together upon a plan of attack. His life was forfeited by the most inexorable law of the tribe. His frantic rage at the unexpected choice of Sai-see-wah had got the better of his discretion, and he had violated the obligation of *taboo*. I knew that he would be put to death, if it cost the lives of half the tribe to do it; nay, that even if disposed to save his life, I should be powerless to accomplish it. He knew it, too, as well as I; and, being now a thoroughly desperate man, would, of course, sell his life dearly. It occurred to me that all the muskets taken from the Minorca had been carried to his house, as he was to clean and put them all in order before they should be distributed among the chiefs. He had, therefore, some twelve or fourteen guns in his house which comprised all the firearms on the island, except the gun in my hand, and another of mine which was left at E-ree-moa.

The natives, in their impatience to take his life, pressed up around the house, and one rash warrior threw himself heavily against the door to try its strength, but was instantly shot dead through a chink or loophole. At this, they all fell back to a safe distance, not before a second bullet, intended for my heart, had broken two of my

fusion of sounds, as they shouted war-chants and beat tom-toms all over the plain below, completely drowned the slight noises made by our two axes as we swung them smartly into the trunk of the tree, which grew with a slight inclination towards the house, making our task the easier. Now the yelling crowd, becoming emboldened, again press forward a little too near; the report of another musket rings among the deafening clamor, and then a yell of pain from a young fellow with a broken arm. A few more blows of the axe and the victory is won—again the negro fires and his bullet just grazes the ear of Kanka-retah, who rushes frantically towards the house, bent on revenge—a wild yell, louded than any before, warns him back, for the top of the tree is seen to waver—another, and the last blow falls—the massive trunk sweeps through the air with a rushing sound, crashing through the frail roof and bringing the whole structure to the ground, a confused heap of bamboo, thatch and lumber. You may cease your yells now, for the wrath of the insulted deity of *taboo* is appeased—the most timid among you may press forward to the front without fear; for, directly under the ponderous trunk of the tree lies the colossal form of the lion-hearted black, half-buried in the soil, crushed out of all human semblance.

This was my first, last, and only rival in my road to influence and power among the people of Bo-nah tay. Years have rolled by since; many a ship has dropped her anchor at E-wah-lua, and taken it again in safety; for my accession to the post of prime minister has led to a change in the foreign policy of Kanka-retah. My wife, Sai-see-wah, has had no small share in the good influence exerted upon her father, and is nearer to my heart now, as the mother of my two stout sons, than on the day she both risked and saved my life by laying her hand on my shoulder. I am stil called by white visitors to the island, a "rascally beach-comber," but all my deeds deserving the name I have chronicled in these pages, and honestly confessed the part I bore in them. I have heard many conjectures among whalemen as to the fate of the Minorca; but here, for the first and only time, have I ventured to refer to that episode in my life, which I would rejoice to have blotted out from memory. My gentle-hearted wife never refers to it without a shudder; though, in most respects, Sai-see-wah is still a savage, and an unshaken believer in the efficacy and sanctity of *taboo*.

Column I Column II Column III

r to be jammed hard up, and then
pped upon the taffrail just as the strange
p's jibboom, high in air, passed across,
eeping away the Leo's spanker gaff and
l the gear attached, as if it had been cob-
webs, while the bluff of the bow, striking
a spare spar which projected through the
stern-hawse of the Leo, snapped off like a
mere pipestem. But both ships were sav-
ed, for it was but a glancing blow. The
danger had been perceived just in time by
those on board the scudding ship, but the
helm had been forced hard a starboard.
At the instant of contact, she was swinging
rapidly in obedience to her rudder, and as
the spare spar broke, the two vessels clear-
ed each other by a very touch-and-go.

The little whaler, despite her helm, was forced up into the wind, and narrowly escaped when he found himself surrounded by a crowd of rough bearded seamen, talking in a language which he did not understand, but which he knew well enough to be French.

From the size of the ship, and the great number of men on her deck, he supposed that she was a man-of-war, and he was soon taken in charge by a young officer who spoke good English, and escorted aft to tell his story to the captain. That potentate thought the story sufficiently marvellous, but as he could not doubt the tale with the living evidence before him, he only shrugged his shoulders and expressed his astonishment in pantomime, as Russell's statement was interpreted to him. The vessel was the Formidable, line-of-battle-ship, which had been with several others of her last day on land, when the ship would be ready for sea. He saw no one in his wanderings about the port whom he could recognize as an old acquaintance, but having learned in the course of his inquiries that the captain of a Nantucket whaler was lying sick in the marine hospital, he went without loss of time to find him. He was admitted according to his request, but was cautioned not to talk to the sick man, who was prostrate with fever, and not in a condition to bear any fatigue or excitement. Still he was not considered to be in danger, the attendant said; only "comfortably sick." "What was his name?" The official did not remember, but it was down on the books somewhere.

Russell approached the bedside eagerly, for he felt almost sure he could recognize

any shipmaster of those who claimed Nantucket as their birthplace.

Nor was he mistaken in this instance, for eight years of active service, and a long fit of sickness, had not so changed the looks of his old friend and comrade Aaron Bunker but that he was instantly known. Russell's first impulse was to rush to him, to grasp his hand, to take him in his arms; but he restrained himself, and stood waiting to see what effect his apparition, as if from the dead, would have upon the captain. The sick man, who appeared to be quite clear in mind, at first turned his glance mechanically and with an air of indifference upon the man in English man-of-war rig, but gradually his dull eyes dilated, and strange emotion made itself visible in his haggard face. He placed his thin hand over his eyes, as if to get a better view.

"He never had a twin brother, that I knew of," he muttered to himself. Then suddenly he cried, in great agitation, "Speak, man! Are you David Russell, or his ghost." Then, as if ashamed of this emotion, he closed his eyes, muttering again, "No—no—he went to the bottom of the Atlantic eight years ago. Besides, if he were alive, he never could wear that "rig."

His hand was seized with a strong hearty grasp, which made him start up from his pillow. There was no attendant near to interfere, or the interview might have been cut short at this point.

"I *am* David Russell, in the flesh, and no ghost at all. It's a long story to tell how I came to be here, and sailing under *these* colors; but you may, and you *do* know, Aaron Bunker, that it is not of my own free will, and I trust to break my chains very soon. You are the first man from old Nantucket that I have looked upon for eight years. But I must not excite you while you are so weak. Be calm now, and tell me all about home and the dear ones I left there."

His heart was so full that he could not yet utter the name of the *one* dear one, dearer than all else besides. But he was entirely unprepared for the terrible agitations of this old friend, whom he thus exorted to be calm.

"Calm, calm!" repeated the sick man, in almost a shriek of agony. "David Russell, you— But no, it is all a dream, and yet it is not, for I am in my right mind. How in heaven's name did you— But no matter, it's enough that you are here alive, and telling me to be calm!"

Russell thought he must be wandering in mind, and did his best to quiet and soothe him. But the one question he must have an answer to.

"My wife, Aaron? Tell me that my wife is well, or *was* when you last left home. Tell me this, Aaron, and I will not excite you more. I will leave as soon as you have answered this question!"

"Leave! No, sit down, man. Sit here, close at my side, for you must know all," said the sick man, with forced calmness. "*Your* wife? how can I tell you? and yet I must. My God! David Russell, do you know? No, of course you do *not* know that your wife has been my wife for the past three years!"

The grasp of the hand relaxed. Russell's face dropped upon the side of the bed, and his strong frame shook with agony of the first shock. Both men were silent for two or three minutes.

"She mourned you truly, David, and gave five full years to your memory. I made three more voyages in the Leo, always waiting and hoping before I spoke to her of love. I have been very happy with Judith, and I have been faithful to your boy, David—for you *have* a boy, and a noble one, too—as I was to my own, who is still but an infant. Both boys call *her* "mother," David, and she loves them equally. But if she knew what you and I know at this moment, I think her dear heart would be broken."

Another shudder went through the powerful frame—the last one—and Russell raised his face with an expression stern and yet tender. He seemed to have seen his way clear, and to be strong with high resolve.

"Her dear heart shall not be broken, Aaron, for she need never know the truth. I confess that for eight years I have cherished the hope of meeting Judith again in this world; but that is all over now. Go back to your wife, Aaron, and be happy; for although she is also my wife, it could bring nothing but misery to her to know that I am living."

"But you must know, David, that the legal claim is yours."

"If it is mine, I waive it now and forever. I shall try to escape as soon as I can from this accursed British service; but I shall never make myself known to any townsman of mine. There is room enough somewhere in the world for all of us. This secret is yours and mine, Aaron. I know that you will keep it inviolate for *her* sake."

"And you have no blame either for her or me?" asked Captain Bunker, in a choking voice.

"Blame! no; my wife—our wife, Aaron, is above all blame. There is no blame attaching to any one in such a case; and yet strange it is that this very fact makes it the harder to bear for all three of the parties. Keep the secret, Aaron, to your grave! I only ask that you will do your duty by my boy, as I know you have done it heretofore, and let me be forgotten."

"I would gladly promise all this to you, David, for I know and feel that you are right. Yours is the best and only true solution of such a problem, whatever the law may say about it. For the sake of *her* peace—though I hope not from any more selfish motive—I could make you the promise you ask for, and keep it, too. But in this case, David, the problem will work out its own solution in a better way even than you have suggested. I feel that such promises on my part would be idle, for I shall never live to fulfil them. They say that I am getting better now, but I know that my strength is failing day by day, and feel that my time on earth is short. No,

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you need not tell me that I am foolish, or that I alarm myself without good cause, for I see it in your face that you are going to say something of the kind. I think I know my own condition and chances of life, and I feel sure that I never shall see Judith again. Now I want *you* in your turn to make a promise to *me*. If you break away from the forced service under the English flag, which I think you will do very soon, make inquiries about me, and as soon as you know that I have ceased to live, return to your wife. For she is lawfully and truly your wife, and will love you, if you returned under those circumstances, even as she now loves your memory, believing you dead for years. David, we both love this woman, and are studying her happiness; if you love her well enough to conceal from her the knowledge of your existence, that she may be happy with me, you must certainly love her well enough to promise that you will do as I desire, in case you hear of my death."

"I will!" answered Russell, solemnly. "But if I should escape, as I hope to in this port, the chances are that I shall return to America penniless. You have not thought of that."

"Indeed I have," answered Aaron Bunker. "I have left something behind, for I have been moderately prosperous in money matters, and meant, when I sailed in the Ardent, that this should be my last voyage. Judith is not penniless, by any means. By my will, executed before I sailed, all that I leave goes to her during life, and after her, to your child and mine, in equal shares. Promise me *this*, too, David—that you will be a father to my boy, as I have been and always intended to be to yours."

The promise was given by Russell with as much emotion as if his friend had been really at the point of death.

"I feel very happy in this promise, for we know that, as old shipmates, we can rely upon each other's word. Give me your hand upon it, David. Mark what I say, I am nearer the end than you or the doctors think—but I am not afraid to die, for I have kept a fair record; and though I married your wife, it seems, yet I have done no wrong, knowingly, to man or woman. With this promise from you, I may say that I am quite content, and stand ready when the time comes. And now let us talk of other matters. My ship, the Ardent, is nearly full of oil—at any rate, she has a good voyage in her hold already. She is now out here on a short cruise, in charge of my mate, Joe Barnard; you know him well. Joe is a good whaleman and a worthy fellow, but he is not the man I would desire to leave in charge, if I had any choice in the matter. He will follow anywhere, if somebody else will lead, but he lacks confidence in himself as soon as he is thrown upon his own resources. I only wish that you, David Russell, were on board the Ardent and had command of her."

"Do you expect her in here soon?" Russell asked.

"No, I hope not, for she would run into the very jaws of death before I could get on board myself, weak as I am now. I told Mr. Barnard to look in at Talcahuana first, and to find out there whether any man-of-war was in this bay before he started round here. I gave him these orders because I had heard a rumor that your ship, the Ringdove, and several others were coming round in this station, hoping to capture David Porter, who is scouring the Pacific in that saucy frigate the Essex."

The attendant belonging to the hospital here hurried in with a very anxious face, like a night-watchman rushing up after a row is all over. But seeing the sick man evidently so calm and happy, he retired again, and the two held another hour's conversation together. Russell related the story of his miraculous escape on the night of the collision, and something of his subsequent adventures; and Captain Bunker went more into detail concerning a hundred matters at home, in which the long absent wanderer was deeply interested. He was still full of anxiety about his ship, and from time to time returned to that subject. He himself owned a quarter of the Ardent and her cargo. She was a great traveller, and with a fair start, he did not fear the Ringdove, or any other British cruiser; but there were the chances of the elements, and his want of confidence in his mate's firmness.

At the hour of parting they mutually renewed their promises concerning the woman they loved and her children.

"But," said Aaron, again, "my promise amounts to nothing, because I shall never live to carry it out. When you come ashore again, call here before you start up country for Santiago. I may have more to say to you. If I am not living, I will leave a written message for you."

When Russell got his last liberty day on shore, some ten days later, he lost no time in making inquiry at the hospital. But the shock to his feelings was terrible when he learned that Captain Bunker had been buried the day before. His words had been indeed prophetic, and he was nearer his end when he uttered them than even he himself had supposed. A package was delivered to Russell by the steward of the hospital, and on opening it a considerable sum in ready money was found, with three letters directed by the feeble hand of the dying man. One of these was for Russell himself, another for Judith, and the third for his mate on board the Ardent.

Russell could be of no further use at the hospital, and his duties at once called him elsewhere. He sought his Chilian friend, and having exchanged his man-of-war clothes for the dress of the country, they mounted their horses for a ride inland. But just then a courier came up from the southward with a report that a ship, supposed to be a whaler, was in sight, coasting along towards the port. A word to this guide, and still better a dollar displayed to his view, served to change their direction, and they rode at breakneck speed along shore to the southward.

A ride of three hours brought them abreast of the ship, and Francisco, further stimulated by another dollar, was not long in finding a friend who was ready to carry them out in his fishing-boat. As the wind was light, they soon succeeded in heading off the Ardent, for Russell knew her well enough from Aaron's description.

"Where's Mr. Barnard?" demanded Russell, as he jumped in on the quarter-deck.

Mr. Barnard was below, suffering from severe injuries, having been hurt by a whale a few days before. The second mate now had charge, and knowing little of navigation, had got hold of the land, as he expressed it, a[illegible]s following it along towards the Bay o[illegible]alparaiso.

"You are rushing right into the enemy's hands," said Russell. "You had better bring her to the wind, and work off again as fast as you can, for the Ringdove is in the bay, and her boats will be out after you, as they have got the news before this time. It was lucky that I heard it before the English officers did. But I must see Joe Barnard at once. I have a letter for him, and I hope he is able to read it.

He was able to read, though suffering from severe injuries, and the reading of the letter, written by a dying man, who was master and part owner of the ship, and delivered as it was by an old acquaintance risen from a watery grave, had wonderful effect. Russell found himself at once in a post of honor, fully authorized to act, and, in fact, commander of the Ardent *de facto* if not *de jure*. For both the crippled and suffering mate and the young inexperienced second officer were glad to be relieved of the responsibility.

While the Ringdove's boats were waiting at the mouth of Valparaiso Bay, to board and capture the Ardent in neutral waters, and the police were hunting far and near for the deserter Russell, the stout little whaler, with the deserter in charge, was speeding away under a cloud of canvas, laying her course for Cape Horn—homeward bound.

It was a day of great rejoicing among the good people of the island when the news spread abroad that a deeply-laden ship, known by her distinctive flag to be the Ardent, had successfully run the gauntlet of the hostile cruisers, and was coming to anchor off Nantucket Bar, It was not until the swift whaleboat lowered from her sides touched the beach at the Cliff Shore, that the truth was known concerning the death of Captain Bunker, and the resurrection of David Russell from his supposed ocean grave. He did not present himself before his wife until she sent for him, but the letter of Aaron, with the seal unbroken as he received it, was delivered to her by a trusty hand, and its contents, sacred to her eyes alone, made all things clear, and prepared the way to happiness. Upon the first interview between Judith and her long-lost husband, not even the pen of the novelist has a right to intrude.

After a suitable interval of time David and Judith remarried, and entered upon a new career of happiness. After peace was proclaimed the captain made two more successful voyages, taking his boy Paul with him, and then returned with a competency. By special act of the General Court, little John Bunker had the name of Russell added, and until grown to manhood knew of no other father than the man who is still equally as dear to him and to his sailor brother, and who was thus strangely their mother's first and third husband.—*Ballou's Monthly.*

The Cormorant's Luck

Ref



## LOOK UP!

BY LOUIS CARROLL PRINDLE.

Though this world is full of sorrow,
There are golden dreams to borrow,
That will light and cheer the dreary darkened day;
Darkest clouds have brightest lining,
For beyond the sun is shining—
Then be patient till your sorrows fade away.

If your heart with grief is breaking,
From your life all sweetness taking;
If despair is shading deep and black your soul,
Bring your heart and Saviour nearer,
Ask to have the way made clearer,
Pray to have the cloud of sorrow from you roll.

Let your deep devotion merit
Aid from his forgiving spirit,
Who in mercy, love and justice rules the world;
He will pardon all transgression,
If you make a free confession,
And in every clime his banners are unfurled.

All ye weary and despairing,
Who live on each day uncaring,
For the end—or where your bitter paths may lead,
Let the blood Christ shed so freely,
Melt your hearts so hard and steely—
Let it lead you to his throne for life to plead.

*Bridgeport, Conn., May*, 1873.

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about 3000 words

## THE CORMORANT'S LUCK.

BY W. H. MACY.

SEAMEN have the reputation, not altogether undeserved, of being more superstitious than the generality of mortals. Almost every one, however strong-minded and intelligent, cherishes away down in his mind a belief in "lucky" and "unlucky" ships. He may deny it ever so earnestly; may scout the imputation as sheer nonsense; but when brought to the test, the old feeling is very apt to come uppermost, and his actions to belie his bold words.

I well remember, in my boyish days, that there was always a rush of the best seamen to ship in the Cormorant as soon as her papers were known to be open. There were many more desirable ships, considering merely the intrinsic qualities of each; but the Cormorant had always been lucky, and it was generally believed always would be. There was a venerable battered horseshoe nailed to one of the breast-hooks in her bows, so as to revolve as on a pivot, and the crews who had sailed in her entertained a sort of veneration for this symbol. If unsuccessful in a chase of whales, they went into the forecastle after their return on board and turned the horseshoe on the nail a certain number of times; luck was sure to follow the next day, or, at least, very soon. Certain it was that the Cormorant, though an ancient ship, had never failed to make a successful voyage, and scarce any one had the temerity to suppose that she ever *could* fail.

My cousin, Joe Burrell, was several years my senior, and had arrived at that stage—only a question of time with all of us young islanders—when he was old and stout enough to go "round Cape Horn." His father, who had been an old salt himself, was a devout believer in luck, and had curbed Joe's impatience a whole year, having actually bespoken him a berth in the old Cormorant while yet she was at sea on her previous voyage. Nothing could exceed the boy's delight when he really saw his autograph signed on her shipping articles, though the "lay" against it was not so liberal as he might have obtained in other ships of less enviable reputation. The supply of stout lads to man the Cormorant was always greater than the demand, and the shrewd old Quaker owner

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did not fail to profit a little by that fact.

Nathan Joy, her commander, had been mate of her on the previous voyage, and there was luck in him as well as the vessel. Surely no one ever began his career in the whaling business with a more flattering prospect of success than my cousin Joe. His letters to me were as frequent as his opportunities for sending them, and he always wrote in high spirits, giving such glowing descriptions of his adventures as fired my boyish ardor, and made me chafe with impatient longing for the time when I, too, should be deemed worthy to join the crusade against the leviathan.

A letter dated when the Cormorant was about two years out from home reported her near the Galapagos Islands, wanting only a few whales to fill her. As the letter was five months old when received, we began to look for Joe's arrival from the day of its reception. But months passed on, and winter set in without bringing either the ship or further tidings, until not even her proverbial good luck was proof against certain vague fears that some accident might have befallen her.

Every whaleship in those days carried a distinguishing signal, or "owner's flag," of large size, and it was customary, on arrival at Homes's Hole, or "Oldtown" (as we always called the little port of Edgartown), to send this flag by the little packet-sloop which plied between the Vineyard and Nantucket, thus reporting as early as possible the identity of the ship to the anxious ones on the lookout for her. Many a day we kept the spyglass in operation from the "walk" on the housetop, vainly watching for the great blue flag with a C in white, which was to set our minds at rest about the Cormorant. It came not, and even the most sanguine shook their heads, and admitted that the doctrine of luck had in this case proved a failure.

Then there drifted home a rumor that a certain whaleship, believed to be the Cormorant, had been cut off at Juan Fernandez by a party of Chilian convicts. What had been the fate of the crew could not be known, but it was almost sure that the pirates had kept possession of the vessel, and started off on some sort of marauding expedition in the Pacific. The penal settlement at the island had been broken up through the inefficiency of those placed in authority over the malefactors, and some of the latter had been summarily shot, as Napoleon is said to have shot the Turks at Jaffa, as the easiest way of disposing of them. But those who had seized the ship had made good their escape, and it was long ere their whereabouts was known.

My uncle, Joe's father, still clung to his faith in the ultimate safety of the vessel and crew. "I tell you," said he, "there's luck in her old timbers, and she'll turn up somewhere yet all right." But spring came without any light being shed upon the mystery, and meanwhile I had grown stout enough to commence my own adventurous career, and cast my lot in the new ship Samaria, and prepared to fulfil what I had always been accustomed to look upon as my appointed destiny, quite undeterred by the lesson of my cousin Joe's fate.

We were nearly up with Cape Horn in the Samaria, hammering away against head winds, when a homeward-bounder, under a cloud of sail, came running down on our quarter. There were many marks of resemblance about her to the Cormorant; so said the old seamen, who ought to know, and when she rounded to within a short distance, and flaunted the blue flag with the C in white, for which we had watched so anxiously and so long, all doubt was removed. A few minutes later and my hand was seized with an iron grip by my cousin Joe Burnell, no longer a boy in stature, but a young Hercules.

Of course all sorts of eager questions were put, in our curiosity to learn the adventures of men who appeared as if risen from the dead; and the truth of their story, as I gathered it from Joe, was that the ship had been captured, as rumored, by a party of Chilians, who effected their purpose by surprise, boarding her while lying at Juan Fernandez in such force as to overpower the crew without striking a blow. Captain Joy, though not wanting in courage or in disposition to defend his property, found himself powerless, in consequence of the negligence of the watch in charge, and saw the impolicy of any attempt at resistance after the convicts were in full possession of the deck. They numbered full seventy men, and they offered no further violence, either to himself or his crew, than such as was necessary to make themselves safe in possession.

Joe told me he never was ill-treated by any of them during the whole time that he

was in their power; but he with the rest of his shipmates was confined below, constantly under guard, and only allowed to come out a few at a time, while the ship was put off with a free wind, running westward into the broad Pacific, her destination being, of course, quite unknown to her rightful owners.

The leader of the pirates was a Frenchman, who spoke fluently both Spanish and English, as well as his own tongue, and was evidently a man of no ordinary intelligence, and a competent navigator. For this reason the captain and officers knew no more of the position of the ship than what little they could gather by stealth, as they were not called upon to assist in shaping her course. Barreau the Frenchman was quite equal to the work he had undertaken, and maintained the most admirable discipline among his desperadoes. He never relaxed his vigilance in the guard over his American prisoners, while, at the same time, he allowed no one of his own followers to oppress or maltreat them. He had promised Captain Joy that they should all be landed at some civilized port, if he could approach the land so as to do so without compromising his own safety.

In due time the ship, making, as they judged, a general northwest course, arrived at an island supposed to be one of the Marquesan group, and came to anchor. Barreau would not suffer one of the Americans to land, but kept up the watch and guard over them with increased vigilance. The next day after the arrival he himself took a crew in one of the whaleboats, and pulled round a point out of sight from the ship. He was absent several hours, and on his return two heavy bags were lifted out of the boat, and carried below into his stateroom, being the same which Captain Joy had formerly occupied. Nothing was said openly about the contents of the bags, but it was whispered among the Chilians that they were filled with gold, and had been secreted at the island by Barreau on some former cruise.

Stores and provisions were taken on board, until the vessel was in a complete state of readiness for a voyage of any ordinary length. All this time the pirates had been kept strictly to their work, and been allowed no time for recreation or riot; but such humdrum life was not to be endured forever by men of this stamp. They insisted upon having one grand carouse and jubilee before again putting to sea, and Barreau found himself obliged to yield. He made it conditional, however, that they should not leave the ship for that purpose, but should hold their revels on board. If his followers could be thrown off their guard while away from the vessel, there was the double danger of treachery from the savages and of a rising of the prisoners.

A renegade Englishman, who had taken up his abode on the island a year or two before, and become more than half barbarian, had established the manufacture of liquor from the "toddy" or sap of the cocoanut tree, a vile stuff, which may be warranted to kill at as many yards as any "tangle-foot" dispensed over the bar of the worst grogshop in New York or London. It was the first opportunity that the convicts had had to indulge in alcoholic stimulants, and they were not slow to buy up all the stock on hand from Cockney Ben, amounting to some dozens of bottles.

The revelry waxed loud and furious on the night previous to the day set for departure, and the desperadoes, having once given themselves up to it, appeared to have abandoned all thought of care or vigilance. The prisoners were allowed almost unlimited freedom, and were frequently invited to drink with their guards; but no more was taken by any of them than barely sufficient to avert suspicion, for the word had been quietly passed among themselves, and anxious eyes were watching the gradual progress of the drunken revel, which promised to open up a chance for striking a blow for freedom. It was a source of delight to them to observe that the master-spirit Barreau had little or no control of himself after he once began to drink. He was soon one of the most recklessly intoxicated of the party, and all discipline was at an end.

By midnight more than half of the Chilians were laid out, stupid from the effects of their grand carouse, while many of the rest were but little better. The Frenchman, after a maudlin attempt to show that he was still himself, which resulted in a signal failure, had retired below, and fallen in a stupor across the cabin table.

Now was the time for Captain Joy to recover easy possession of his vessel, and the signal was given for which his crew had been so eagerly waiting. By simultaneous action in different parts of the ship, a few

minutes sufficed to overpower the small number who were still capable of resistance; the rest were easily taken care of, and Captain Joy, with his own crew of twenty-four men, found himself once more in full command of his favorite Cormorant, but with seventy prisoners on his hands. It would never do to remain at their anchorage until daylight, as the natives might make an attack on seeing the new state of affairs, and the little party would be placed between two fires. Orders were given at once for lifting the anchor, and though the operation was performed as quietly as possible, it did not fail to attract attention from the shore. Canoes were soon seen approaching, but were ordered off out of range, and before the alarm had spread to all the savages the ship was a-weigh, and, with her topsails and jib drawing, moved slowly out of the bay. More canvas was added to catch the breeze, but the force detailed to guard so large a number of Chilians necessarily left the working party very short-handed. The prisoners must be got rid of, by some means, before they all recovered their sober senses, or it would be next to impossible to control so overwhelming a force.

As soon as an offing was gained the boats were lowered and filled with men, the most helpless ones being piled in with little regard to position or storage, and a few of the more sober men driven into each boat before she was cast adrift. So near the land they could not fail to reach it in safety, and their after fate among the barbarians must be their own affair. In this way about fifty were disposed of, including Barreau himself, who was still insensible. Except the few who had been wounded in the brief struggle for recapture no one was injured, and those few were retained among the twenty left on board, who were all placed in close confinement.

Thus relieved of the heaviest burden of care, our whalemen shaped their course for Valparaiso. As no observations could be taken for the two succeeding days, it was found difficult to determine exactly what island it was they had visited; for the pirates had kept no log, the navigation of the ship having been left in the hands of their leader, who, though he did his work well and understandingly, had left no written record of it. But that the island was one of that portion of the Marquesas known as the Washington Group was pretty well determined. It was small, of coral formation, and thinly inhabited. Nothing definite was learned of the after history of the fifty men set adrift in the boats.

The Cormorant arrived off Valparaiso in due time, touching only long enough, however, to land the twenty desperadoes, for which the authorities did not appear to feel at all grateful, especially when it was learned that the Frenchman himself was not among them. There was no time for any questioning or investigation as to the contents of the mysterious bags, which still remained in the captain's stateroom. After leaving the place with a cracking breeze, bound up towards Cape Horn, the nature of their contents was first made known to the crew.

"Forty thousand dollars are in those two bags, all in gold," said Joe, as he finished his story, "and we all draw lays of it. The old man says it's part of the catchings of the voyage just as much as the oil."

Which there was no doubt it justly was; and thus it fell out that the Cormorant, with her cargo of spermaceti and the bags of yellow boys added, made the luckiest voyage of her whole career. She held her reputation until she was hauled up into the dock mud at the home-port and broken up, fairly dying of old age, as one might truly say. The horseshoe, much attenuated by corrosion, was religiously preserved, and nailed up in a similar position in the bows of her successor the Novelty, fresh from the shipyard. But, as if in very spite of the faithful believers, the Novelty was cast away on her first voyage, but a few months after leaving home, and the rusty emblem of good fortune was lost with her.

"Ah well," said my Uncle Burnell, then far advanced in years, "the bad luck was in her timbers, and not in the horseshoe. The Cormorant never ought to be allowed to die altogether; we might have kept a piece of the old keel to swear by, and built upon it. And it would ha' paid, too, better than building new ones, for, as long as she lived, her voyage was a sure thing, made before she sailed."

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Happy are the families where the government of parents is a reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

## DON QUIXOTE.

BY SANDA ENOS.

Grim Don Quixote, Mancha's lord insane!
Thou wert, in sooth, a mirth-provoking sight
When, on thy lean steed in old armor dight,
Thou rod'st to battle o'er thy native plain;
And yet thou didst a glorious victory gain
Over a world-renowned, world-dreaded knight,
Beneath whose potent arm in mortal fight
Had fallen countless cavaliers of Spain.
He met thee, and commanded thee to yield;
But thou wouldst not: then he laid lance in rest,
And charged. Thou didst to meet him spur. His thrust
Slanted innocuously from thy shield;
But thy spear rang against his mail-clad breast,
And TIME, unhorsed, went rolling in the dust!

*New Hartford, N. Y., October*, 1876.

## WATERING AT PANAPA.

BY W. H. MACY.

WHILE whaling with good success among the group known as the Gilbert Islands, we found our stock of water running short, and as we did not intend to make any regular port for at least two months yet, it was necessary to replenish the supply somewhere. So we ran down to the island of Panapa, which lies nearly under the equator, and is commonly known to mariners as Ocean High Island. Here we made a contract with a white "beach-comber,"—one of those semi-savage outcasts, one or two of whom may be found infesting almost every island in Micronesia—to fill twenty-five casks of water for the ship, in consideration of a certain stipulated quantity of "nigger-head" tobacco. As it was good whaling-ground in the near vicinity of the island, we should be losing no time by this operation, but might continue prosecuting the business of the voyage even while the water-casks were being filled.

I went in the boat to tow the casks ashore, and we rolled them in over the coral beach and up the slope, arranging them all in tiers with their bungholes open. As I saw no fresh water near at hand, I asked Jerry, the "contractor," where he was to get it from.

"O," said he, "it's three miles from here—in a pool under ground, away up in the middle of the island. I shall put on my gang to back the water down. Here come some of 'em, now."

To my great astonishment, Jerry's "gang" were all members of the gentler sex. An old woman was the first to drag her weary limbs along, bearing four or five large cocoanut-shells, slung with strings, and filled with water. These she emptied into the tunnel which had been inserted in the bunghole of one of the casks.

"You don't mean to tell me," said I, "that all this water is to be brought down by women?"

"Certainly," answered Jerry, coolly. "'Twould be no use to expect it of the men; they wouldn't do it. They have an idea that it's beneath their dignity, and that the squaws are just fitted for such drudgery—in fact, that they are not fit for much else. Besides, owing to a superstitious notion here, the water-cave is tabooed to all men—no one but a female is allowed to enter it."

"Gentlemen not admitted, eh?" said I.

"Exactly so. Now I shall employ two or three hundred women on this job, and they'll lug down every drop of this water in cocoanut-shells."

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"But why don't you take some of the ship's buckets?" I inquired.

"Bless you, they don't want buckets, and wouldn't use 'em if they had 'em. If you get any work out of 'em, you must let 'em work their own way."

They did work their own way; and day after day—for it would take several days to fill up the twenty-five casks—a battalion of women, young and old, might have been seen slowly trudging in Indian file back and forth between the tier of water-casks and the subterranean pool, inland. All this time great two-fisted male savages were cooking their brains in the tropical sun and looking complacently on, while Jerry, the "boss," lay round loose most of the time, intoxicated with fire-water of his own manufacture.

After cruising two days, we ran in under the lee of the land, and sent the boats in to tow out all the casks which had been filled. Jerry was in a blissful state of unconsciousness when we landed, but the water-nymphs still continued their jog-trot, and about half the casks had been filled and bunged up ready for rolling down. But the mate insisted upon first knocking out all the bungs to try the quality of the water. The result of this trial was not very satisfactory, for two or three of them were found to be a little brackish in taste. Jerry protested in maudlin tones that he couldn't help it, for the water in the cave was sometimes a little salt, at certain times of the tide. But meanwhile the mate had opened another which was more than brackish; it was decidedly *salt*. It was quite evident that while their taskmaster was asleep, the tired women had strayed somewhat in their wanderings, and had filled up the cask from the ocean conveniently at hand, instead of from the inland pool.

"It's no use lying about it, Jerry," said Mr. Everson, the chief mate. "You'll have to fill *that* cask over again. Roll it over, bung down, boys, and start it all out. I don't want *salt* water—if I do, I can get enough of it outside the reef."

The contractor, not having yet received any payment, was fain to submit, and promised to have the cask filled while we were rolling down the other full ones, and getting them ready for rafting.

Meanwhile, a bottle of *dent* was circulating among the boat's crew, under cover of a neighboring shanty, and some of the boys were in a fair way to get pretty jolly before the raft was ready for towing out. Tim Rafferty, a burly young Irishman who pulled the mate's midship oar, was especially merry, and in a mood for any mischief. As we would have to wait a while for the cask which we had emptied to be refilled, Tim declared his intention of accompanying the women, and exploring the mysteries of the famous reservoir which was kept so sacred from male eyes. No one else cared to join with him in any such risk, but he was not to be dissuaded, and declared he would go it alone, in spite of all the haythen blackguards that might try to stop him. Although his shipmates would not go on this rash cruise with him, they scorned to turn informers by disclosing his purpose to the mate. As soon as the full casks were all afloat, Tim was missing. The officer was impatient, and stormed away at Jerry for not hurrying up his water-carriers. He had enough to do to keep the men in order, and see that no more liquor was sold to them; and hearing no more noisy demonstrations from Tim Rafferty, naturally supposed he must have fallen asleep in the hut near by; and was glad enough to have him temporarily quiet.

The last squad of women were seen coming down, talking and gesticulating as if some strange event had happened which they were discussing. Their shells of water were swaying and dangling about at will, and their usual Indian file formation was broken up into little groups.

"Come, bear a hand!" shouted the mate, "and bring down that water. Jerry, why don't you hurry 'em up?—we can't be waiting here all day."

"Hold on a bit," answered the beach-comber, who, from his knowledge of the language, had caught a part of the meaning of the guttural sounds that were issuing from the women's throats. "One of your men must be in some scrape. Are all your crew here?"

"Yes," said the officer, glancing round; "at least they are all in sight but Tim Rafferty, and he is in the hut there, drunk, I suppose."

But this was a mistake. The women told their story, all chattering at once like magpies; and we gathered it through Jerry as interpreter. Tim Rafferty had actually fulfilled his promise of penetrating into the municipal water-tank of Panapa, in spite of

the protests and threats of a score of women who saw him enter, but were powerless to prevent him. But one of their number was sent off to give information of the sacrilege to the authorities, and when the Irishman, after his explorations, emerged from the cave, he had been seized and borne before the great Eree or chief, to be there dealt with according to the statute for such cases made and provided.

Here was a kettle of fish! Jerry declared he could do nothing for the culprit; and what the penalty would be he was unable to say, as, so far as his knowledge extended, no man had heretofore been so rash as to brave it. Two or three of our fellows who had imbibed more than the others, talked stoutly of a rescue; but this bravado was cut short by the mate, and orders were given to push off at once with such casks as were ready. No male savages had shown themselves near the beach up to the time of our departure, and the women could tell nothing as to what was to be Tim Rafferty's punishment.

We all felt grave apprehensions for his fate, especially as we learned that when he was arrested he had resisted stoutly, knocking down two or three men; and it had required the united force of many to bear him away as a prisoner. Jerry accompanied us on board, pulling an oar in place of the missing man; for he wanted to collect payment for the water filled thus far, and also desired to wash his hands of the whole transaction, if any serious result should grow out of it.

We lay off and on through the night, carrying a good press of sail to hold up against the current. At daylight some natives were seen making signs to us, as if inviting a parley, and the mate was sent in to meet them, but with strict orders not to venture a landing until our man was delivered up. Meanwhile the ship was kept hovering as close to the reef as prudence would allow, the old rusty six-pounder being loaded to the muzzle, ready to open a covering fire if necessary. Through the medium of Jerry we soon learned that the sentence pronounced upon our shipmate was no less than to have both his eyes put out with a sharp stick! This horrible punishment was in full accordance with the decree of the tattoo god, who had been specially consulted in this emergency. But as heathen gods, like Chilian *vigilantes*, are always mercenary, we were also informed that even this most heinous crime of which Tim was guilty might be expiated by ransom. Every god has his price, and the demand in this instance was a whole keg of tobacco.

They might as well have asked for the wealth of Golconda, inasmuch as the ship's stock of the weed at that particular time was hardly more than sufficient to pay Jerry's bill for filling the water-casks. The captain would cheerfully have paid the ransom if he could, rather than have any delay or trouble with the savages; but to do so was simply an impossibility. Various substitutes in the way of clothes and trinkets were proposed, but the Shylocks would have their bond—a whole keg of tobacco must be forthcoming, or Tim's eyes, which had peered into the forbidden sanctuary, must have their light extinguished forever. To hasten the negotiations, he was now brought down to the shore, in full view of his comrades, and two women, horrible-looking old hags, who were to enact the part of executioners, stood over him, each armed with a sharpened stick, and impatient for orders to proceed with their cruel work. Tim was bound with cords, hand and foot, but not being gagged, was giving vent to his impotent rage in loud invectives, uttered in his own rich brogue.

Jerry explained—or at least pretended to explain—to the chiefs the utter impossibility of our paying the required quantity of tobacco, but they either could not or would not understand this; and not even the sight of the cloth and other valuables displayed before their eyes had the least effect to alter their determination. The grand Eree sent his *ultimatum* to the captain, which was that the full demand must be complied with before the sun was above the highest point of land, or the sentence would be executed upon Tim Rafferty. This was giving him and us only about half an hour's grace

"Very well," said Captain Gordon. "Then we must try another style of argument, which I have been very unwilling to resort to in my dealings with these wretches. If there is no way to save poor Tim, the next thing to do is to avenge him."

He lowered away his own boat, and ordered the second mate to take charge of the other, leaving the chief mate to work the ship. Two rifles were loaded and placed, one in each boat, these being the only small

arms we had that were really serviceable. But several old trade-muskets were also carried, as they might serve to inspire terror, even if they could not do much execution.

We pulled leisurely in and took our stations within about a hundred yards of the shore, and at clever supporting distance from each other. The whole population of the island were assembled in a mass on the shore, and all the warriors were armed with their own rude javelins and clubs; but we had no fear of anything they could do, so long as we were beyond stone range. The islanders were at that time but little acquainted with the effect of guns, and besides seemed to be bent on defying us, as appeared by their contemptuous answers to the beach-comber, who told them of the captain's determination to fight if they offered any harm to our man. We did not let Jerry go on shore, but kept him with us, both as interpreter and also, to a certain extent, as a hostage; though I think he was not worth much in either capacity, for the Eree seemed to attach very little value to him.

To attempt a forcible rescue of Tim was quite too rash an undertaking, and no violence must be used before the crisis arrived. The captain called out to the captive explaining the situation and our intention, and as the sun drew near to the point designated over the top of the hill, the suspense became fearful. The islanders were quiet and grim, and it seemed certain that they would carry out their determination at all hazards. Captain Gordon cast a glance round to see that the ship was in her proper position to support us, grit his teeth together, and prepared for the only course left him—to take a signal revenge upon the merciless savages.

"Jerry," said he, quietly, showing the butt of a pistol from the breast of his shirt, "you are not to speak again. If you dare to give warning to the enemy, I shall put a ball into your brain. Mr. Hosmer," he continued, turning to the second mate in the other boat, "have your rifle ready, but don't bring it to the shoulder until you see the Eree about to give the signal to the two women. You take care of him, and I will attend to one of the executioners. Jackson, you're the best marksman in my boat—take that musket and be ready to fire upon the other one. God forgive us if we are forced to kill women—but they hardly deserve the name, anyhow. Be ready, the sun is up to the mark now."

The terrible tableau was broken by the chief pointing with outstretched hand to the luminary, and shouting in a fearful state of rage the one word "Tobackey!" As no answer came from our party, he was in the act of turning to give the signal, when the three reports rang out so exactly together that they seemed to have come from a single gun. The chief was shot dead in his tracks, and one of the women met the same fate from the old musket of Jackson. The other had her arm broken by the captain's bullet. The whole scene was at once changed to a *tableau vivant*, in which one could hardly tell what was going on, while the horrible yells and clamor rent the air and completely drowned our own voices. But fear seemed to have taken the place of rage and defiance; and while we pulled ahead a few strokes to take advantage of this state of things, the captain suddenly sang out:

"There's Tim! on his feet, and knocking the crowd right and left!"

Our shipmate evidently had not yet lost his eyes, from the celerity and certainty of his movements as he emerged from the crowd, running for his life down the slope into the water, followed by a shower of missiles, and closely pursued by a shrieking barbarian, who was poising a heavy javelin for the fatal dart. But the catlike Irishman fell flat on his face as he threw himself into the sea, and the spear passed over him, while at the same instant the deafening roar of the old carriage-gun, loaded to the muzzle, awoke all the echoes, and a murderous shower of rivets and scrap-iron was poured into the already panic-stricken crowd, carrying death or wounds to more than a score of them. The victory was complete; we might now advance and land if we desired, so long as the ship held her position with the fatal fire of that six-pounder impending. But our first great object was to rescue poor Tim Rafferty, who was dragged into the boat, exhausted by the desperate struggle for life, bruised and bleeding from several wounds, none of which, however, were really dangerous. We hastened to convey him on board the ship, where he could be properly cared for, and learned to our great astonishment how he had escaped. The woman who had been killed by the fire from Jackson's musket

was an old dowager of rank, and she carried about her person, stuck in the kilt which here constitutes the only garment of females, an old sheath-knife, doubtless stolen from on board some ship she had visited. Tim had his eye on this knife all the time she had been standing over him. When shot, she fell directly against him, almost upon him, as he lay bound hand and foot, but with his mouth free. With the quickness of thought Tim seized the handle of the knife in his teeth, and cut the seizing that confined his wrists. In the excitement and panic of the moment this movement escaped attention; a single slash of the knife severed the lashing on his ankles, and he rose to his feet a free man and armed! He received several wounds in fighting his way out of the crowd, but the sheath-knife was not idle, and he certainly gave as good as he received. His courage, united with rare strength and agility, proved his salvation; but even these would not have availed but for the temporary demoralization of his tormentors.

"We have got a part of our water," said Captain Gordon, "and can afford to do without the rest. But we can bring off the empty casks, for I'm not going to lose them."

We landed and rolled the casks off into the sea without molestation. For the rifles were in skillful hands, and the ship hovering close at hand, with the muzzle of that old carriage-gun protruding from the open gangway. We lost no time in the operation, but hurried up matters, and left the frightened islanders howling over their dead and wounded, but not daring to approach within range of what they believed to be supernatural weapons. We took Jerry also.

Many years have passed since these circumstances occurred, and other conflicts have taken place between these natives and their white visitors. The elements of light and darkness are even now struggling for the mastery in this and other islands of the Pacific, and if these islanders are easier managed now, it is because they have learned discretion from sore experience, rather than from any change in their fierce and treacherous character.

## CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

How brightly the sun shines up in the blue wintry sky, and how dazzlingly white the earth looks in her pure robe of snow! The church bells ring out merrily on the crisp air, and the holiday folk look bright and happy in their Sunday clothes and cheery smiles. For it is Christmas-day! And to many what does that word not mean? Enjoyment, comfort, and a good hot dinner for, at any rate, once in the long year. Christmas, to all children's ears, whether rich or poor, has a delightful charmed sound. For weeks before the eventful day arrives they think of it and talk of it, joyously anticipating all the wonders it will bring forth. For those that are rich it acts the part of some kind fairy who loves little children, and comes to them with lips warm with kisses, and what is better, arms full of beautiful gifts. Before they are awake she comes softly into the room, and with her magic wand touches the chair or table by their bedsides, and lo! it blooms into a rich luxuriance of toys! Beautiful dolls, in wonderful flaxen tresses and superb toilets; elegant china tea-services, and chairs and tables for their use, and dainty bonbon boxes to prevent their starving before their new mistresses awake; giant Noah's arks, tops, puzzles, books, bags—all these and other wonders come to life by the enchanter's wand on Christmas morning. Perhaps if the little folks woke earlier they might be struck with the fairy's likeness to a familiar figure they have known and loved all their little lives; but they are young, and the young sleep so soundly.

To the poor man's child Christmas is almost as wonderful. The poor child who rarely tastes meat looks forward with perhaps greater pleasure to the hot beef and potatoes, than does the rich one to the turkey, plum-pudding and mince-pies! Yes, Christmas is a never-ending delight to children; but as we grow older we grow wiser and sadder, and somehow jovial Father Christmas seems to grow sadder too. For then the past rises out of the darkness of oblivion, and lives once more, brightening us with its remembered joys, or shadowing

## BY THE ELIZABETH.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

The river, ah, the river!
How I love its changeful flow,
Whether storm and tempest vex it,
Or the gales are soft that blow.
Through the day I hear the dashing
Of its waters, cool and clear,
And at night my dreams are mingled
With its music in my ear.

When the opal skies of evening
Kindle up their glowing fires,
And the sun's declining glory
Gilds the city's many spires;
While the daylight dies in splendor,
Smiling on us to the last,—
Then I wander by the river,
Where the tide rolls full and fast.

Stately ships go sailing by me,
White sails glimmer in the sun,
Gleam awhile, then floating seaward,
Lose themselves in shadows dun.
Bright the silver-crested billows
As they break upon the sand,
And the breezes, landward blowing,
Cool and fan me as I stand.

With its sweet, mysterious murmur,
To my feet the water creeps;
Lisping, sighing, struggling ever,
Still the tide its secret keeps.

When I strive to catch the meaning
Of its weird and dreamlike tone,
Quick it hastens onward, sighing,
Leaves me standing here alone.

Strange, wild things the waves are saying
As they lave the pebbly strand;
And their murmur soothes my spirit,
Though no word I understand.
Onward, ever onward glancing,
Swift to come and swift to go,
Bright beneath the sunlight dancing,
Tossing high their crested snow.

When its track of molten silver
Brightly down the moonlight lays,
And each wavelet, tipped with brightness,
In the limpid radiance plays,—
I could float and dream forever,
Sailing onward, still and slow,
'Twixt the sky above me bending
And the mirrored sky below.

Waft me on, O crystal waters!
Let the salt sea breezes bear
From my heart's remotest chambers
Every haunting thought of care.
Through the dusk and silence waft me
Onward ever, on and on,
Till we cross Time's swelling ocean,
And the light of earth is gone!

## WHY I DIDN'T RUN AWAY FROM THE RODNEY.

BY W. H. MACY.

It was without flourish of trumpets or show of bunting that the old Rodney crept into her berth among the closely packed fleet of shipping in Honolulu harbor. Our season on Japan had been a tedious and an unprofitable one. A single line in "The Polynesian" summed up the whole history—"Arr'd sh. Rodney, Bennett, Japan, 150 sp."

And this too in the memorable autumn of 'forty-nine, when every man you met on shore in Honolulu put on the airs of a millionaire, and slung money round with a perfect *abandon*. For, every man who was not from California, was surely from the Polar Basin. In that crowd, the geography of the world, its latest edition, comprised only two grand divisions—the Golden Land, and the Icy Sea.

Most of our ship's company were "cruisers," and took their discharge as soon as the anchor was down. It did not take long to pay them off, as they were all in debt to the ship. But my chum, Louis Simonds, and I, had stuck by each other and the Rodney, since she left home, a weary two years and a half. We were the only "voyagers" on board now, save the captain himself—the last representatives of the original roll-call.

"Guess he'll give us our discharge now," said Louis, "we've stood by him so long."

"If he wont," I returned, "we must take it. It wont pay to fool away two or three more years of our young lives, wandering about the ocean picking up one or two sperm whales a year. If he would shove her up north, I

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don't know but I would try another season with him."

"*I* wouldn't," said Louis, "I'm bound towards California, now."

But Captain Bennett, we soon ascertained, had no intention of giving us an honorable discharge. We must either follow the fortunes of the Rodney, or desert at once. Sent us ashore on liberty, too, with one dollar apiece in our pockets! Just think of it, ye who can appreciate the situation! This was in Honolulu, in '49.

"Can't help it," he said, in reply to our remonstrance. "You've got nothing coming to ye, in the ship!"

"We never *will* have anything, Louis," said I, after we were on our way to the shore, "if we hang on to the Rodney. And here are ships moored all round us, most of them homeward bound, loaded, chain-plates to."

"Yes," returned my chum, "and here are fellows coming down here every day from the mines—pockets full of shiners—and no change out of a dollar. We must run away, Bill."

"We'll make our arrangements accordingly, while we are on shore to-day," said I. "We ought to have brought our pockets full of hard-tack, for we shall have no money to buy a dinner, if we take a social glass and a cigar first."

At every turn we were made sensible of our comparative poverty. At every rendezvous of seamen we were invited, with an air, to "come up and drink," but were unable to return the invitation.

"What ship are you from?" was now and then asked of us.

"The Rodney."

"Rodney?—O—yes, that sperm whaler. Why didn't you go somewhere, last season?"

"We did. Went on Japan."

"That's nowhere at all. Why didn't you go to the Ar'tic or Okot?"

"Why don't you run away and go to California?" asks another new acquaintance, showing a handful of gold. "I came in here last year in the James, and came ashore without a *real*, and now—" he finished his story by shaking the coin at us, in the most tantalizing manner.

"Come along, Louis!" said I. "Let's get out of this. We've seen and heard enough, and we're fools if we don't profit by it. Let's go and sit down here awhile, and talk this thing over."

The place we had selected was among a collection of old lumber and ship stores, near the pier where we had landed. Two or three old rusty try-pots were turned over, with one edge resting upon a timber, so as to be slightly inclined, and on one of these pots we seated ourselves.

"Well, Bill," said my comrade, "fire away and give us your opinion. Which way is it best to head, if we run away?"

"It's no use," said I, "to trust any Kanaka to stow us away."

"Not a bit. He'll sell us to the *Kaikos* for half a dollar. No, we must work out our own salvation."

"We might easily get on board one of the ships that are moored close to us, and keep snug until after she gets to sea, I don't believe the Kaikos would find us."

"That's the most common way of doing it in this port, but that wont do for me. It's well enough, if you want to go another season whaling, only changing your ship. But *I* don't want to."

"We can get on board a homeward-bounder," I suggested.

"But I don't want to go home. What's the use of going back penniless after three years' absence?"

"Well," said I, "what do *you* suggest then?"

"There's a brig here—you see her, there in range of the Rodney—that is bound to California. If we could get stow away on board of *her* now! But I don't see my way clear yet to do that, and for the present we must quarter ashore."

"Yes, but where?"

"*Here!*" said Louis, with a ringing slap upon the iron pot under us. "Since we sat down here, it has occurred to me that we couldn't find a better place than this. If the old man or the *Kaikos* hunt for us, they'll pass and repass us fifty times a day without thinking to get down on their marrow-bones to look under these pots."

"That's true," said I, "and well thought of. We shall be able to know all that is going on, and we can even slip out at night and reconnoitre, if we are careful."

"I have quite fallen in love with the idea," he continued. "I think I shall get a stock of provisions, and take possession to-night."

"All right. Do so, and I will manage to get on board this evening, and pick up a few traps that we want."

"*You* might stay by the ship a few days, Bill. Of course you can go and come, about where you please. You can throw them all

off the track, if inquiry is made for me, In the meantime I shall be on the lookout for an opening to get away to California, and we can communicate once or twice every day."

There was just height enough close up to the timber for a man to creep under flat on his face. When inside, there was room enough to sit up, and move round a little, though not to stand erect.

"I can make good weather of it here, to-night," said Louis. "I haven't money enough to pay for a lodging at the 'California House,' or at the 'Blonde,' so I must set up an establishment on my own hook."

I left my partner at dark to take care of himself, and going down to the pier, found the Good Return's boat just pushing off. As she lay close to the Rodney, they readily agreed to give me a passage.

There was no one on deck when I climbed the side. Indeed there was nobody to stand an anchor-watch unless it were the captain himself. I struck a light in the forecastle and began picking up some little matters which belonged to Louis, and which I meant to carry ashore at the first opportunity. After this I lighted my pipe, blew out the light, and went on deck with my bundle, intending to beg a passage in the first boat that I might see pass, bound shoreward. I sat up on the breast-hook at the bow, between the knight-heads, enjoying my pipe in the soft, balmy air. Under the soothing influence of both, I was fast dropping into a slumber, when a slight noise, as of a movement of a hatch, roused me, and I sat up, broad awake. A man, in a slouched hat and dungaree frock, rose up the fore-hatchway and started aft. Something was in his hand that made a slight rattling noise, like a tin pail or a lantern.

It was quite dark, but as he turned for a moment half round towards me, I saw that the dark frock only partially concealed a white shirt underneath. The figure and gait of the man as he walked aft were those of Captain Bennett.

I crouched down and remained motionless at my post, till he had descended into the cabin. In a minute afterwards, a faint light shone up through the skylight. Noiselessly I slipped down the bowsprit-heel to the deck—I always went barefoot in tropical weather—and darted into the dark forecastle. Passing through an opening in the after bulk-head into the fore-hold I found one of the lower-deck hatches off, as also an upper one. Dropping upon a water-cask which was stowed in the hatchway, I crept in on all fours, struck a match, and saw—enough to confirm the vague suspicion which had been awakened by the strange movements of the captain.

All was still as death when I came on deck again and the same faint light was visible at the cabin skylight. I went stealthily aft, taking my tin cup in my hand, as if for a drink of water at the scuttle-butt. Peering cautiously down, I saw the captain seated at the table, with a number of papers spread out before him which he seemed to be examining. He was in his shirt sleeves, but with his best suit on; and on the floor at his side lay the dirty frock-shirt which he had worn into the hold.

In my eagerness, as I leaned over to get a better view, I let the tin pot thump against the skylight-combings. The captain gave a sudden start. But I had only one step to take to reach the scuttle-butt, and the water was running as he pushed his head up in sight.

"Who's there?" he called. "Bill?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"How did you get aboard?"

"In the Good Return's boat, sir."

"Got tired of the shore so soon, eh?"

"No sir, but it's no use to stay there without money."

"O, that was the trouble, was it? Where's Louis? Is he on board too?"

"No sir, Louis is missing. He has run away, I think."

"You *think*, eh? Don't you *know?*"

"No sir, but I have reason to suppose he is on board the Marengo, that sailed this afternoon. If so, he's in blue water long before this time."

"Well," said the captain, reflectively, "I don't know as I can blame him, as things are. So you and I are all that's left, Bill, to take care of the old ship, eh?"

"Yes sir," I replied. "*I'll* stick by her as long as the mainmast does."

"Good!" said he. "Well, there's no need of any anchor-watch in a port like this, moored head and stern. We might ride by a towline. I suppose you would like to stay ashore all night, wouldn't you?"

"I should, sir, if I had money enough to pay my way."

"Well, I guess I can let you have some. I ought to, as you are the last man to stand by the wreck. Here, take this," said he.

I took it, and thanked him as innocently as

if I knew nothing of what was passing in his mind, or of what he intended to do. It was a half-eagle, as I judged from its size and appearance in the dark.

"There's a chance for a passage," he said. "Boat ahoy! Give us a shove ashore, if you please!" speaking in my behalf. "I'll stay aboard and take care of the ship to-night."

The strange boat touched alongside, and I was ready with my bundle in the forechains.

"Come off early to-morrow, Bill."

It was more like a request than a command, and yet it was neither. An absent-minded remark, as if he felt it necessary to say something. Ten minutes later I had given the signal to Louis by a peculiar scratch on the try-pot. It was answered immediately.

"Come out, Louis," said I, "and let's make a night of it. I want you to help me get rid of this five-dollar gold-piece. And, besides, I think we shall have no need to run from the Rodney."

"What do you mean? Have you got discharged and paid off?" he asked, looking with astonishment at the piece of money and then at the bundle in my hand, which I had contrived to make a pretty large one.

"No, not yet; but I think we shall both have an honorable discharge before morning. Can you keep dark, Lou, in a matter of life and death?"

"Yes. You ought to know, by this time, whether you can trust me."

"I think so. Well, the truth is, the old man is going to make a bonfire of the Rodney."

"You don't mean it!" said Louis, grasping me by the shoulder. "How do you know this?"

"I've seen his combustibles in the forehold, all arranged ready for firing."

"But why do you say they are *his?*" he demanded.

"What business has the captain creeping out of the forehold in the night, with a dark lantern, and a dirty frock on over his best go-ashore clothes?"

"You saw that, Bill?"

"Of course I did. Besides, who else would have any motive for destroying the ship unless it were you and I? I suppose, if it is done, it will be laid to us anyhow."

"Do you think he means to burn her to-night?"

"Yes. If you had seen how anxious he was to send me ashore again! Gave me the gold piece without asking, and hailed a boat himself to get me a passage. But hush! who's coming here now? Keep close."

A small, rude canoe, propelled by one paddle only, came silently in, and the man jumped out, giving her a shove with his foot that sent her drifting out among the nearest ships. He halted within ten feet of us as we lay crouched among the old lumber. He jerked an old slouched hat from his head and threw it into the harbor. The frock-shirt followed it, and a neat hat and coat were quickly produced from a bundle which he had brought. In two minutes he was metamorphosed outwardly, and vanished.

"Are you satisfied, Louis?" I asked, as soon as he was out of hearing.

"Yes," said he. "Look, Bill; we are not runaways!" And he pointed his hand in the direction of the Rodney. "There's an honorable discharge!"

A glare like an ice-blink hovered over the old ship, at first hardly noticeable except by us who knew what to look for; then, amid a confused murmur of sounds from the other vessels near her, the glare became brighter, and shadows of dingy smoke rolled across it. Then, suddenly, a sheet of flame burst up the hatchway, and the ship sprung into view as a picture thrown by a magic lantern, all her top hamper and delicate tracery revealed with the most startling fidelity. The murmur of sounds increased; the call of "all hands!" on board the ships nearest the burning one; the gradual spread of the alarm to the more distant ones; the rattle of chain-cables and clanking of windlass-pawls, as those nearest either veered away or gathered in at their moorings, to make room for the fire-ship to to drift out of the fleet; the splash of oars as the boats from those more distant hurried to a focus under the Rodney's bows. Then, over all, the deafening sound of a heavy gun from the Yankee sloop-of-war "Preble," as a general alarm to ships and shore.

Now there is a rush of shipmasters and officers to the beach. The "*tammaree boys*," or Kanaka wherrymen, are in high feather, for now is their chance for a harvest. Each one is anxious to get on board his own ship and attend to her safety; and who so demonstratively anxious as the worthy Captain Bennett?

"Five dollars, boys, to put me on board the Rodney in time to save my chronometer!"

"The old man's flush of money to-night," said my chum. "The same price he paid you, Bill, to leave him on board alone."

We sat there on the try-pot, Louis and I, when all the boats had gone, and coolly watched the progress of the flames as they wrapped our late home in their destroying folds. The cables were cut, and the wreck drifted down upon the reef, where all that was to be seen of her at daylight next morning were a few blackened and still smoking timbers projecting out of water.

"We are free to go to California now, Louis," said I. "The voyage is wound up satisfactorily to all parties concerned—except the underwriters."

We saw the captain three days afterwards in the barroom of the "California House." He didn't appear to be inconsolable at the loss of his ship. He expressed a little surprise at the sight of Louis.

"I thought you had run away," he said.

"No sir," was the answer; "the ship ran away from *me* while I was ashore on liberty."

"Have you any idea how the fire originated?" I asked, looking him full in the face.

"No," he replied, with some little confusion of manner. "I left the ship a few minutes after you did, for I had business on shore that I found must be attended to that night. It is said the flames burst up at the fore-hatchway. I hope it was entirely accidental. I wish I could think so, at any rate."

"Do you intend to make any investigation here?"

"No," said he. "What's the use? Nothing can be proved. Some of the Fabius's men say that they brought a man ashore from the Rodney about twenty minutes before the fire broke out. That was *you*, of course; but then I don't of course think you knew anything about it."

This was said carelessly, thrown out as a feeler. It rebounded with a force quite unforeseen.

"But," I returned, in a low tone, "the anchor-watch of the Good Return says that he saw a man leave her in a canoe not *ten minutes* before the fire was discovered. That was *you*, of course; but it's not likely you knew anything about it."

"I saw a man land from a canoe and change some of his clothing on the beach, not *two minutes* before I saw the fire," added Louis; "but *I* don't think *he* knew anything about it."

The captain turned suddenly away to the bar-keeper for a match, and seemed to have some difficulty in coaxing his cigar to suffer itself to be lighted. When he faced us again, he had quite recovered his composure.

"Come," said he, "let's take a drink and drop the subject. Investigation would do no good. It would only cause ill feeling, and leave the matter as deep in mystery as ever."

"It's only fair to suppose," said Louis, with a comical look, "that the old ship got discouraged and committed suicide. I'm glad we didn't run away from her, Bill; for I presume Captain Bennett will have no objection to give us a written certificate of honorable discharge?"

"Certainly not. I'll give you that, and also a good recommend, which may be useful to you if you want to ship again."

We all went to California in the same vessel. We separated on landing, and I never saw the captain again. I heard some months afterwards that he died on the Isthmus.

We kept our own counsel, Louis and I, not wishing to say anything which would complicate matters. Whether the insurance money was ever paid or not on the Rodney, I cannot say. Though I have never been placed under oath in the matter, I have truly informed the reader how it happened that I didn't run away from her.

Also in Inquirer & Mirror, May 4, 1872

## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

BY ALICE B. BROWN.

Hark! the Christmas bells are chiming,
But it scarcely seems a year
Since, a gay and happy party,
We were all assembled here;
O! how fast the moments flitted—
Lips and cheeks were all aglow;
How the lads and lassies flirted
Underneath the mistletoe!

But no luring wiles enticed me—
Eyes of witching black and blue
Cast no syren spell around me,
For I thought alone of you.
When your winsome lips were brighter
Than the holly-berries' glow,
Can you wonder that I kissed you
Underneath the mistletoe?

When I read—O joy eternal!
That your heart was mine alone,
'Twas the purest, happiest moment
That my life had ever known.
Wilder wailed the wintry tempest,
Faster fell the feathery snow,
But 'twas springtime bloom and brightness
Underneath the mistletoe!

Hearts to Cupid were succumbing,
For the little laughing sprite
Aimed his arrow oft and surely
On that merry festal night.
And no mortal could conjecture
How *we* whispered, soft and low,
All those sentimental nothings
Underneath the mistletoe.

How the fleet hours passed unheeded
Till I reached my fair one's door,
And, with laughing look behind me,
Homeward took my way once more;
But my heart was warmly throbbing
Through the wintry chill and snow,
Thinking of those blissful moments
Underneath the mistletoe.

When to-morrow's sun has faded
Evergreens will wreathe the walls,
Sounds of festal mirth and music
Echo through the lighted halls;
And my bride shall be the maiden
Who, one happy year ago,
Filled my soul with sweetest rapture,
Underneath the mistletoe!

## THESPIS BEFORE THE MAST.

BY W. H. MACY.

"WHAT say ye, boys, let's get up a theatre! That will be the very thing to interest all hands."

The speaker had been stretched on the barrel of the windlass, his head braced up against the pawls, in an attitude which seemed well adapted to produce permanent distortion of the spine. Under the inspiration of this luminous idea, his naked feet flew upward with a vigorous kick at empty air, and were brought down to the deck with a force that threw him up into a sitting posture with the elasticity of a Jack-in-the-box.

"A good ship" was the Concordia, in the most extended sense of the phrase, as seamen employ it; and a happy set of lads we were, accordingly. On this particular evening we had been racking our brains for a new species of amusement to beguile the idle hours. We had tripped it on the 'light fantastic' and the heavy unelastic toe, to the screeching of the cook's fiddle (I beg the sable artist's pardon, violin), alternating the orthodox "main-decker" of "two sets and a haze" with the more elaborate quadrille. We had shouldered scrub-brooms and handspikes to march and countermarch round the tryworks in Indian file, and to drill in the manual upon original systems not to be found in Hardee or Upton. We had crossed single-sticks, parodied Sullivan and Deaf Burke, and grappled each other in wrestling matches. We had interchanged autobiographies from the cradle upwards, sung every song, sacred or profane, that had ever haunted our memories, and devoured every word of letter-press on board, even to the advertisements and law-notices in an eighteen-months'-old newspaper. A new sensation was demanded by the *vox populi;* and Jem Stark, public-spirited youth that

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"Cecil!" He caught her up again, and pressed her against his wildly beating heart with so passionate a gesture that it gave her positive pain. "It is too late for more fencing between you and me! I love you better than my life! that life, for which you perilled your own just now!"

She made no answer; the look that brightened her face like a glory was enough reply.

"My dear, *dear* young lady!" sobbed Ellen, on the stairs. Then a man's voice said, outside:

"Let me in; sure it's only meself—Barney." Cecil pulled back the bolt, and a big burly Irishman, with a good-humored face, cautiously walked in. He stared at the group as if they were ghosts.

"Barney," said his wife, appearing, "whin thim folks is gone, ye'll show the young lady and gintleman out the back way, wont ye?" The man pulled his hat off civilly enough.

"'Dade I will that," said he, "mayhap yees would like me hack; it's a coachee I am—and the boys wouldn't make no disturbance wid me on the box. I belong to the 'Union,' too, but musha, who'd ever hurt a baby like that, though his skin is a dirty black one!"

But it was fully seven o'clock before Courtnaye would allow that it was safe to take Cecil home, and long ere that, Ellen and Mrs. O'Flaherty, with genuine Irish courtesy, had shown the pair into the cigar seller's-vacant sitting-room, where Courtnaye bathed Cecil's bruised cheek, and petted her to her happy heart's content. He had left Saratoga when he found Cecil gone, and came after her to New York, but had been pressed into service at the Seventh Regiment Armory the night before, where he found his own corps. He had started out to go and see Cecil that morning, but finding a crowd of boys torturing a little black boy, he had interfered with that pastime, and turned their resentment on himself. He had been asked to take command of the squad detailed for Second Avenue, and his real object in parleying with the rioters had been to gain time for the soldiers to arrive.

They found Mrs Meredith in a state of direful panic, and very angry with Cecil for her expedition. Cecil said that Mr. Courtnaye had escorted her home, and added a brief explanation which made her aunt sink back on her couch. If she had not been enraged at Cecil's capture, she would have fainted away on the spot, just for the sake of being disagreeable. Cecil knew the symptoms, and made a diversion by suggesting fears of the rioters; so Mrs. Meredith sent for Courtnaye, and (as Cecil laughingly declared afterwards) consented to be passively ladylike about a matter in which she had no voice, only as he promised to stay with them until civil law and peace reigned again in New York.

The three days "Reign of Terror" passed happily enough for the lovers; and when Cecil teased Courtnaye about his "strategy," and begged to have the theory of "masked batteries" explained to her, he retorted by gravely lamenting that such a disciple of the "non-emotional" school should have so disgraced her code as to be purely natural, for five minutes!

Beautiful Mrs. Lechmere received a long letter by the first train which left New York, going northward, and, sitting on the piazza of the Clarendon, felt that her time had come to annihilate Tina. And pretty, plotting Miss Meredith brought vengeance straightway upon herself by remarking:

"What are you smiling about, Ida? Does your letter contain something pleasant?"

"I think so; perhaps your opinion may differ," said Ida, sweetly. "News for all of us."

"Some miserable man is captured," said Delmar, trying to be witty; "or Mrs. Lechmere would not look so triumphant."

"Don't you dare call him 'miserable,'" said she. "Fate has met Cecil at last. She is going to marry Courtnaye." It was a double shot, for Delmar colored scarlet, and Tina turned livid.

"I don't believe it!" she gasped. Mrs. Lechmere's low laugh rang blithely out.

"My dear little skeptic!" and Ida's eyes were demurely malicious. "It's an attested fact, and Cecil says her wedding is fixed for October. I suppose I may tell Courtnaye's secret now—he confessed his attachment to me some weeks ago."

Tina was in such a rage she forgot Captain Delmar's proximity, and showed her claws.

"Cecil must have been indebted to you, then, for the knowledge of his sentiments," said she, venomously. "When she left here she was looking forlorn enough, poor thing; she showed her anxiety plainly enough."

Then Ida calmly crushed her.

"I used to give you credit for penetration," said she, with a plaintive voice, in capital imitation of Tina's best efforts in that line; it must be, that in this case 'a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous—*blind!*'"

And Tina was silenced!

he was, had struck a lead, which, if vigorously worked, promised to yield golden returns.

"Can't we have a circus, too?" suggested Joe Downer.

"A circus?" No! Who ever heard of a circus without horses?"

"But there's the mincing-horse, for one," retorted the joker, "and there's Warner, the backwoodsman, who tells us he is half-horse and half-snapping turtle, so we can muster a horse and a half."

"To say nothing of the Flemish-horses," said Charley Burrows, from the windlass-end. "Then here's the finest chance in the world for ground and lofty tumbling—tight and slack ropes always ready, horizontal bars at any undesirable height, and—"

"We get enough of those performances while on duty," said Stark, impatiently. "For recreation we must keep to the legitimate drama. Here, Ryan," he continued, to the young man who had come forward after being relieved from the wheel. "We are going to start a theatre. Are you ready to take a part?"

"O yes! Count me in, by all means," answered Ryan, who was always ready for a lark. "You'll find me a very Nick Bottom. 'I could play 'Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.' But what are we to do for scenery?"

"I'm afraid," said I, "that some of our contrivances will be as ridiculous as Bottom's Moonshine and Wall."

"Now, don't begin to raise stumbling-blocks or throw cold water on the matter at the outset," said the enthusiastic Stark. "There's no knowing how much may be done with limited materials until we set ourselves to work with a will."

Stark, as the originator of so glorious a project, was made manager-in-chief by acclamation, while Ryan, Downer, Charley Burrows and I resolved ourselves into an executive committee on the spot. Many difficulties, which, at first sight, appeared insurmountable, were overcome by dint of ingenuity and patience. A few days afterwards a poster on the mainmast announced to such of our shipmates as had not been "in the cabinet" that "Concordia Saloon would open that evening (Wind, weather and whales permitting), with the prison-scene in Pizarro, followed by an original song, and to conclude with an afterpiece entitled, 'The Deputy Shepherd,' now represented for the first time on any stage!"

Inquisitive glances from the quarter-deck were directed at us, in the vain hope of getting a peep behind the scenes before the curtain should rise. But neither scenery nor curtain was visible. The ship was put under short sail in the dog-watch, as usual; and as soon as darkness settled down upon the sea, we began to prepare the stage on the starboard bow, as the most eligible place. There was no room for both actors and audience under deck, to say nothing of the heat, which, in that latitude, would have been intolerable.

A couple of tail-blocks were lashed aloft, and an immense drop, ingeniously contrived by attaching to a studdingsail-yard a vast extent of palm-leaf matting, manufactured by the savages at the Gilbert Islands, was hoisted into its place abreast the foremast, side and back, screens of the same material separated stage from green-room and effectually hid the preparatory mysteries from curious eyes. The only way to anticipate, was by ascending the fore-rigging high enough to look *over* the drop.

All hands, including of course captain and officers, rallied to a focus and began clamoring for music with all the enthusiasm and impatience of a Bowery audience. Whereupon the orchestra, represented by the cook with violin, and an Irish boy with triangle, from some mysterious place of concealment, started off in a barbarous piece, full of knots, gnarls and spasmodic starts, which the talented leader called "de Railroad Overturn, juss as dey plays it to Christy's."

But Joe Downer, who had been cast for the part of the incorruptible sentinel, was also the next helmsman, in right of succession. The two parts were certainly incompatible in the same individual. But Captain Bradley, who had entered into the spirit of the thing, was not to be balked of his sport, and disposed of this difficulty in a summary manner.

"Haul the mainyard in aback!" said he. "Put the wheel down and lock it!"

This arrangement was, of course, satisfactory to all parties.

> "No duty called the jovial tars,
> The helm was lashed a-lee,"

"Hoist away the rag!" was the cry, and up went the curtain upon a scene at once historic and histrionic.

Downer, *solus*, harnessed up in a labyrinth of crossbelts, shedding a halo round him from an immense crescent of bright sheathing copper which surmounted his forehead, and

bearing stiffly at "support" a ponderous king's arm which proclaimed him a soldier, despite the anachronism of two centuries, paced back and forth before a wall of dingy deal boards, over which floated the gorgeous flag of old Spain. A single lantern hanging from the battlements illumined his lonely beat; but the moon, most auspiciously rising at the moment off the starboard bow, added materially to the scenic effect.

"Moonshine and Wall!" said Charley Burrows, in a burst of enthusiasm.

Enter Rolla (Tom Ryan), from behind the fore-scuttle, enveloped in twenty yards of blue "dungaree," with a Russia cap pulled over his face, a pair of real *Japanese* sandals on his feet and four fathoms of ratline-stuff, such as monks have worn from time immemorial, wound round his body. Downer, at this sight, makes the sign of the cross, and, in so doing, forgets to "support" his musket. It drops heavily upon his toes, drawing from his lips an expletive which is not to be found in the authorized text of this popular drama, but which was greeted with rapturous applause from pit and gallery.

*Rolla* (in a sepulchral voice, quivering with suppressed laughter), "Inform me, friend, is Alonzo the Peruvian confined within this dungeon?"

*Sentinel* (with tears in his eyes, and spasmodic movements of the left foot), "*Of course he is!*"

This was too much for the holy father's risibles. He vanished down the forecastle-ladder, roaring with laughter, and the old Castilian limped after him, as the curtain came down by the run, amid the grand explosion that followed from all hands.

Pizarro was postponed to another occasion, and the indignant remonstrances of Manager Stark were drowned in uproarious peals of mirth. He alone had no conception of the ludicrous character of the opening scene, as he had remained in the background, dressed and booked up for the part of Alonzo, and waiting for his cue. The audience, however, were all in good humor and hailed with applause the advent of Burrows. He was rewarded with nine cheers at the conclusion of his original song, which was given with full orchestral accompaniment of steel and catgut.

"The Deputy Shepherd," though it might have been new to the stage, could lay no claim to originality, being simply an adaptation of a chapter from "Pickwick." The scene was illustrative of "an affecting interview" in the snuggery of the Fleet Prison. The part of Sam was assigned to me; and Burrows, in virtue of his beardless face, filled the role of mother-in-law, Manager Stark was Stiggins the "Shepherd," while Ryan found ample scope for his humor in the part of the Senior Weller. This last is one of the most unctuous of Dickens's creations, and not the less so, from his seeming unconsciousness of his own absurdities. Sam's wit, in many cases, smells of the oil, seeming elaborated for the occasion. But the old gentleman, a strange compound of shrewdness and verdancy, is never more ludicrous than in his serious moments, and in fact, is most irresistibly funny when he has the least intention of being so.

Ryan, made up to Falstaffian proportions, and perspiring furiously under his load of slop-chest monkey-jackets, stuffed out with oakum, sits alone on the stage, hat and whip in hand, roaring the family name "Weller!" at measured intervals. This is my cue to rush from the green-room, and the well-known dialogue begins. Everybody's feelings are elevated at the appearance of "the red-nosed man," buttoned up in a clerical garment manufactured for the occasion, with his hole-y gloves on and bearing the inevitable cotton umbrella. We happened to have on board a veritable specimen of this truly nautical instrument, brought from home by a youth from the rural districts. He had been assured by a shrewd dealer that it was indispensable for a night-watch on shipboard.)

But the climax of merriment was reached when Burrows entered in female habiliments, looking of course the very counterpart of the late "Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby Dorking." The bonnet especially claimed attention as a masterpiece of art; having been improvised from a palmleaf hat of the first magnitude, and decorated with streamers of rainbow hues. In style it may have been a Navarino, a Solferino, or a Sebastopol—I pretend to little knowledge of historical or geographical millinery.

The "performance" of hysterics, though evincing a want of feminine tact, was, on the whole, highly creditable to Burrows; but tears were difficult to manage without the aid of onions, a luxury to which we had been strangers for at least a twelvemonth.

The "wanity" imbibed by the Shepherd and his flock, so far from being "warm, my dear young friend, with three lumps of sugar

to the tumbler," was simply a molasses-and-water cocktail, dashed with limejuice, the compound being known to the initiated as "Lyman Johnson." A strictly temperance beverage, and a wholesome one withal; presuming that the limejuice, as in our case, is the real article, and not based upon sulphuric acid. The reverend gentleman's discourse upon the vice of intoxication was not, therefore, so ironical as it might have been under other circumstances.

But the alliterative saving clause before mentioned, "wind, weather and whales permitting," had not without good reason been inserted in the bills of the evening. A tropical squall was gathering; such a one as is manufactured from a clear sky at ten minutes' notice, and spends its whole fury in ten more. It was found expedient to hurry up matters, and to clip the programme a little. But the elements were too quick for us. Just as Mr. Stiggins was in the midst of one of his most brilliant, because most incoherent, passages, while old Weller divided the applause by his masterly counterfeit of apoplectic sleep, the squall met us, butt-end foremost.

"Throw down the topsail halyards clear!" roared Captain Bradley; but there was hardly time to obey the order, ere the stage suddenly inclined to an angle of forty-five. The signal lantern suspended over our heads was extinguished, the side-screen of matting was blown in upon us, enveloping the whole *corps dramatique* in its folds, and the rain followed, a perfect deluge while it lasted. Burrows, encumbered by his ample skirts, "fetched away" in his chair, and laying hold of his obese partner, Ryan, with a desperate clutch, they both rolled together into the lee scuppers. The shepherd, still unsteady on his legs, was thrown heavily against the galley-door, and sobered by a drenching from the bucket of Lyman Johnson, which still more than half full, had obeyed the law of gravitation in company with various other little matters. I, alone, as became the ready and active Sam, maintained a position to windward of the foremast, but narrowly escaped a fractured skull from the spar attached to the drop-curtain. One end of this had been let run in the confusion by some one who was trying to clear the buntlines belayed to the same pin.

The force of the wind was all spent in the first blast. The ship righted again, and the danger was all over; but the rain poured in torrents for a few minutes, while high above its rushing, rattling sound rose shrieks of laughter from all quarters at our ludicrous plight. Everybody lent a hand to clear the wreck and secure the "properties," while we actors made an ignominious kind of exit from the stage. But Ryan, sustaining his part to the last, bawled, "A-do Samivel!" while Mrs. Weller wept bitterly because "her best bonnet was ruined."

"Of course something would happen to spoil our first appearance," growled Stark, who, though a good shipmate in the main, had that infirmity of temper which conceals from its possessor all the humor of a joke whereof he himself is one of the victims.

But the irascible manager was laughed into good humor again, and the dramatic essay was pronounced, both forward and aft, a grand success, as far as it went. We were given to understand that the quarter-deck, which offered many advantages as a Thespian temple, would be at our service for the next performance. Our shipmates were inoculated with the stage fever, and several recruits joined our ranks. We were enabled to extend our operations, and Concordia Saloon became a fixed fact. Even an army of "supers" could be raised, equipped and drilled at short notice. Truly a motley army! with hardly two soldiers who were compatriots—but what of that?

"It's the Cosmopolitan Theatre," said the manager, triumphantly.

"'No pent-up *forecastle* contracts our powers. But the whole *main and quarter-deck* are ours,'" added Tom Ryan, striking an attitude.

"'All the *ship's* a stage,'" continued Joe Downer. "'The *officers* and *sailors* merely players.' But don't ask me to shoulder a musket again. My toes are black and blue yet; and, furthermore, I'm opposed to *sogering*, on principle."

In due time we essayed Macbeth in full force and played it successfully. True, Burrows was not exactly Mrs. Siddons, and Stark played the part of a double assassin in murdering King Duncan and the immortal bard at one and the same time. The scenery, too, required the aid of a lively imagination to render it satisfactory. But the ghosts and apparitions shot up through the skylight with startling effect. The stout Thane of Fife and the usurper made the fire fly in the death-scene, as they "laid on" with weapons of sixpenny hoop-iron, clumsy enough to have served the muscular patriot Wallace and the

redoubtable Guy of Warwick. Altogether, our rendering of the great tragedy was all that could have been expected of amateurs, under the disadvantages of place and materials.

But the theatrical season was to close with the cruise on the equator; for the next was to be made in a higher latitude. As we had in rehearsal at the time we anchored in the coral-girt haven of Koosaya, an original drama written by Stark and Ryan expressly for us, it was determined to bring it out under royal patronage, and finish up the campaign by a grand performance on shore.

The use of the great council-house was obtained, an application to King Rooa-tari, and the resources of the ship were freely drawn upon in preparing for the occasion. The theatre was handsomely decorated with bunting and pieces of gay-colored cloth, and brilliantly illuminated by fragments of candle stuck up in every available spot.

Nothing could have been better adapted for a stage than the raised platform which extended across one end of the spacious building. Indeed Stark averred that the savage architect who had superintended its erection must have had this very matter in view.

"Boys, we must all do our very best to-night," he said, "for this is an era, both in our own history and in that of our patrons. It is not only the first night of our literary bantling, but it may be called the inauguration of the Micronesian drama!"

"And the drama may do as great a work," said Tom Ryan, "in the cause of civilization as the church, the newspaper or the gallows. These are not available for us, as they require more time and labor to introduce them. We'll leave them for our successors, but

"'The play's the thing,
Wherein we'll catch the conscience of the king.'"

But, as we soon had occasion to learn, a less susceptible subject than the usurper Rooa-tari it would have been difficult to find.

This man was no King *Dei gratia*, but a sort of savage Bonaparte, who had gone into the business with no capital but his own brute courage and audacity. He was even now at war with a tribe from the other side of the mountain who espoused the claims of a powerful rival chieftain. The precarious tenant of a tottering throne, upheld only by spear and war-club. A king, in short, with no "divinity to hedge him in." His "conscience," if he could be said to have any, moved in an orbit too eccentric to be "caught" by a party of sailor-actors.

Our audience, in point of numbers, was all that could be desired, the gentler sex being largely represented. But it was soon apparent that the decorations had more attraction for them than all our histrionic efforts. The gay bunting of the drop-curtain, in a double sense, obscured all that was behind it; and *tappa* was more potent than Terpsichore; for not even a grand dance, introducing the whole company in the opening scene, could fix their attention.

The new piece had been written specially for a nautical audience. The principal character was, as all gallant tars are known to be, an Admirable Crichton in all branches of knowledge and the embodiment of every moral virtue. Of his sweetheart, it is sufficient praise to say that she was worthy of his devotion. All the other characters were so unfortunate as to have business on *terra firma*, and were necessarily incarnations of evil, under the comprehensive name of "landsharks."

But the beauties of so truthful a picture of civilized life were lost upon Rooa-tari and his unappreciative subjects. In vain we played *at* the king. In vain we lavished our best efforts, watching for an indication of the dawning of anything like dramatic taste in his benighted mind. He might have been a tobacco-sign sculptured in black walnut, save that his eyes rolled covetously now and then towards the draperies of red and yellow cotton. His subjects, male and female, took their cue from royalty and followed his example.

The warriors had come, armed to the teeth, like Puritans of old to the house of prayer. For scouts were out on the mountain, and the rebellous tribe of Areo-nooa valley were just then more than usually turbulent. A night attack was not improbable at any moment and the warlike Rooa-tari was not the man to neglect any precautions. The body of the house presented, therefore, a scene more unique and imposing than anything we could display on the stage.

Our officers and shipmates were all present except a small guard or anchor watch. The ship lay very near the shore and all hands had been furloughed for this occasion. Our boats lay in readiness at the water side to receive us, actors, scenery, properties and all as soon as the evening' entertainment should be over.

"Stark, what do you think of the prospects of the English drama among the Koosayans?" asked the waggish Downer, while we were preparing for the second act.

"Think!" returned the disappointed manager, "why, it's only casting pearls before swine. I was in hopes the royal presence might be worth something to us; but this wooden-headed barbarian has about as much appreciation of our work as old Doctor Johnson had of music when he said it was not so disagreeable a noise as some others."

"He hasn't moved a muscle since the curtain rose," said I, "except such as were required to roll his ugly eyeballs about. But I'll wake him up in the next act, see 'f I don't."

"How in the world are you going to manage it?" he inquired, in surprise. For I was cast for an unimportant part, as one of the misguided landsmen.

"Never mind," I answered, ominously; "you'll see."

"If you can galvanize him into life," said Stark, "do so; and I'll acknowledge you to be a worker of miracles."

The curtain rose upon a melting interview between Jack and his sweetheart. (The hero was called Jack, of course; as it is well known every seaman ought to be; such being the generic name of the whole fraternity in song and story, if we except Tom Bowline and Black-eyed Susan's William.)

Pending this parting scene between the lovers, Jack's ship, the Thunderbolt, is supposed to be lying at "short-stay-peak," with the foretopsail loosed and flaunting the blue Peter. A gun fired from her is to notify them that she is ready to break ground, and to be the signal for them to break a ring, and exchange their final vows, according to established precedent in such cases. It fell to my duty to give this cruel signal by a rap upon a small but sonorous native tom-tom which stood in a corner of the council-house. But while preparing our stage during the previous day, I had peered into the mysteries of a smaller building adjoining the theatre. I resolved now that the Thunderbolt's parting salute should be such as became a firstrate man-of-war. It should be no popgun, but one of her maindeck battery.

This little temple I had found to be devoted solely to the keeping and storage of the *pahu* or great drum. This was a gigantic instrument, hideously decorated, and the heads of which are supposed to be made of the skins of hostile warriors slain in battle. There was only one instrument of the kind in the tribe, and it was never sounded except upon occasions of great solemnity. Indeed no hand was permitted to touch it save that of the king himself, or the high priest Orotoo, who at that moment sat in the theatre at his majesty's elbow. The only exception was in case of invasion by an enemy, when, like a fire-alarm, it might be sounded by the first person who chanced to be near the temple at the moment; and its first stroke was a summons for every able-bodied man to be under arms. Knowing my cue, I waited quietly near the tom-tom in the corner till the moment drew nigh when I was to thump on it. Then, without saying a word to any of my shipmates, I glided swiftly out of the door and into the small temple. The *pahu* stood on an elevated stand, and was reached by ascending several steps built for the purpose.

Without stopping to reflect upon the consequences of my mad freak I bounded up the steps and seized, with sacrilegious hands, the mammoth drumsticks, two highly polished clubs of the *toa*, or iron-wood. Bringing them into position for beating the long-roll, I threw all my muscular power into the work. The effect upon my own ears was truly deafening. I can liken it to nothing that I have ever experienced, before or since. But those of my seafaring brethren who have served on board a turreted monitor, and assisted in "bombarding Sumter from a kettle," may have a correct idea of what I mean.

I could, of course, know nothing of its effect upon others until I paused. As the reverberation partially died away a new sound took its place; a chorus of unearthly yells from many voices blended, no less startling and terrific than the infernal din of the *pahu* itself.

Realizing, for the first time, the possible effect of my rashness, I cleared the flight of steps at a single bound. Rushing into the theatre I found it deserted by all the natives while the last of my shipmates were crowding through the door which led to the beach, loaded with the portable articles brought on shore during the day. Jack's voluminous white trousers flashed through the darkness down the coral slope, and Burrows had torn off his feminine skirts to join the general stampede in light marching order. The flag of our country was trailing in the dirt, having been snatched from its place and dragged through the door without rolling up.

The yells of the armed warriors receded inland, as they rushed in the direction of a defile by which the enemy might be expected to make an inroad. A night attack by the rebels of Areonova valley was the only solution of the alarm that had yet occurred to them. That any one of us white strangers should have dared to profane the temple, and to lay hands upon the sacred *pahu*, was a possibility which had not once entered the mind of Rooa-tari.

But I had not escaped unobserved from the temple. I caught sight of a female face peering round the corner of the council-house as I rushed from one door to the other. While all the males had rallied to arms at the first sound, this daughter of Eve, impelled by curiosity, had discovered the trick.

We had hardly hoisted our boats on board the Concordia, when the warriors were heard returning, the shouts approaching nearer and nearer, till the whole force were assembled on the beach abreast the ship, and Rooa-tari's canoe was soon paddling alongside.

He at once sought an interview with Captain Bradley who was quite innocent of any knowledge of the author of the alarm. But the meddlesome female witness had been brought off in the canoe, and she was not long in pointing out the impious wretch. I was ordered to report at head-quarters and the captain attempted to reprimand me. But he broke down in a paroxysm of laughter, as a vivid recollection of the scene in the theatre came up afresh in his mind.

This unaccountable conduct served only to add to the fury of the irate Rooa-tari. I doubt not he would, at the moment, have destroyed the ship and every man on board, had he felt strong enough to do it; but entertaining a wholesome dread of our firearms, he found it inexpedient to make the matter a *casus belli*. A few pieces of the coveted cotton cloth soon changed the current of his thoughts, and he departed richer if not wiser than he came.

I should hardly have ventured on shore again had I found the opportunity. But the ship was ready for sea; and the next morning a fresh trade wind was filling her canvas and wafting us onward towards the great Nor'west.

"Didn't I tell you I'd wake him up, boys?" said I, as we were stowing the anchors. "I'll warrant you never saw all hands called quicker than that."

"But you spoiled our new play with your infernal war-drum," grumbled Stark, dropping the corners of his mouth.

"I improvised a *play* of my own, far better adapted to *move* an audience than yours was. The *pahu* was the greatest *hit* of our dramatic season. It's

"'The thing
Wherein I caught the conscience of the king.'"

## AN EVENING WITH A CATAMOUNT.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

In the spring of '64 I was one of those living skeletons, rescued from the den of famine and death at Salisbury. All through the long summer I had lain amid the odors of a hospital; and it was August before I was able to return to my home at Bangor, Maine. It had been a "touch and a go" with me, and the weakness of a constitution sapped to its very roots still held me down.

"Keep in the fresh pure air, my boy; and exercise what you feel to," was the advice of our old physician. "You'll come up little by little."

But it was slow work. September, with its myriad colors, came, to find me restless and impatient, but far from strong.

"Can't you plan to take a trip up to the Lakes, and around Katahdin?" said the doctor one day, as I was complaining, and berating him for not giving me something to set me on my legs. "Nothing better than that. The grand scenery there will occupy and interest your mind, which is as much at fault as your body just now."

I hailed the proposition. It had been one of the pet dreams of my boyhood. Old John Clives the trapper, whose stories used to be the delight of my early years, was just setting off on his fall tour up the west branch of the Penobscot; and I gladly put myself under the old man's care.

Forty years' experience in that singular region had made him familiar with both its physical features and the many curious

papers to him. It was she who published Helene's book, and healed the breach that had almost separated Minette and the colonel.

And finally it was she who insisted upon giving me a fine wedding from her own house, and the most extravagant gifts that one sister could possibly think of for another.

I am half jealous of Mr. Grandimore's admiration for her, but I have the satisfaction of quoting her to Jack, as a pet illustration of the practical success of at least one of my "Utopian theories."

## *NOVEMBER.*

BY MRS. E. V. WILSON.

I SIT beside my window, looking out
Upon the dull gray sky and falling rain:
The poor dead leaves are lying all about,
The wind is moaning like a soul in pain.

'T is drear November. Ah, lone heart! be still.
It is November while he is away,
Though suns of June the glad earth's pulses thrill,
Or fragrant violets deck the paths of May.

If he were here, this dull gray sky would be
As summer sunsets beautifully fair,
And wildest winter winds as sweet to thee
As bright October's perfume-laden air.

But, list! his step upon the stair I hear:
No longer doth the day seem dark and chill.
Above the clouds the sky is blue and clear,
And love November days with light can fill.

EDINA, MO., 1880.

## *THE MYSTERY OF SHUBAEL WYER.*

BY CAPT. W. H. MACY, OF NANTUCKET.

THOSE who now visit the little island of Nantucket for aquatic sport and recreation during the heated term can scarcely imagine the place to have been the mart of industry that it was forty years ago. In the days of my boyhood, we had never heard of such innovations as water-pipes under our streets, or a narrow-gauge railroad along our sea-shore to meet the requirements of elegant leisure or to carry on the work of active idleness. But our well-kept wharves were then lined with stout ships, arriving from and departing upon long voyages, while the fleet of fore-and-afters in the coasting trade far exceeded in number the fleet of little pleasure boats which now, with the exception of a solitary steamer, are the only craft that vex the waters of our harbor. The boys, in those days, took to the water as naturally as ducks, and many of us became practical boatmen before we were stout enough to get a berth for a voyage round Cape Horn. Half a dozen of us "North-Shorers" who were sworn friends and comrades in all sorts of aquatic adventures had scraped our united savings into a common stock and bought an old whale-boat for a few dollars, and by hook or by crook, had picked up a complement of old oars for her.

The *Sea-Shell*—for she answered to that name in large Roman capitals rudely done in red chalk both upon her bow and quarter—had made a voyage quite round the globe before she came into our ownership, and had encountered some hard knocks in her many battles with leviathan. But scarred and patched as she was, no champions of Harvard or Yale were ever more proud of their gaudy craft on a racing day than we were of the *Sea-Shell* when we pulled away out beyond the Bar to test her qualities in a seaway, and pulled all the way back again with hungry stomachs and blistered hands, declaring that she was the most perfect sea-boat that ever swam, and as to her leaking, why one boy could keep her free and not bail more than half the time. Many were the cruises we made up harbor in this old boat, often visiting the old hut of Abraham Quady, the half-breed, who was the last known descendant of the once powerful Nantucket tribe.

But even Abraham himself, possessing as

her independence ; I love her for her humility. Ah, Netta, if I ever lose my faith in her" —

His voice broke with emotion. We had paused in our walk, and just below us on the sand we saw Colonel Rathlyn and a woman.

"He has come back," I whispered.

"Yes," said Jack carelessly, "and with a sweetheart, or else he is making it up with Min."

It would seem so, for she was in his arms, and, as he spoke, I heard a quick sob in his voice.

"My lost darling! almost lost forever through my cruel neglect."

Then he lifted the bowed head from his shoulder, and in the bright moonlight we both recognized the face of Mildred Ormiston.

I don't know what Jack said, it was something awful, and then, in spite of my feeble efforts to stay him, he had leaped down the rocks and was beside them.

They both turned pale at sight of him; then Mildred threw herself between my infuriated brother and the calmer colonel.

"Jack, darling, don't look so. I have never dared tell anybody before, but he is my brother, found after all these years."

Jack stood back, and gasped with surprise and incredulity. Then the old light of love came back into his eyes, he held out his arms, and she took refuge within them.

I was in Colonel Rathlyn's. I don't know how I came there, but he extricated himself just as Mr. Grandimore appeared on the scene.

He also looked pale, he afterward explained why, and his manner was constrained and distant as he shook hands with us all.

Colonel Rathlyn, Jack and Mildred were hurrying away. I rose with alacrity to follow, but Mr. Grandimore stood in my way.

"You have deceived me," he whispered tragically. "Are all women such abominable flirts? Do you love him? Tell me so at once, and I will go."

I looked up at him in the moonlight. He was waiting for an answer.

"Do you love some one else better? Tell me, Netta. Or do you, my dearest, do you care for me?"

Of course he knew by my absurd trembling and blushes that I did.

Later in the evening, we found the family assembled in our parlor, Colonel Rathlyn domesticated in their midst.

He was explaining matters to the delighted Helene as we entered.

"A splendid plot for a novel," she was exclaiming ecstatically. "How independent of Mildred! What a heroine she has proved herself!"

"There was very little of the heroic in my conduct," said Mildred quietly. "I took the first work that I could find to do. I often felt like a hypocrite in your midst."

"And you knew Colonel Rathlyn to be your brother, and yet drudged in our kitchen instead of appealing to him?" put in Minette, who could never understand the quiet pride of Mildred's character.

"Colonel Rathlyn has himself to blame for it," said that gentleman bitterly. "It was his neglect that brought one of the sweetest of women to bear such slights. But, as I told you all," he continued apologetically, "I never knew she was in want, or had left school, until I heard from Madame Le Foy. When I found that my father's daughter had been shamefully swindled, and might be suffering, I left London, hurried home, and have been searching for her since in vain, until some lucky chance brought about our meeting. When Jack said 'Mildred Ormiston,' that night, I could n't believe that it was the sister I had been searching for."

"It was very wrong of her to change her name," interrupted Paula primly.

"It was my mother's name, and she worked for her living," answered Mildred with spirit. "I could n't degrade the name of Rathlyn."

The colonel winced a little under the quiet sarcasm.

"It is a proud old name, Mildred, and one I would delight to have you wear for years, but it is not to be," he said sadly. "I have found my sister only to give her up to some luckier fellow. Are your thoughts all harsh ones of me, Mildred?"

She sat by his side with the happiest smile on her face. I actually believe that Jack was half jealous as she raised his hand to her lips.

"I never blamed you in the least," she answered simply. "You thought me amply provided for."

"I was a selfish brute. I have just been making some little atonement today. You are a rich woman again, Mildred."

He held out some formidable-looking papers to her.

Minette did n't look exactly pleased: neither, to do him justice, did Jack.

He was poor, and necessarily proud.

Mildred, with love's quick intuition, read the misery in his face.

She was beside him in a moment, all the tenderness of her fond love apparent in her eyes.

"I will take it, and be thankful for it, for your sake, Jack."

And so Jack married a fortune after all, and our little lady straightened out the finances of our family wonderfully.

It was she who petted papa, and read his

he did the strongly marked characteristics of the Indian race, was not invested with more interest in our juvenile minds than was old Shubael Wyer, the hermit of Coatue. It was plain enough to us that Shubael was of our own Caucasian stock, and it was even said that he had some near relatives in town, but they never talked of relationship, while he himself avoided the haunts of men and seldom went out of sight of his own queer little home. We could never have any words with him, for as often as we appeared we were warned off by gestures unmistakable, showing that no communication was desired, and the sinister appearance of the man, added to the fact that he never stirred abroad without a gun or a long heavy rake for digging quahaugs, usually carrying both, was sufficient to enforce his warning and keep boys hovering off at a respectful distance.

We could make him out a tall, cadaverous, wary-looking old man, with an aquiline cast of countenance and heavy gray beard. In the summer-time, the season when our visits that way were most frequent, we always saw him in his shirt-sleeves, with his gaunt arms bared to the shoulders, and his grizzly head topped by a broad Payta hat, or a slouched Sou'wester according as the weather might be sunny or overcast. Often when cruising around the point or lying on our oars, we heard the crack of his fowling-piece in the distance; at least we always gave him credit for all the shots we heard fired, for no one ever poached upon his manor, and he had become, so far as a certain extent of beach was concerned, a sort of Selkirk, "monarch of all he surveyed." We thought Coatue Point was about the last place that any civilized man should have chosen for a dwelling, but that was his own affair, and if our parents knew anything of the man's past history, they did not choose to be communinative to the younger members of the family.

Shubael's shanty in which he dwelt, though not commodious in size, looked as if it might be comfortable enough. I used to think that to see the interior of it I would have given anything I possessed except perhaps my undivided fractional interest in the *Sea-Shell*. Old Wyer had a small dory or skiff of his own in which he came across the harbor to town when necessary to purchase supplies; but this was very seldom, for he picked up most of his living from the sea, the air, and the sands of the beach, and would purchase enough at one of his visits to last him for a considerable period. He paid for everything in gold, gave brief and cold answers to all questions, wasted no words, and never asked for aid or charity from any, man or woman. He was surly and rude to all who came near his hermitage to gratify curiosity, and gave every one to understand that he desired to be left entirely alone.

Of course it seemed to us boys that he must have lived in this manner from time immemorial and might still continue to do so for another century; but the real fact was that this Crusoe life covered only the last twenty years of Shubael Wyer's earthly career. And at last one day, when we were out in the *Sea-Shell*, — that was when I was fourteen, the last summer before I shipped for my first Cape-Horn voyage, — on approaching Coatue Point, we saw some one on the beach near the shanty, making the most frantic signals for us to draw near, but the figure was not that of old Wyer himself. Obeying the call, we ventured in, and soon made it out to be Harvey Burgess, a young man well known to us all. He explained that old Wyer was lying in his house stricken down with paralysis, and urged us to pull for the town as fast as possible. He did not think much could be done even by old Doctor Bartlett with all his reputed skill, for it seemed to be a death stroke with the old hermit, but at any rate no time was to be lost. He, Burgess, had come over to Coatue on a gunning cruise, and it was by the merest accident that he had learned the truth. His own skiff was a long way further up the Point, where he had first landed, and besides with our whale-boat and full crew we could make much greater haste, while he himself would remain with the helpless man until the doctor's arrival.

We waited no second bidding, for our generous sympathies lent strength to our young muscles. A human being, even though it *was* old Shubael Wyer, was in need of medical aid, and the *Sea-Shell* had never skimmed the smooth waters of the harbor more swiftly since her boy owners rowed her, than she did on that morning.

When she touched the dock I jumped ashore and ran at full speed for Dr. Bartlett's house, while my companions remained by the boat ready for a start. I was lucky enough to find the doctor at home, and in a very few minutes we were on our return; but although doing our very best, Death had not delayed his work to await our coming. The old physician at a glance and a touch pronounced the patient to be quite dead.

"But a little sooner or later would have made no difference," he said. "He was probably beyond any skill of mine even when you first discovered him. By the way, how did it happen? For I think it was seldom that any person but Wyer himself ever entered this door."

"Why, I was shooting about here, and it struck me as a little queer that I did not see the hermit abroad with his gun as he always had been before at that hour, and it occurred to me that perhaps he might be ailing in some way, and I ventured to come and try the door of the shanty. I found him here on

his bed, alive, but looking very much as he does now, and he has shown no signs of consciousness at any moment since."

"And now, doctor," continued Burgess, "do you know anything of his history? Of course he is a puzzle to all the young folks, though it is said that he is a native and has relatives here."

"So he has," replied the doctor. "But he has n't troubled himself about them for many years, nor they about him. I knew Shubael Wyer when he was a smart young man, and he commanded a ship when about twenty-six years old, but I know nothing of the middle period of his life, and cannot say why he came here to bury himself in a desert. I have had some surmises on the subject, but don't know anything that I would care to put into words. If you will stay a while with the body, Mr. Burgess, I 'll employ these lads to take me back to town, and I will then report to the coroner, and also notify some of Wyer's relatives."

The scene in the shanty that day left a strong impression which was anything but a pleasant one upon my memory. The romance connected with its interior where I had so long desired to get a peep was now quite dissipated, for everything was so common-place and insignificant to say nothing of the disorder and dirt. But there was a stove in which there had been a fire that morning, and there were provisions in the house, so that nothing indicated want or distress, and it would seem that the hermit had always lived comfortably enough in his way. But the principal object that fascinated me was the old man lying there in a half-doubled-up attitude with the tangled gray hair and beard partially masking the distorted features of the face. He was dressed as if ready to start out, and everything showed that he had risen that morning in his usual health, and been suddenly stricken down. There was a kind of hideous attraction about the scene from which it seemed an effort to tear myself away, and yet I was not sorry to breathe the outer air and to be again afloat on our return.

That night at dusk when we made fast the *Sea-Shell* at her moorings, I lingered on the wharf for a yarn with old Zimri Clark, the watchman, who had just come on duty for the night. Uncle Zimri was a veteran mariner who had had his share of beating the seas from Cape Horn to Kamtschatka in the days of his youth, but was hale, hearty and alert at threescore and ten. He was always ready with some story of adventure such as boys delight in, and did not mind beguiling the time in that way while he guarded the property on the wharf against fire and night prowlers. Thus I often used to walk back and forth with him for an hour or two, keeping close to his side and listening with greedy ears.

On this occasion I was full of importance as I related to him the adventure of the morning, and enlarged upon all I knew concerning the death of old Wyer. He listened to it all with only a nod of the head now and then, and when I had finished he only replied, —

"Well, I reckon it has been a rough voyage with him for the last forty-five years or so, and I 'm glad for him that it is ended. *It* is n't easy for us short-sighted mortals to say what sort of port he 'll make at the end of it."

"Why, do you really know anything about his life, Uncle Zimri?" I asked with eager curiosity. "Do you know any reason that he had for living that way like Robinson Crusoe?"

"Why, yes," returned the old man a little curiously. "I suppose I do. I should say, as Doctor Bartlett did, that I know little about the middle part of his life beyond what has been picked up from casual rumor; but, as a young man, I knew Shubael Wyer for as smart a fellow as ever jumped. I sailed a voyage with him, and I know the very day that he put the first blot on his log-book."

"Oh! he did something wicked then that clung to him ever afterwards," said I, for I was quite accustomed to Uncle Zimri's nautical figures of speech, and generally understood their meaning pretty well.

"Yes, it was remorse that changed the whole drift of his life. No one knows that better than I do, for I was nearer to him and more associated with him than any one else at the time of his great wrong. But there are enough elderly people here, who, like the doctor, guess at the fact in a vague and general way, but never care to talk about it. But now that the man has gone, I suppose it does n't matter so much, and I suppose the case will be generally talked over, so I may as well tell you just how it was.'

I kept closer than ever to the side of Uncle Zimri as we paced back and forth across the wharf, at a point where we could see way up into the street, and could not fail to see any person coming down, while he proceeded to relate the story of old Wyer, which I shall give substantianally in his own words.

It was in the year '94 that I arrived home from my last voyage to Walwich Bay, in the old *Faith*, and felt not a little proud when I was offered a second mate's berth in the *Jasper*, then fitting to go into the Pacific Ocean. It was only three years before, that the *Beaver* had made the pioneer trip round Cape Horn, but since then several ships had been that route, and returned with good fares, reporting abundance of both sperm and right whales in the Pacific. The *Jasper* was a good stout ship, and well appointed; for Shubael Wyer, who was to command her, had the name of a crack

whaleman, although a young man, but two years older than myself, and Peter Joy, whom he had shipped as his mate, was also a high-killer, and was well known to me, for I had made a short voyage with him to the coast of Brazil. Sixteen hundred barrels would fill the *Jasper*, for we did not build large ships for the business in those days, and we apprehended no difficulty in soon getting that quantity of oil where whales were plenty.

Mr. Joy had been married, a few weeks before we sailed, to Dinah Bunker, who was one of the best as well as the prettiest girls of her generation, and that is saying enough. I don't think we have improved any upon women-kind since that day. Of all who were present at the wedding, Captain Wyer was the most discontented and disappointed man, though he tried his best to hide it.

He had offered himself to Dinah, but she was firm in declining his offer, because she preferred and really loved the young man who was going out as his mate. So the captain apparently swallowed his disappointment like a man, and no one had cause to suppose that he would not in time make up his mind, like most others in such cases, that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Well, we had a good passage round the Horn in the *Jasper*, and our voyage was now in a fair way to be a prosperous one if we struck down among the sperm whales off the coast of Chili.

We got on very well together in our end of the ship, though I always fancied that dark and bitter thoughts showed themselves in the old man's face whenever Mr. Joy happened to talk about his wife. I suppose you know, my boy, that "the old man" means the captain of the ship, — that is, of your own ship that you belong to, — and he is always called so, even by men old enough to be his father. Sometimes when sitting at the cabin table in the first watch below, Mr. Joy would get the picture of Dinah out of his sea-chest, look at it a while so fond and proud-like, and the old man would always take it and look at it too, and his eyes would flash, and then I always fancied I could read the dark and bitter thoughts stirring in him. The picture, I must say, was a very good likeness, though it was only a painted daub, for this new idea of making the sun paint your pictures had not been thought of in those days. In less than a year after we doubled the Horn, we had our hold nearly full of sperm oil, and wanted only two or three whales to chock off the hatchways and then point the *Jasper's* head toward home. We had worked way off shore, and were cruising far to the westward of Masafuera, when we spoke the *Leander*, only five months from home, and got some letters.

Mr. Joy had one, of course, from his young wife, and he was so delighted with it, that he read the most of it aloud, in her very words, in the hearing of the captain. And while the mate was on deck that night, I myself saw the old man go and get the letter out of the mate's stateroom, and read it all through, and when he had finished and put the letter back in its place, there was a look on his face such as I had never seen on a human face before, as if the very Evil One himself had full posession of him.

I thought I would tell Mr. Joy of his meanness as soon as the watch was relieved at midnight; but then I took a second thought, and determined to put it off, as some future time would do just as well, and it was of no use stirring up a row between them.

The next day we raised a school of whales, and all three boats went down in chase of them, everybody in high spirits at the prospeet of soon having a full ship. The old man struck the first whale, a forty-barrel bull, and Mr. Joy was soon harnessed to another, which proved to be a racer, and started off to windward with him, making such speed that a stern chase seemed out of the question. As the rest of the school had made off out of sight, I soon gave up pulling to windward, and turned my attention to helping the old man.

It was nearly sundown when we got the whale killed, and the twilight was short, so that by the time we had manœuvred the ship to the whale, hauled him alongside, and got the fluke-rope on, it was shutting down dark. The ship-keeper reported that the mate's boat when last seen was a little forward of the weather-beam, or right dead in the wind's eye from us, and that the whale was still spouting clear and strong, and working to windward.

This was before the ship had run off and luffed to again for fluking our whale. By estimation, the mate must now be at least six or seven miles to the windward of us, and our signal lantern, with its small, dim light, could not be seen by him. It was of no use trying to beat up dragging the whale in the fluke-rope, and the safest course was to lie hove-to where we were. We had, in those old days, no carriage gun to fire signals with, and, indeed, nothing bigger than a couple of old revolutionary muskets. But one thing better than all we could easily do, and this was to make a fire with scraps on the top of the try-works, and the blaze could be seen a long distance, I was about ordering this to be done, when, to my astonishment, the old man interfered, and countermanded the order.

"Don't begin to worry yet about Mr. Joy," he said in a careless tone. "Of course he can find the ship easy enough, and he has

either killed his whale or cut from him long ago. Let the men get their suppers, and all turn in but one boat's crew. I 'll take the first watch myself. Keep the signal lantern up at the gaff, and that will be enough."

I looked up at the speck of light swinging aloft, and it seemed like a mockery when I thought of men several miles off looking for it. I felt rather anxious about the mate and his boat's-crew, but I must say that the old man's easy confidence had its weight with me. I knew that Peter Joy was not the man to cut from any whale so long as he had daylight to work in, but after dark he certainly would. With the fire-light on the try-works he ought to find the ship without much trouble, but without it he might just as easily go astray. When I had swallowed my hasty supper, I ventured to make the suggestion again.

"Don't fret, Mr. Clark: there is no need of bothering with any scrap-fire. He 'll find us fast enough."

"If he has killed his whale you don't think he would undertake to tow him to leeward, do you, sir?"

"Not he; he is n't a fool. He has cut from his whale, dead or alive, before this, and he 'll be here directly, so don't worry."

"But if he don't know positively that we have got a whale alongside, he may have killed his, and then lay by him, waiting for the ship to beat up. We ought certainly to make all the signals we can."

"Oh, of course he knows, he must have seen her manœuvring," returned the old man testily. "You can ring the bell or pound on an empty cask if you think there 's any need of it. Or I 'll have it done myself; you had better turn in, and I 'll take the first watch."

I went below feeling somewhat anxious and dissatisfied, and soon after I heard the tolling of the ship's bell, but it was a small one compared to what our ships carry now-a-days, and could not be heard any distance, against the wind. This was continued only a few minutes, and then there was some pounding on an empty cask, but not very loud, and only by fits and starts as if nobody took much interest in it. Of course if the officer is easy, Jack before the mast will never burden himself with much care, for his rule is to do what he is told to, and leave responsibility to those who are better paid for it.

In a short time the noises ceased, all but the tramp of the old man's feet fore and aft the quarter deck directly over me, and as I was very tired I fell asleep, though not very soundly, for I seemed to be dreaming all the time, and to be in all sorts of queer and uneasy situations.

I must have slept about two hours, for the old silver watch in Mr. Joy's stateroom pointed to ten o'clock when I awoke and jumped out of my bunk. Judging by the roll of the ship and the rushing sound, we must be running off free. Of this I was sensible as soon as I put my head a little way up the cabin stairs. I saw no one moving on deck, but presently the old man, who appeared to have been at the tiller himself, came along with the spy-glass in his hand, as he had heard me moving.

"Keep a sharp lookout forward there! I 've been running off a few minutes, Mr. Clark," he said to me; "for I saw, as I thought, a small light off the lee quarter, but I have lost it again, so we may as well come to the wind, and lie still until daylight. I 'll call Worth at eleven o'clock, and give you the morning watch. I have n't troubled the men, excepting one on the lookout, as we had the cutting-geer already aloft, and there was no work to do."

I could now perceive that Captain Wyer was nervous and fidgety, that he seemed anxious to say something, he did not know what, and a horrible suspicion was growing upon me. The ship had luffed to again, for the helm had been put down just as I showed my kead above deck. But why should the old man be so very considerate of his men as to be at the helm himself! He was not wont to be so as a general thing. You will understand that the ship had been lying by the whale, having, as is usual, the head-yards braced in aback, and the top-sails, excepting the mizzen, lowered down upon the lifts, so that she would lie as nearly still as possible, making only a lee drift. When I awoke, she was off before the wind, and would probably make about four knots an hour with what canvas she had, and that on a course directly away from where the mate's boat was last seen! How long she had been thus running off of course I could not know, but the old man had appeared to have the deck all to himself, and his excuses were too suspicious.

The idea of the boat's light seen off the lee quarter was too ridiculous, as a boat there would have seen our signal-lantern at the gaff long before her own light could have been seen from the ship. I again suggested making a fire on the try-works, and the old man gave his consent, but much as if he could no longer find an excuse for not allowing it. The blaze was soon started, and its glare lighted up the sea for a space around us, but where were poor Mr. Joy and his boat's-crew now? There was to be no more sleep for me that night, and at eleven o'clock, when Worth was called, I remained on deck with him, while the captain went below, and remained in his stateroom, brooding in the dark, but I think he never closed his eyes, for he came up several times before morning, and, indeed, after midnight he either

was, or pretended to be, thoroughly alarmed. We kept up the scrap-fire all night, banged away upon empty casks, fired the muskets, and rang the ship's bell, but this was all we could do, for it was better to lie still in one position, than to make sail and steer anywhere at random. We would be quite as likely to be running away from, as toward, our lost men.

The darkness wore away, and we had seen nothing, heard nothing of them. At the first streak of daylight, eager eyes were at the mast-heads scanning the surface of the sea, and the whole round of the horizon, but no signs of a boat were to be seen. But there were two ships in sight five or six miles under our lee, one of them boiling, as we could see the smoke from his try-fires.

The captain and I stood side by side in the maintopmast crosstrees after our scrutiny of the horizon, satisfied that the mate's boat was nowhere in sight. He seemed irresolute and undecided what to do, and as I was roused by my suspicions, I took it upon myself to speak out.

"Of course," said I, "the only thing for us to do is to cut away the whale, pack on sail, and beat up to where we were yesterday."

"But I thought," said he, "it would be as well to run off and speak these ships to leeward." They might know something about our boat."

"Nonsense!" I snapped out, forgetting in my rage all respect to my superior officer. "There is n't one chance in a million that Mr. Joy has gone away down there, and besides if either of those ships had our boat and men, would n't she be making all sorts of frantic signals to communicate with us?"

The captain had no logic to answer me with, and I was more and more satisfied that he had the night before basely abandoned Mr. Joy, not only by refusing to make the proper signals at nightfall, but by actually running away with the ship. But perhaps it might not yet be too late, and I resolved that all should now be done to save the mate if possible, even if I had to carry my point by open mutiny, for I felt convinced that in such a case most of the crew would support me.

I swung myself into the rigging, and came down two or three ratlines at a jump, while Captain Wyer followed me, but more slowly. I seized a long cutting spade, and rushed to the side, but for a moment I paused, and looked back at the old man.

"What say you, sir? Shall I cut away?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, in a crestfallen kind of way.

But then, as if recollecting himself, he changed his whole tone suddenly, and took charge of the work, giving the orders to masthead the topsails and make all sail.

I did not wait to unjoint the whale, but with two or three blows of the spade, cut the strands of the fluke-rope, and our prize was given to the sharks and the sea-birds. In a few minutes we had packed on sail to our three to'gallant sails, and were lying sharp by the wind, with a good seaman at the helm, and several pairs of sharp eyes aloft, and the old *Jasper* was doing her best, as if she were conscious of something wrong, and wanted to make up for lost time.

All that day we beat to the windward, making short stretches, and just before sundown raised the waif of a dead whale. I lowered my boat and went to it, cut one of the irons out, and satisfied myself, by the marks upon it, that this was the same whale which Mr. Joy had struck. There was also a small waif flying on a short pole, which we knew to be ours, and this waif, as well as the fact that the line had been cut off close up to the iron, showed that the mate had succeeded in killing the whale before he left him, and, in all probability, before dark.

I estimated the distance we had beat up to be not less than twenty miles, as the wind had favored us; thus making due allowance for her drift the night before, there were still some miles of distance to be accounted for. I felt quite sure now that Shubael Wyer was a murderer, and that he had been running the ship off at the very time when the mate was pulling in search of her, and that, too, with no signal but the miserable old lantern, a very mockery of darkness at the distance of a mile.

I said nothing of my thoughts to any one, nor did I hear any word spoken by others, whatever they might have thought. But no one else knew all that I did about the circumstances, and the suspicion seemed to me too horrible to be ever shaped into words.

We lay to that night, and the following two days we cruised the ground all over, zigzaging on various courses, the old man now playing the hypocrite to perfection and really seeming to be quite anxious and distressed about the fate of Mr. Joy. On the third day we were all willing to give up the search, and bear away for home. We were, of course, short-handed for whaling, and we could not run into port and ship men as can be done now-a-days. But our crew was quite sufficient for merely working the ship, and we brought her home nearly full of oil, so that she made a good paying voyage after all.

During the passage the old man often talked about the loss of the mate, and seemed anxious to smooth matters over, acknowling that he had made a mistake in not building a fire on the try-works earlier than he did, and also for running off a few minutes for what he thought was a boat's light,

though he did not think this last circumstance could have made any difference. I made but little answer to all this, as it was a subject I did not care to talk about, and I was quite sure that he knew my suspicion.

It was a sad, heart-breaking day for Dinah Joy when the *Jasper* dropped her anchor at Nantucket Bar, and the fatal news was carried into her home. I called upon her but once during my short stay on shore, and then my speech was chiefly in praise of her husband, which I knew would please her, and I said as little as possible about the details of his loss. She, poor girl, knew that he went away from the ship in the discharge of his duty, that he never came back, that we had done what we could to find him, and that he could not be found. This, perhaps, was enough for her to be told about the sad affair.

I soon went out again as mate of the same ship, under another captain, and from the day we sailed I never saw Shubael Wyer again, until he returned here, and took the hermitage on Coatue Point, and then both he and I were elderly men. I knew, by hearsay, that he declined to go into the Pacific again, preferring a shorter voyage, and that soon after we sailed he took command of the brig *Vulture* for a voyage on the Brazil Banks.

He was absent rather more than a year, and on his return renewed his attentions to the Widow Joy, now that a suitable time of widowhood had passed away. As you well know, long-voyage sailors make short courtships; indeed they must do so from the very nature of the case. A year and a half will do wonders in blunting the edge of grief, and then Shubael Wyer was called a likely man, and could get a ship whenever he might say the word. And Dinah Joy, though she had a prattling son, was still as lovely and as loving and seemingly as young as ever.

No tidings had ever been received about the lost mariner, and all hope had long ago been given up. It so happened that all the rest of the boat's-crew were strangers to the island, and little was known of them, and there had been but one house of mourning in town by reason of this disaster. Now the cloud was to be lifted from that one, and all the friends of the parties were ready to signify their approval. Surely so young a widow ought not to bury her heart forever in the depths of the Pacific Ocean, when she had a chance to do better.

The guests had already been bidden to the marriage, and the time for the ceremony was less than twenty-four hours off in the future.

Dinah and the fond captain were sitting together in her cozy little room, and talking of the new life that lay before them, when, without a word of warning, Peter Joy, in all the strength and vigor of his young manhood, stood before them.

I was not there, and if I had been, I suppose it would have been impossible to describe just what happened; but of course Dinah fell fainting into the arms of her husband, and when he was ready to turn his attention to any one else, Captain Wyer had vanished. The sea appeared literally to have given up its dead, and he had not resolution to face the man whom he had murdered. He made inquiries of one of the crew of the sloop in which his mate had just arrived from the mainland, and learned the story as they had learned it from Mr. Joy's own lips.

It appeared that having killed his whale, and perceiving by the manœuvres of the ship that she was taking another alongside, and could not possibly beat up to him, he had taken his whale in tow, expecting of course to see the fire-light directly after dark, and that another boat would be sent up to windward to meet him and assist in towing. But being disappointed when he saw and heard nothing, he had thought it prudent to abandon the whale, and try to find the ship; and he was actually pulling with might and main all the time during which I had reason to know that the *Jasper* was really running away from him! Two or three hours of this work was sufficient to tire and discourage his boat's-crew, and then it was impossible to do anything with any chance of safety, if no one could determine whether they might be going too far or not far enough, while a deviation of a point or two from the true course would carry them quite out of all sight and sound of the ship. So the young man took the only prudent course, to heave to and lie still until daylight. When morning broke they found themselves alone on the ocean.

It was decided to make their way eastward, toward the coast, as the only chance of safety, for to run westward was only to go off into unknown seas. They could not again find their waifed whale, though they kept a sharp lookout for it, and as it was idle to think of pulling to windward, the boat was put on the southeastern tack under sail, and the most rigid allowance was put upon the very small stock of food and water. The dreadful history of the succeeding days you must imagine for yourself, for I think it would sound much like the tale of the survivers of the *Essex*, which I presume you have read.

When picked up four weeks later by an English ship, the mate and one other were still alive, but in the last stages of exhaustion and weakness. The two were tenderly cared for, but one died, even after he had reached the English ship alive. Peter Joy was the sole surviver out of six; his fine

constitution carried him through, and gave him strength to rally. But another day would have been too late to save even him. There had been no opportunity for him to reach home or get aboard an American vessel, and thus he had made the voyage in the English whaler, and gone home in her to London.

The sloop which brought Peter Joy to Nantucket left again next day, taking Shubael Wyer as a passenger, and from that day his history for more than twenty years is a sealed book to all of us. This strange disappearance of course caused much talk for a while; but it was a nine-days' wonder, and most people thought his disappointment in love, occurring for the second time in connection with the same woman, was sufficient explanation. He had gone away for a while to wear off the keen edge of it, and would, no doubt, soon return. But the real truth lay deeper than this. He had indeed been disappointed and thwarted in the one point which was a kind of mania with him, — his passion for Dinah Bunker. He had seen her own chosen husband restored as it were from his ocean grave, and the act for which his soul must burn with life-long remorse had involved the murder of five other men. His crime had been a wholesale one; while in its sole object it had proved an utter failure.

Peter Joy himself, in the midst of his great happiness, had many a tender thought for his old commander, for no idea of treachery had ever entered his mind. He had thought it strange that he could not find the ship that night, or see any lights, but the horrible idea of having been intentionally abandoned had never entered his thoughts. He received the first hint of it from myself, when we accidentally met each other round the other side of the Horn a year or two later. Putting all the facts together, he was entirely convinced of the truth of my suspicions, but to no other person have I ever told all the circumstances until tonight, now that Wyer has gone to his final account. It was a matter which it could do no good to talk about, nor do I think that Peter Joy ever mentioned it again, unless, may be, to his wife. He and Dinah have both gone to rest, and their two sons, who are both now in command of ships, are probably as ignorant of the details as the average of our people are. Suspicious whispers there have been, which would account for the guarded words of Doctor Bartlett this morning, for others of the *Jasper's* crew did talk and hint, but none of them knew all of the matter that I did.

It is rather more than twenty years since Shubael Wyer appeared here as suddenly as he had left, and immediately settled into that strange way of life at Coatue. He bought that shanty of some fellows who had put it there for convenience on gunning cruises, and he improved upon it, and also bought himself a dory. I have now and then run foul of him during his short and far-between visits to town, but he evidently knew and avoided me, and we have never exchanged a word with each other since I sailed on my second voyage in the *Jasper*, leaving him here at home.

It can do you no harm, my boy, to know the truth of the story; and the moral will not be thrown away upon you, I hope. You see how a man may blast his whole life by letting foolish passions get the mastery of him for a single hour, for the worm of remorse has been gnawing at Shubael Wyer's heart-strings for five-and-forty years.

The tale told by Uncle Zimri has always appeared to me like something related in confidence, and though he did not specially enjoin secrecy upon me, I have seldom spoken of it to any one.

Now that I am getting gray myself, and nearly three generations have passed on since that tragedy occurred, there can be no harm in making it public.

Whatever worldly goods the hermit left behind were taken in charge by his nearest relatives, but I think nothing of great value was found. There were queer rumors about his having been a pirate during what was called the cast-away period of his life, which included all the years of his prime, and strange dreams about fabulous amounts of gold coin buried on Coatue Point after the fashion of Kyd and other free-booters of classic memory. But no such dreams were ever realized, as but a small amount of money was found among his effects. Before I went to sea the next year the shanty had been removed from the ground, and there was nothing left on that sterile neck of land to mark the site where Shubael Wyer, the man of mystery, had spent the last twenty years of his blighted life.

## THE FATE OF THE LADY ROSWELL.

BY W. H. MACY.

MANY years ago—before the Australian gold fields were opened to immigrants—I found myself adrift in Sidney, out of employment and out of money. As a change from the round of whaling cruises which I had made in American ships, I was induced to try my fortunes in a colonial "lime-juicer," and shipped as able seaman in the barque Lady Roswell, bound on a general trading voyage among the islands in the Pacific. Trinkets and tobacco were to be bartered for marine shells, sandal-wood, *beche-de-mer*, cocoanut oil, or whatever else could be turned into money at the end of the voyage. In short, all was fish that came to our net.

The Lady Roswell was not exactly the style of vessel one would select as adapted to a voyage of the kind. She was no great traveller, and had a cumbrous, castellated, old-Admiral-Benbow appearance clinging to her, as if she were a relic of past ages. She was stanch and tight, however, and had been purchased cheap by her captain, Joe Beecher, a harem-scarem Englishman, who had invested his all in the venture.

We visited a number of islands, and did a smattering of barter trade; but the sandal-wood business, on which the captain had built his chief calculations, was found to be a failure. The article was very scarce, and the little obtained was, to use a whaler's phrase, "like skimming slicks." We made a start for the Gilbert Islands, hoping to make up a good voyage with cocoanut oil. The method pursued was to land a few casks to be filled, then proceed to another island and land a few more, and so on, making the rounds of the group, and collecting the oil by small installments.

At Epimama, generally known to mariners as Simpson's Island, we had put about twenty casks ashore, which would contain nearly one hundred barrels. Rackaboo, the reigning chief, had promised to fill them all for us; but, at the rate these savages work, it would take several weeks to get this quantity of oil together, and have it ready for shipment. Meanwhile, he was at war with the chief of Koorua, another island under his lee, and his mind was burdened with preparations for a grand warlike expedition, or raid, which he was intending to undertake against his enemy. He was especially desirous to secure the aid of Captain Beecher, with his ship, in this naval campaign, and was profuse in his promises of indefinite quantities of cocoanut oil and other valuable truck as compensation for our services. The captain, reckless adventurer as he was, lent a favorable ear to these proposals; and some of our crew appeared delighted with the mere excitement of the thing, without considering at all the right and wrong of the matter.

But our chief mate, Edward Doyle, a very intelligent Irishman, protested stoutly against such a course, declaring that it was no quarrel of ours, and that if the two barbarians wanted to knock each other on the head, they ought to be left to do so, without our interfering at all.

"Why, we know nothing about the rights and wrongs of this quarrel!" said he to the captain.

"Well, what if we don't? We never *do* know much more in *any* case of war, do we? The queen calls for our services, and we just obey orders, without asking questions."

"Ah, but we're not to put this old copper-colored thief of a Rackaboo on a parallel with our rightful sovereign. There's a vast difference between fighting for one's country, and disgracing the British flag by taking part in a row between a couple of heathen Kanakas, as a mere mercenary, to be paid off in cocoanut oil and *tickel-mooe-mooe!*" (This last is a kind of sweet syrup or treacle, made by boiling down the cocoanut sap.)

"O don't be afraid that I shall flaunt the British flag," said Captain Beecher. "I don't care any more about it than any other piece of rag of the same size. I'm a sort of—what d'ye call it?—cosmopolite, myself, and though it's all very fine to talk of fighting only for one's own country, and all that sort of thing, yet I think it's all humbug; and that *patriosm*—if that's the right word—don't pay so well as oil, or

This "Petersburg Express" was a gun in a battery near Friend House, from whose mouth our Union soldiers had been in the habit of sending daily complimentary bombshells into the city. Now the gallant general rode in at the head of his division, with Colonel Leighton at his elbow, and Lieutenant Archie not far behind.

A few weeks after a boat put off from Long Island, Boston harbor, and was rowed across to Galloupe's Island, where the party on board took the government steamer to the city. The party consisted of two officers, an elderly and a young one, and a young lady.

"I was determined to go over, papa, and I'm glad I did," said the lady, "I wanted to welcome you again there where I said good-by to you."

"I suppose McGregor has nothing to do with your memories of the place?" remarked papa, between the whiffs of his cigar.

Miss Minnie blushed and pouted a little, but said nothing. She only stole her hand down into one that waited to receive it.

As they steamed slowly up the harbor, in the summer twilight, pert little sloops and brigs fled past them, their masters obligingly offering a rope in passing. But nobody minded these taunts. Precious freight had that boat pulsed slowly over the waters with, day after day—men who went out to fight and die for their country and for justice. The boat that "carried Cæsar" was not so richly laden. They moved past vessels, like ghosts, some fixed, others gliding along, the foam just hissing about their bows, as though saying "Hush!" and up toward the city, that stood out in soft lights and shadows against the orange background of a cloudless sunset. Then the "sentinel stars set their watch in the sky," and long tremulous reflections from lighted gas-burners reached far out over the waters toward them.

Minnie remembered an old song, and, sitting between her father and lover, sang softly:

> "'In distance, like a vision
> That floats on the shades of night,
> The town with all its turrets,
> Through twilight gleams on the sight;'"

murmuring the words to a wild melancholy air of Mendelsohn's. Then, sighing, she was silent.

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## THE WINDOW GARDEN.

BY A. B. WEYMOUTH.

When flaming Sol withdrew his scorching rays,
And gorgeous trees adorned the shortening days,
Fair cousin Mary, wishing cheerful flowers,
To beautify the house in wintry hours,
With loving care arranged each tender pet.
Carnation, tuberose, jasmine, mignonette,
Alyssum, heliotrope, petunia rare,
With honeyed fragrance filled the balmy air;
While oxalis and primrose blossoms vied
In charming tints of color side by side.
How coy a bird is pleasure! Frost, one night,
An entrance gained. Ah, cruel-hearted blight!
Next morning Mary saw, with tearful eye,
Her ill-starred stricken treasures wilt and die.
Then glancing toward the window's dazzling sheen,
She spied new stems and leaves, with flowers between,
All clad in white, with brilliant gems aglow;
No earthborn plant or flower e'er sparkled so!
"Are these the souls of my poor flowers," she said,
Or do I see sweet heavenly flowers instead?"

*Medford, Mass., March*, 1875.

even the cocoanut molasses, whatever may be your name for it."

It was useless arguing with such a man as this. Mr. Doyle was overruled, and if not convinced, he was at least silenced for the time being.

So we took on board Rackaboo, and two or three subordinate chiefs with their immediate suites of warriors, veering the canoes astern to be towed behind us. Other canoes fell into our wake, numbering about fifty, each manned with eight or ten men. We up helm and squared the yards to the brisk trade wind, and thus the expedition started, like a flotilla of small craft under convoy of a single frigate.

The canoes at the Gilbert Islands are swift enough to hold way with a ship under moderate press of sail, but they are very frail structures. For, as they have no trees here of suitable size and texture for making "dug-outs," each craft is built of hundreds of little bits of wood, seized together, the interstices being filled up with a kind of white cement. They always leak, and it is one man's work the greater part of the time to bale the water out. With an outrigger to hold them right side up, and an immense leg-of-mutton sail, made of matting, they are swift and moderately safe craft at sea; but the pump-or-sink quality is common to them all.

The appearance of the fleet was picturesque as it swept in battle array down towards Koorua. But we found them by no means unprepared for an attack; and had the conflict been confined to the two tribes of savages, I have no doubt Rackaboo would have got as good as he brought. But the appearance of the "big canoe," Lady Roswell, as an ally of their enemies, struck dismay to the hearts of the sturdy Kooruans.

"How do you pfopose to make the attack?" inquired the mate; for the captain had as yet given him no inkling of the plan of the campaign.

"I shall cast off the canoes, sending Rackaboo and his crowd to fight after their own fashion. Meanwhile, we'll stand in with the ship within short range for our two nine-pounders, and blaze away at the village on the shore, while the canoes are having their battle out."

"This is a cowardly piece of work," said Mr. Doyle. "I've no stomach for it; and though I never yet shirked my duty in fifteen years' experience at sea, you may depend, Captain Beecher, that no gun will be fired by me, or under my orders, unless it be in self-defence."

"Very well, then," said the obstinate skipper. "You must go off duty, and let the second mate take your place. I must say, Mr. Doyle, you're the first Irishman I ever knew who didn't want to take part in what Yankees call a *free fight*."

"And I will make bold to say," retorted the mate, "that you're about the first and only Englishman I ever sailed with who didn't stand up for what you call *fair play*."

"Ah! but I'm not an Englishman—that is, not particularly so, as I told you before. I'm only a cocoanut-oil merchant, and shall hoist no flag to-day."

So Mr. Doyle, as a matter of conscience, put himself off duty, and Schmidt, the second mate, a big stupid Dutchman, took charge of the barque under the direction of the cosmopolitan Beecher. Rackaboo and his gang got into their canoes, and took their places in the line to lead the fleet of Epimama, while the canoes of Koorua were seen coming out from behind a point of the land and advancing warily to meet the foe. But no human being was to be seen on the shore; it appeared as if the houses were deserted, and the women and children all spirited away to some safe place before the warriors were sent forth to battle.

The two squadrons approached each other within what might be called a clever yelling distance, and both sides struck up the war-whoop. Each savage seemed to be lashing himself into a fury, as if his object was to strike terror to the heart of his enemy before a blow was struck. If so, both armies were quite successful, for before they arrived within stone range, their headlong valor, like that of Bob Acres, oozed out at their fingers' ends. Volleys of stones were interchanged, but with little or no damage, most of the missiles falling short.

"You see, sir," said Mr. Doyle, who was standing idle near the taffrail, "what sort of warriors you have for allies. If any real destruction is done here, it will have to be done by our nine-pounders. To see those canoes advancing to the attack, one would suppose they were prepared to die to the last man rather than to

retreat; and that they would come together with a shock like that of Regulus and the Carthaginians."

The captain made no reply. It was evident that he was disgusted at the bravado and poltroonery of his Epimama friends, and was now more amused at the sham-fight itself, than interested in the result of it. The lines of canoes alternately advanced and receded, throwing stones and occasionally a light spear or two, but we could not perceive that any one was killed or seriously injured. The shouting and yelling continued incessantly throughout. It was plain that the stock of ammunition on both sides must soon be used up, they having done little more than spatter each other with water by throwing stones into the sea; but their stock of breath seemed to be inexhaustible. As the mate expressed it, "they had cowardly hearts, but very brave lungs."

There was a lull in the storm, and Rackaboo's canoe was seen approaching the ship. He came to remonstrate at our inactivity, and to hold Captain Beecher to his promise. If we did not bombard the village on the shore, we should get no cocoanut oil.

"I must keep my word, I suppose," said the captain; "but I guess, as the whole thing seems to be only a scare, we can do our part of it without wasting any ball. Put up the helm, there, and square the after-yards. Load the guns with blank cartridge, and we'll bombard the town—*with powder!* Go back and lead your brave squadrons, Rackaboo. I'll look out for my part of the work, and *scare* the women and children to your satisfaction."

The barque fell off slowly before the light breeze, and forged ahead, steering directly in towards the coral reef. The mate, foreseeing danger, again remonstrated.

"If the wind dies away any more, sir, we may find that we are quite near enough in already. There's a horse of a current setting down through this group, and we have been nearing the land ever since we have been lying aback."

"What does it matter to you? you are not on duty."

"But my life is worth just as much to me, whether I am on duty or off. I would sell my chance cheap if these heathens could once get the ship hard and fast on the coral."

Even while he spoke the sails flapped in against the masts, and the ship lost steerage-way. The Dutch second mate was in the act of slueing one of the nine-pounders into position for firing, having rammed home the heavy charge of powder, when the captain seemed for the first time to realize the peril of our situation.

"Hold fast, all, with that gun!" he shouted. "Get the anchor— No, no, that's no use! It's bold water right up to the coral bank. Mr. Doyle—never mind what's past—come on duty, and help us to save the ship, if we can do it. I'm afraid it's too late already."

The mate at once responded to the request by action, without stopping for any verbal reply. He ordered the whaleboats, of which we had two, to be got out and manned, with a hope that they might be able to tow her head off round shore. To man these took all the men out of the ship but four, besides Mr. Doyle himself and the captain.

"Make a signal to Rackaboo to send his canoes," said Captain Beecher. "If we had them all hooked on ahead of us, they might tow the ship bodily up to windward."

"Ay! but let's see you get them," answered the mate. "That thief Rackaboo would like nothing better than to see us bring up on the reef. And I'm thinking he'll have his desires before many minutes. We begin to feel the heave of the swell already."

This was quite true; and it was evident our two boats could be of no service to save us from shipwreck by towing. The combatants in the fleets of canoes had ceased their noisy hostilities, and were watching the ship with a common interest in view, for they seemed to understand the dangerous situation we were in as soon as it fell calm.

The Lady Roswell was not the style or build of vessel to claw off from a lee-shore, even with a working breeze. But under the present circumstances little short of a miracle could have saved any vessel, dependent upon sails alone, from driving on to destruction. Captain Beecher still continued making frantic signals to his savage allies to come to our aid. But they remained inactive, as if waiting for the crash, and rather enjoying the spectacle. The heave of the swell became stronger

and stronger as we drew nearer to the coral barrier, and the mate seeing that hope of safety was past, assumed command and issued his orders without waiting for instructions from his superior.

"Cast off, there, in the boats, and come alongside at once! Get the boats up as fast as possible. Load those guns, both of them, and *with ball*, too! We shall soon have work for them, I reckon, and will want no boy's play with blank cartridges."

"Rackaboo is coming with all his force," said the captain.

"Ay, but not to haul us off the reef. He is coming to see us well on, and to pick our bones! See! the other fleet is coming too! There's no war between them now. They expect to find better business. Run those boats up on the cranes—lively, before she strikes!"

We were none too soon, for our boats and men were hardly secured, when the barque brought up, lightly at first, on a projecting spur of the reef, and the next roller, lifting her high, dashed her further on with force enough to make her timbers crack, and dispel the last shadow of hope that she might be saved. The captain was now in great trepidation and trouble.

"All that I have in the world is under my feet," said he, "and nothing insured!"

"Devil take your insurance," said Mr. Doyle. "It's too late to think of that now. We shall have enough to do to fight for our lives against the warriors of both islands. Are those guns ready, Schmidt?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Keep all fast until you get the word. I said I wouldn't fire one of those to-day, unless in self-defence, and I spoke truly. There must be nigh a hundred war-canoes in the two squadrons, now both ready to fight under one leader. This comes of meddling in other people's quarrels—like interfering between man and wife and getting a thrashing from both."

After the first two or three heaves of the sea, the ship seemed to be firmly bedded and the immediate danger of going to pieces was over, though she still rose and fell a little, pounding quite smartly, and the water in the pump-well showed that her fate was sealed. Mr. Doyle now really commanded this forlorn hope, for Beecher appeared to be entirely unmanned by the great disaster. This did not discourage the rest of us; for we had much more confidence in his successor than in him, and the orders were obeyed with alacrity. The canoes, both of Koorua and of Epimaina, gathered round near the edge of the reef, hemming us in with a complete cordon of enemies, confident that we were wholly in their power, when the favorable moment should arrive for an attack. They had things all their own way, and could afford to wait.

There is but little rise and fall of tides at these low islands in the tropics; but this little might be enough to drive the vessel over the reef when the full flood should arrive. We should then only have the satisfaction of seeing her sink in deep water; and when we could no longer hold our position on the wreck, we must take to our boats, provided these should still be in a condition to float, until the rise of the tide in the evening; we could only watch and wait like our bloodthirsty foes.

Both nine-pounders were loaded and trained to bear down upon the enemy who knew enough of their effects to stand in wholesome fear of advancing within range. The women and children of Koorua had come forth from their hiding-places, and now thronged the beach of the lagoon gazing upon us in our helpless plight, and chattering and yelling in anticipation of expected plunder. As the tide rose gradually, the ship thumped harder and harder as each successive wave lifted her and let her fall again. The captain had absolutely nothing to say, now that he saw no safety for his property; but Mr. Doyle exhorted vigilance and patience, holding himself in readiness to take the lead in any movement that might be opened to us by circumstances.

The evening was dark, and the lights in the canoes were all extinguished early, and silence preserved, so that we had no exact knowledge of the enemy's position. All this rendered the suspense even more intolerable; but we ascertained by ranges and bearings of objects on the land that we were altering our position, working in toward the inner edge of the coral bank, which was not very wide at this point. The breeze freshened, too, with the flood-tide, and we felt sure that every heave of the swell was bringing matters nearer to a crisis.

At nine o'clock, the tide was at its height, and suddenly the old barque seemed lifted

and borne onward as if by what is known as a tidal wave. "Stand by, now!" cried the mate. She settled again heavily, making every timber buckle and groan; another lift and she shot headlong over the edge of bank. We were afloat and in the lagoon!

"Starboard your helm! Shiver in the maintopsail. Lively, boys, lively! So, steady, Jack—keep her right away for the lee passage!"

The outlet for which the mate ordered the helmsman to steer was on the south side of the island, and had been noted and surveyed from the masthead before dark. The line of "white-water" on each side of it now indicated the limits of the narrow channel even in the darkness. But all depended upon whether the barque would float and mind her helm long enough to pass out through it, for she was gradually settling, and at such a rate that to man the pumps would be lost labor. As soon as she became water-logged, she would be entirely unmanageable, and orders were given to make sail as fast as possible. Nearly all the canoes had been let go by the run when we struck, but the maintopsail had been kept set to help force her over. The ship was a little sluggish in obeying her helm, but with a smart breeze and smooth water, she forged ahead quickly, running the gauntlet of the savages, who set up their infernal yells both from the shore and from the canoes outside, at seeing themselves baffled, and their prey about to escape. Mr. Doyle, on the bow, conned the movements of the ship with great skill, and conducted her handsomely into the narrow and tortuous passage.

But she was now settling heavily, rolling and swaying under the load of water in her hold. A large force of war-canoes was drawn up in line outside the reef, and seemed to be meditating an attack. But we steered boldly for the centre of the fleet, and they were not slow in opening ranks and getting out of our way, when they perceived our unwieldy craft driving hard on, threatening to overwhelm them in her own destruction. As if with a last dying effort, the Lady Roswell forced her way out into the deep Pacific, the water at this moment being nearly level with the lower combings, and swashing up between decks at every roll. But to sink at sea and take our chance in the boats was the best that could be done. There was no safety for us if we were once in the power of these savages.

"Light O!" was cried from the forecastle. A rush was made at the sound; the light flared up again more brightly, revealing the masts and sails of a ship; and there, within two miles under our lee was a whaleship, boiling! We were saved! But the ship could hardly be steered, now. A few moments more and we must leave her there, wallowing in the trough of the sea. Rackaboo and his gang were so desperate that they determined to make an attack, hoping to secure some plunder before she went down. But coolly, under the mate's leadership, we made preparations for lowering our boats; training the two guns to bear upon the advancing savages, and reserving our fire until the decisive moment should arrive. Slowly we wallowed down towards the strange ship, which seemed not as yet to have observed us. Soon we made a broad yaw from the desired course, and the mate sang out, sternly:

"Port your helm, Tom! Hard a port!"

"She wont mind her helm, sir. It's been hard a port for some time, sir."

The crisis had come. "All right," said Mr. Doyle. "Stand by the guns. I said I wouldn't fire one of them unless in self-defence, and I said truly."

It was none too soon, for the foremost canoes were within two ship's length of us when the word "Fire!" was given. Crash went the two nine-pound balls among the barbarians, and we heard the cries of anguish mingled with yells of baffled rage, that followed the discharge; but we did not wait to learn how much damage had been done. Down went our boats into the water, for every man had been assigned his station beforehand, and knew exactly what to do. While the savages were in their first panic of surprise and fright, we were stretching away under full power of boat-sails and oars towards the whaler's welcome firelight.

The crew of the strange ship, now thoroughly aroused by the report of our guns, understood something of the situation and were ready to cooperate with us. Our enemy dared not follow us far in this direction, for these natives will seldom venture to cope with a ship, unless she can either be taken unawares, or is in a crippled condition, as was the case with the Lady Roswell. The pursuit, in fact, amounted to nothing, and in half an hour we were all

safe on board the Curlew of Hobart Town, and telling our story to the greedy ears of our own countrymen.

The Lady Roswell, left to her fate, went down very soon after we arrived alongside of the whaler. She had no great weight of cargo, but there was enough stone ballast in her bottom to effectually finish the job. The captain's loss was heavy, for he had saved nothing but what he could bring away in the whaleboat. He had no one to blame but himself for his misfortune.

We were unable to reach the spot again where the barque went down, as the current set off to the westward, so that next day we had lost sight even of the lee end of Koorua. But we were sure that the tawny pirates got no plunder, beyond a few little articles which may have floated off when she went down into the depths of the ocean.

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## THE MAD STUDENT.

### *And How he made me a Victim.*

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

We were a jolly set of fellows, we thirteen who boarded at Mrs. Fondlake's around on Blank Street. There were nine compositors from the "Morning Glory" office, two reporters from the "Old Flag," and Temple and I represented the "Democratic Guide," or the local page thereof. Yes, even Mrs. Fondlake admitted that we were "good boys," which meant with her that we paid our board promptly, came in without undue noise, never got intoxicated, and always ate her tough beefsteak and watery potatoes without murmuring.

Really, we were fourteen, but we never counted the other man as any part or parcel of our "gang." How he came to the house we never knew, but if he had not been there before us, we should have planned to oust him. He was a tall slim man, Roman nose, black eyes and hair, and there were days at a time when he came and went without exchanging a word. We finally came to ignore his presence altogether, and to look upon him as we did upon the familiar earthern teapot, minus half its handle, but valuable to Mrs. Fondlake because her grandmother had used it fifty years before.

We were not selfish or disrespectful in adopting this course toward Ellis. He drove us into it, in fact. When a man comes in, sits and thinks until the bell rings, eats his food like a machine, uses the table-cloth to wipe his mouth, mutters to himself about drugs, knives, forceps and surgical operations, never replying to a "good-morning" or a question about the weather, how can one be sociable with him? or how can one treat him like a brother?

I had been at Mrs. Fondlake's all of two months before I found out about Ellis. He got pinched for funds one day, and selected me out from the rest to do him the favor of advancing an "X" for a week or ten days. He made the request in an absent way, muttering to himself about a new and wonderful table, and was going off without the money when I called him to take it.

"Now, see here, Ellis," I commenced, holding the bank notes between my fingers, "I'll let you have the money on one condition. I want to know what you are doing in New York, and why in the old Harry you can't answer a civil question? Further, what have you got in your head about medicine or surgery which keeps you muttering about such things all the time?"

"I don't mind telling you, of course I don't," he replied, in a dreamy way. "I came here from Wisconsin to attend a medical college—to graduate as a physician, surgeon and chemist. I don't get along as I would like to. I study hard, never lose a lecture or take an hour to myself, and yet I don't get along. I have had enough of theory, but not enough practice. I want some subject, some man who is willing to let me experiment on him a little."

I laughed at the idea, but checked myself as I saw that I was wounding his feelings. I could see that he was not quite right in his mind, and I did not wish to add to his troubles. I gave him the money with a promise that he might experiment on me some day, and he suddenly grew confidential.

"I'll tell you a secret," he whispered, coming up close to me, "a great secret

"Mr. Neville," she began, in the tone which he remembered so well. And then a light broke upon her, and, without any more words, she was gathered into the arms which had waited so long for their burden.

Months afterwards, when Bede house had become Morton's permanent home, and he had made good his entrance into Eleanor's "city of refuge," he found in her bookcase the same book which he had opened the night before he went to India.

"That time was indeed the 'black hank' in my life," he said to his wife, "and now the 'golden thread' comes from the same spindle."

## MY FIRST "LIBERTY DAY" IN VALPARAISO.

BY W. H. MACY.

"GET ready, the starboard watch, to go ashore!" was the order from the mate the next morning after our anchor went down in the port of Valparaiso, Chili. An order which required no repetition to make it understood, no exercise of official authority to enforce obedience.

Only he who has endured the monotony of a six months' cruise at sea can understand the exhilaration of feeling with which a "liberty day" is welcomed. The best ship that floats must necessarily be, to all intents and purposes, a prison. To escape from thraldom for the space of four-and-twenty hours seems like a foretaste of heaven.

Jack's freedom is perfect so long as it lasts, that is, so far as his duty to the ship is concerned. He can sit at ease in the boat, and put on the airs of a monarch, while his shipmates of the other watch ferry him ashore. And the boat will be at his service to bring him off in like manner at the expiration of his furlough, unless he prefer to hire other conveyance, which he can do if he choose—and have money enough left.

With our best suits "bent"—though "best" is in this case strictly a comparative term—we passed aft, into the cabin, and out again (in Indian file, like voters at the polls), and over the side into the waiting boat. Each man had received his share of money, and a rough word of admonition, to which the mate, looking over the rail, added an injunction "not to bring any money on board, when we came off." He must have felt in an ironical humor that morning.

"Why, you aint a bad-looking set of boys," he added, "when you get everything set up taut and tarred down. There'll be no touchin' ye with an eighteen-foot pole after you've taken an extra sway-up at the first 'pull-poree' here. (A *pulperia* is a Chilian grogshop, or, as modern refinement has it, "saloon.")

"O, we are going to keep away from the pull-porees, sir," said two or three voices.

"Of course you are," returned the mate. "Sailors always do. Well," he continued, with a laugh, "you wont look so fine to-morrow morning at this time; the starch 'll be all out of you by that time."

We exercised our lungs in vocal concert all the way to the shore, and trod on air as we charged up the mole or wharf into the streets, or rather street, for there was but one properly so called. The rest might have been termed rude mountain-paths, better adapted to goats than to seamen "on liberty."

We invited our shipmates of the other watch to come up and take a drink, according to established precedent in such cases, and dismissed them with an air of patronage, and our blessing, as they took their way back to the boat to return on board.

"Every dog has his day," said one of them, looking back wistfully at us.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow," was the retort, and we broke up into couples or trios, scattering in pursuit of a day's pleasure.

My companion and crony was Will Pringle, an ardent, impulsive youth, who knew as little of this particular place as myself, and much less of the world in general. We allowed ourselves to drift, as it were, wherever wind and current might carry us. We had soon seen enough of the more wealthy and aristocratic part of the town, "El Almendral," as it is called, where no one seemed to know or care for a couple of sailor boys. We turned up one of the mountain paths, made an eccentric track or orbit, neither of us could have told how or where, and were naturally sucked by an eddy into the barroom of the "Shamrock, Rose and Thistle."

"By Jove! I knew it."

"Do you think she would know me?"

"Not a bit of it, for not a soul knew that you were coming."

"Then I will call myself Frank Neville, after the English friend whom I lived with in Bombay. I will carry a letter of introduction purporting to come from Morton to Mr. Bede, and I can soon learn whether there is any hope for me with Eleanor."

"You shall go with us to-night, for we are to dine there with a few other friends."

"Mr. Bede is still a martyr to deportment, I suppose?"

"O yes! the finest figure of a man for walking in a procession that I ever saw."

When Morton entered the house so familiar to his boyhood, Mr. Bede received him in the most gracious manner, and led him at once to his daughter.

"Eleanor, I have the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Neville from Bombay. He has been a long time intimate with your old friend Edward Morton. I depend on you to make him forget the charms of Indian hospitality."

To Morton the change in Eleanor was almost startling. He had always thought her beautiful, but the softened womanly sweetness which had grown over the former proud brilliancy of her face added a potent charm.

He did not venture to meet her first look lest his consciousness should betray him, but at the mention of his name, he saw her clasp one hand over the other, as if she could not hear the sound unmoved.

"Your name is not unfamiliar to me, Miss Bede," he began, "or rather your father's name. I have heard so much of him that I should have known him anywhere. Morton ascribes his success entirely to him."

"I think, gratitude aside, that Mr. Morton was a man to make his own success. Does he like his eastern way of life?"

"Very well now, I believe. At first he was so reserved, not to say misanthropic, that I could make nothing of him; but he soon mellowed, and we lived like brothers. He has always remained a confirmed woman-hater, however, and is in no danger from any of the snares set for him by English mammas."

Her cheek flushed and paled again under this home thrust, but she answered quietly that she had never noticed that peculiar trait in him, and turned the conversation to other subjects.

Morton had seen enough to set his hopes bounding high as when they had encroached so deeply on her pride. He resolved to gain her love over again, under his assumed name, if it were possible. With a zeal worthy of his sanguine temperament, he followed up his purpose, and Eleanor began to be haunted by familiar tones and phrases, which she thought Mr. Neville must have caught from Morton in their long companionship. He kept up his incognito with wonderful discretion, and was greatly aided by Mr. Lewis and his wife.

Eleanor's own beauty and her father's wealth had drawn many suitors to her choice, but all had been gently and firmly put aside. She had devoted herself, in all the five years of Morton's absence, to her father's comfort and to Hester's training, and had left herself no interval for sentimental sorrows; but the silent influence of her disappointment had been great. This Mr. Neville was the first who had gained a place in her regard since then.

She encouraged her father at the end of the winter to ask him to Weston with the Lewises, an invitation which was promptly accepted.

It was hardest of all his pretences to seem ignorant of the familiar habits and surroundings of the family, when he found himself at Bede house, and when Hester led him through the hot-house and showed him the flowers which were saved for Eleanor's room because Mr. Morton had liked them best, his disguise had nearly fallen from him. He often glanced at a certain deep window in the library, with a covert smile, resolving that his second appeal should be made in the same spot.

His watching was rewarded at last by finding Eleanor alone in the library. He called her to the window to see some rare effects of moonlight in the garden.

"Not there," she said, faintly, but he would not hear her objection. Standing in the same place where five years before she had thrown away her happiness, Mr. Neville told her his love with a wonderful coolness, and waited her answer. He would have demonstrated the distance between the earth and the moon in the same tone, and the relics of her girlish pride suggested that he seemed too sure of her reply. Glancing up at him, she saw a triumphant smile on his lips, as he said, significantly:

"You do love me, Eleanor; if I know aught of womankind, you loved me years ago."

This establishment was not a *pulperia*, but a veritable "public 'ouse," kept, as may well be supposed, by an Irishman, who had arranged the emblems on his trinitarian sign-board, so as to give the Shamrock the precedence of the other two. Here was "life and jollity, with a warm welcome for the mariner who had a *real* to spend; still warmer if he had a *peso*, and so on upward.

Two or three of our own shipmates, in an enviable state of exhilaration, had already cast anchor in this haven, and were "hail fellows well met" with a dozen or more gallant man-o'-war's-men from her majesty's ship Daedalus, with the ship's name in full on the front of their jaunty little hats and trowsers, the circumference of which at the waistband was rather less than that of each leg at the bottom.

Music was not wanting, for a fiddle was pouring forth the heel-inspiring strains of "Jack's the lad," and a break-down was being executed in the most orthodox style. The star of the troupe was a tall, handsome specimen of the animal celebrated in song and story as the British tar, who appeared to have no joints in his limbs, but to undulate quite uniformly all the way up and down his perspiring form, to the great delight of admiring lookers-on.

As the dance ended with a grand flourish of the violin, a new-comer appeared, in the person of a dapper little Chileno, neatly dressed, and wearing a delicate little mustache. "The monte-player!" said some one, who had seen him before. Old Boyd, the landlord, addressed him civilly, though not cordially, as "Rafael."

With a polite "*Buenos dias!*" to all the company assembled, the little fellow produced three cards, and began to manipulate them on a stool in front of him. Showing one, and then another, he kept them moving, now and then calling upon some one to bet where the ace was.

For some little time no one ventured to do so, but I saw that my chum was deeply interested, and was watching, with heightened color and parted lips, the movements of the dealer. He changed the places of the cards more slowly and carelessly. The landlord risked a quarter—and won.

"There!" said Will. "I was going to bet on that same card. I wish I had."

"You'd better not try, Will," said I. I had heard of three-card monte before, though I had never seen it played.

Rafael's eyes twinkled as he saw the eagerness of my companion. He dealt again, and invited a bet. Will threw down a quarter, and pointed out the card. He was right. The dealer paid without a word. Will was more eager than ever.

"Don't try again," I said to him. "He let you win that, just to lead you on."

"O, let me alone, John!" said the fascinated youth, shaking me off impatiently. "I can tell that card every time. Do you suppose that fellow's hands are quicker than my eyes?" And down went a dollar in response to Rafael's invitation to bet again. "That one," said Will, touching a card.

But it wasn't that one. His dollar was gone.

"Come away now, Will," I entreated. I might as well have talked to the portraits of Lord Nelson and the Iron Duke which ornamented the wall. His eyes were upon the cards, as if there were no other object in the world.

"*Dos pesos!*" said Rafael, bantering him.

"Done!"

The two dollars were thrown on the bench. Will turned the card himself. He had lost again, as I was quite sure he would. I took him by the arm and dragged him out of the house, a derisive laugh following us.

I was obliged to use force as well as argument to break the spell that had seized upon him. He had lost three dollars—more than half his capital, as he had but five when he left the ship. He felt ashamed as soon as he was himself again.

"But," said he, "I thought I knew which was the ace. I would as soon have bet twenty dollars as two, if I had had it—yes, two hundred. But it's all over, John," said he, as he looked at the little he had left. "Don't fear for me. I shall not try monte again."

Drifting on, as before, we now passed into the western quarter of the town, or sailor's paradise, and were no longer at a loss for amusement or excitement. We were not long in finding the hills known as the Fore, Main and Mizzen Tops, and took a look in at the dance-halls, where a few seamen were idly walking the floor, or lounging on the benches round the sides of the room. But these places were not to be seen in their glory until after nightfall.

"Let go o' me! I can walk, don't I tell ye, without any of yer help!" roared a voice husky and thick with liquor. "Just hit me,

now, with that cheese-knife, if yer think it's best, and I'll knock spots out o' both o' ye!"

We hurried to the door in time to see old Haley, our shipkeeper, in the grasp of two wiry little *vigilantes*, who were pulling him along towards the lock-up. He could walk, as he declared; but there was an unfortunate difference of opinion as to direction. His steps invariably turned one way, while the guardians of the peace as stoutly insisted he should go the other.

"What's the row, Haley?" we asked.

"No row at all," said he, sitting down resolutely on the ground, and being dragged along in that position, not at all to the benefit of his go-ashore toggery. "Come and lend me a hand. Two upon one is no fair play."

Several "Daedali," as well as some of his own shipmates, were fired with sympathy at this appeal, and for a moment there were indications of a rescue. But more policemen, well armed, appeared in the nick of time, the majesty of the law prevailed, and Haley, struggling and swearing, was carried off "to chokey," as he expressed it.

We learned from the bystanders that the shipkeeper, who was an old stager on this coast, had imagined himself cheated in the count of his change by an elderly lady, the *patrona* of a little drinking-shop, whereupon he had sworn that he would clean out her old *casa*, and smash up the *tambos*, as she called her decanters and fixtures. He had proceeded to put his threat in execution; but the first crash of broken glass was the signal for interference by "two upon one," in defiance of forecastle law.

Before sundown four more of our watch were furnished with prison lodgings, for conduct of a similar character, or for fighting among themselves, being impelled thereto by the chemical action of ardent upon animal spirits. It is very hard for the seaman on liberty to submit to the local authorities, and demean himself like a law-abiding citizen. He seems to think that obedience to the strict discipline of a ship for months gives him the right to do precisely as he pleases for twenty-four hours, and is astonished to find that policemen and magistrates hold a different opinion.

The house known as the "Mizzen Top" was at that time the most popular dance-hall in Valparaiso. By early candlelight it was well filled with dancers of both sexes, and continued so until the hour of closing for the night. The Chilian girls, many of them sparkling brunettes of rare grace and beauty, illustrated the poetry of motion as they whirled in the giddy waltz, or flourished the handkerchief in time to the step of the *zamacueca*, or "Sambo Quaker," as our boys generally Anglicised it—a dance peculiar to the country.

At about nine o'clock the fun became fast and furious. Seamen of almost every nation were congregated, and the most attractive Chilenitas might take their choice of partners, from the mercurial Frenchman, insanely tearing through space like a whirling dervish, to the heavy, phlegmatic Dutchman, who waltzed as if in the performance of a solemn duty, buttoned to the throat in a pea-jacket. Doubtless, the latter enjoyed it, in his way, as much as any of the rest. The English seamen patronized the bar liberally, but seldom waltzed, preferring to extemporize a "main-decker" in one corner, or in the little back room beyond.

Boasting no skill in the Tespsichorean art, I was fain to content myself with being a looker-on, and listening to the music, which was really very fine. The orchestra numbered four performers, the leading violinist being a bottle-green African.

The establishment was kept by an Englishman, and the walls of the large hall were thickly hung with marine pieces, done in water-colors, representing the various noted ships of the Royal Navy—the great masterpiece of the gallery being the battle between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse.

The best of order was preserved here. Vigilantes mounted guard at the entrance door, and if, as, of course, sometimes happened, two men became too pugnacious to control themselves, they were instantly seized and marched out, while the dance went on without interruption.

After a while, I missed my chum, Will Pringle, and, concluding he had gone, with some of the other boys, up to the "Main Top," I took my way in that direction, alone.

"Main Top Hill" was, as its name implies, higher than the others, and the road winding up to it quite steep, horribly muddy, and leading close to the edge of a declivity or precipice, with not even a railing to protect the careless or intoxicated wayfarer. The night was intensely dark, and there were no street lights except a little lantern hanging outside of each house, which was barely sufficient to make darkness visible. But, for a considerable distance on the rise of this hill,

the houses were few, and thickly scattered, so that even this little light was wanting.

On the most solitary part of the ascent, where the darkness was almost tangible, and the mud in the highest degree tenacious, I halted to get breath, and stood near the verge of the declivity, looking downward. It was so dark that I could form no idea of the depth of the abyss, though it was, as I afterwards learned by daylight, much less than I had supposed it. The little candle-lights in the house-lanterns on the lower land beneath me looked like mere sparks or June-bugs in the blackness.

Suddenly I was startled by the sound of feet plashing in the mud. It came from above me, and was rapidly approaching. I strained my eyes to the utmost, endeavoring to peer into the gloom, while, at the same time, I backed a little away from the verge of the descent. I made out the figure of a man coming upon a run directly down upon me. As I moved a little aside he followed my movements, and it then occurred to me that I had a lighted cigar in my mouth, and, in the excitement of feeling, was vigorously puffing at it. Guided by the light, on he came. It was too late to throw it away. The man, I now perceived, was naked to the waist, and had a knife in his hand, which he flourished like a Malay "running a muck." I again drew near to the precipice, he following. I drew my cigar harder than ever, to throw a light upon him as he closed with me, and recognized the features of Rafael the little monte dealer.

His eyes glared with drunken fury upon me as he flourished his *cuchillo* aloft. His coarse black hair was matted with mud, as if he had fallen head-foremost into it, and blood besmeared his naked breast, seeming to flow freely from a cut on the shoulder. I can never forget—for even now I shudder as I think of it—the horrible appearance of this maniac, for such he temporarily was, in the hasty glimpse I had of him. The next moment his knife flashed before my face, so near that I barely escaped by throwing my head back. But his foot had slipped on the muddy foundation, and before he could recover his poise, I struck out heavily from the shoulder. He reeled under the blow, dropped his knife as he clawed the air blindly in the effort to regain his balance, another slip of his foot, and he had vanished into outer darkness. I had knocked him down the steep!

Of course I was terribly frightened at what I had done. If the fall was a high one, I might have killed him, I thought. My first impulse was to throw away the cigar, my next to lean over the verge and listen. I presently heard a drunken groan, which seemed to be only a few feet below me.

Relieved to find that he was still alive, I looked and listened in every direction to assure myself that no one was within sight or hearing. The distant strains of music floated down from the dance-hall above, but I had no desire further to investigate the mysteries of life on "Main Top Hill," for that night, at least. Groping in the mud at my feet, I secured Rafael's knife, and retraced my steps down the hill.

My reflections were none of the pleasantest, as I took my way at a quick pace down to the Mole. To be sure, my conscience was clear, for, even had I killed him, I had acted only in self-defence; though this might have been a most difficult thing to prove, had I been arrested at that moment, especially as the knife would have been found upon me. It is not a pleasant thing, under any circumstances, to feel that we have caused the death of a fellow-being, and I hardly think that, even in self-defence, I could have struck him as I did, had I realized how near he was to the verge.

Hailing a boatman, I soon secured a passage off to the ship, and climbed on board with a feeling of relief.

"What made ye come off to-night?" queried the mate, who happened to be on deck. "Money all gone, eh?"

"No sir," said I; "I got tired of the shore. Got enough of it for once;" which was quite true, though unsatisfactory to the questioner. And thus ended my first day's liberty in Valparaiso.

It was not my last, however, though I kept clear of the shore for two or three days, pleading indisposition. I said nothing about the affair to any of my shipmates, but the boys who came off next morning told of having seen the little monte-player on Main Top Hill, raving drunk. He and another Chileno had quarrelled and drawn knives upon each other. Both had received slight cuts, but their friends had parted them without the interference of the police. The little fellow broke away, and was last seen running down the hill.

But having heard, subsequently, from the other watch, that he had been seen at his old haunts, I felt a load taken off my mind, and ventured to go on shore again. Dropping in

at the "Witch of the Wave," I found Rafael plying his business, with a semicircle of mariners around him. He still bore the stale marks of my fist between his eyes, and I also noticed a stiffness of the shoulder; but his dress was neat and trim as when I had first seen him, and he was fingering his three little bits of pasteboard with all his accustomed dexterity. I have no reason to think he ever recognized me; and I kept my own counsel, even from my shipmates, until after we left the port.

## TOUJOURS FIDELE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

When I am weary of the cares of life,
And long to flee away and be at rest,
When my worn heart, o'erburdened with the strife,
Beats slow and heavily within my breast;
When naught can gladden, naught can comfort me,
I long for wings, that I may flee to thee.

O, there are moments when, so fond, so true,
The olden love springs up within my heart,
That I am pierced with longing, through and through,
As if that instant Cupid winged his dart.
'Tis useless all. I strive, but strive in vain,
To break a link of love's unyielding chain.

My life! my love! My every thought is thine.
I do not name thee to the laughing crowd
Wherein we meet, and pass and make no sign;
Nor in the silence do I breathe aloud
The name that sacred stands mid all the rest—
The well-known name of her I love the best.

But in the silence of my throbbing heart
I keep repeating o'er and o'er again,
With sweet caressing cadences which start
My quickened pulses till they throb with pain,—
Thy name, my Evaline, thy blessed name,
In murmurs soft as spirit tongue can frame.

My darling, hear me! Love me with a love
Which shall be deathless, e'en as I love thee,
Pure as the love of angels up above,
Unchanged by time, and from all earth-taint free.
Speak through the silence, softly, lowly, and
My anxious, waiting heart shall understand.

I live in dreams; in visions of the night
I seem to see thee as in days of yore,
When life was beautiful, and earth was bright,
And rainbows bent the happy valleys o'er.
Entranced, I linger by the rippling streams
That lave the borders of my realm of dreams.

My own, own love! the true love of my heart!
I cannot lose thee—cannot give thee up!
I hold thee close, anointed, set apart,
The one sweet pearl in being's bitter cup!
My last sweet thought shall pause on thee to dwell,
And thou shalt say, at last, "He loved me well!"

## A NAUGHTY GIRL.

BY MISS AMANDA M. HALE.

FLORRY FIELDING—that was my heroine's name—was not one of those exceptionally perfect young ladies whom everybody adores. To know her was not by any means always to love her. On the contrary, there were plenty of people who never lost an opportunity to give her a sly stab in the dark, and loved to do it. For, in the first place, was not old Mr. Fielding a disreputable old creature, who had, it is true, a vein of genius, but possessed withal such a talent for debauchery, that he speedily covered himself and all associated with him with disgrace, and went reeling on his way to a drunkard's grave? Whether he had ever reached it was uncertain. There were whispers that when Florry's wonderful voice caught the ear of the public, Mr. Tundel the artist, who went to engage her to take part in the grand Saangerfest, found her in a miserable room away up under the eaves, cooking a meagre breakfast for herself and a besotted, repulsive-looking old man. Some said he was in the almshouse, and others whispered that she tended him daytimes, and at night, when she went to the concerts, kept him hid under lock and key.

you let me introduce my wife to you?" he said.

"A pretty little creature, Howard White's wife, is n't she?" said Mrs. Maclise, as Miss Claxton met her in the hall a few minutes later. "They have only just returned from their wedding tour. Did you say you had met him before?" with a curious look at her white face.

The next day Miss Claxton threw into the sea a withered bouquet, in a dainty pitcher-plant cup. She watched it dancing over the waves, and wished it would sink; but it did not, and presently a returning wave tossed it at her feet

"I knew that when such a thing came to me I should never get rid of it," she said.

But whether she meant the bouquet, or something else, will never be known to any one but herself.

## A HAUNTED ISLAND.

BY CAPT. W. H. MACY, OF NANTUCKET.

OUR cruise in the bark *Ontario*, among the group known as the Gilbert Islands, having been but moderately successful, the captain resolved to change his cruising-grounds running off to the westward toward the Carolinas, and then working down among those clusters known as the Solomon Archipelago, and so by way of the New Hebrides to the Australian coast; for we intended to make a port at Sydney, as we must buy provisions before starting on the homeward voyage. We were quite familiar with the appearance and customs of the Gilbert-Islanders, by reason of frequent intercourse with them, but no one on board except the captain himself had ever seen those of Solomon, whom he described as of African descent, the very Ethiops of the Pacific. With a man of his adventurous character in command, the cruise before us was likely to be full of queer situations. The islands were, at that time, little known and seldom visited except by the few traders from Australia, who went there to barter for pearls, marine shells, *beche-de-mer*, sandal-wood, or whatever else might be picked up and turned to account.

But before having sighted any of the islands, we fell in with sperm whales, and took two or three good fares of oil, which tempted us to linger, as we must, of course, pursue the legitimate business of our voyage. One afternoon we had lowered our boats in chase of whales, the weather being moderate, but squally, as is frequently the case in those tropical latitudes. I was a mere lad at that time, and pulled the stroke oar in the larboard or chief mate's boat. We became separated from the other boat, and struck and killed a small whale, several miles to leeward of the ship, and when our victory was complete, and the whale turned up, we began to realize that the sun was setting, and also that a squall was rising, which threatened to be one of unusual violence. It would be useless to attempt pulling to windward, until the squall was over, so we lay still by the whale, awaiting the result. As the squall approached, it entirely obscured the ship from view, and when it reached us we were shut in by an impenetrable mist, and drenched by a pelting rain. But as the wind was not strong enough to put us in any actual peril, we did not mind the wetting much in the warm climate. The twilight was short and the squall lasted full two hours, so that it was long after dark before it had passed over, leaving a strong breeze. When we last saw the ship she was keeping her luff as if the other boats were to windward of her. She might have taken whales alongside, or else some accident might have happened, as a boat getting stoven, or the like, at any rate she would not run off to us until all was safe and secure up there to windward. It would not be wise for us to pull up in that direction upon an uncertainty, so we lay quiet, keeping a bright lookout for lights, and our ears open for the sound of a gun or other signal. But the night wore away without anything being seen or heard, and the long suspense was only relieved by a feeling of despair when the day broke and no sail was to be seen on the horizon.

What now was to be done? Mr. Andrews, our mate, was a young man, and entirely unacquainted with this region of the Pacific, but he knew, of course, very nearly where we were from the observations made at noon, and that there were islands at no great distance under our lee. But without any instruments, but a little unreliable compass, it might not be easy to navigate with sufficient accuracy to find a small island, especially if it was not very high,

and besides he did not think our chart of this archipelago was very accurate, although it might have a certain general correctness. After a brief consultation, in which we all expressed our opinions so far as we could be said to have any, it was decided to remain where we were through the day, as the ship was no doubt searching for us, and if she did not appear by sundown we should head her off, and shape a course as well as we could to fall in with land.

We at once put ourselves on very short allowance of water and hard bread, for the stock carried in the boat was small, and we had no squalls that day of sufficient violence and duration to enable us to catch any water. Our spirits fell more and more as the hours glided away, and our sharpest lookout had failed to discover any sail in sight. We had taken all the rest we could through the day, making an awning of the boat's sails: now as the cool of evening set in we again stepped the mast, and, spreading both mainsail and jib, sped on a course to the west-southwest before a moderate trade-wind. It was disheartening to think of the chances that lay before us, if we might be many days searching in vain for the promised land, with the prospect of even perishing with hunger and thirst in a little open boat upon the broad ocean, for the chances were a hundred to one against our being picked up by any vessel in a region of the Pacific so little frequented. But these thoughts were dispelled with the dawn of morning, for there, a little on the port bow, was something breaking the horizon line, which all of us pronounced, at first sight, to be land. This conviction being unanimous, the boat head was luffed a point or two, so as to steer directly for the middle of it, and our hearts beat anxiously as all our eyes were strained in the same direction, for it must be remembered that neither of us had ever visited any island of this group, and the reputation of the natives, so far as it had come to our ears, was none of the best. The fear of starvation and thirst was superseded by a new and almost equally terrible fear of encountering hostile savages who would show us no mercy. But there was nothing before us but to press on and reconnoitre, and afterward be governed by circumstances as they might arise.

The island showed an extent of at least five miles in a north-and-south direction at right angles with our course, and the summit line was nearly parallel with the horizon appearing like a table-land of rock without vegetation. But as we drew nearer, speeding on before the breeze, we began to open up trees standing in the foreground of the pictures. These trees must, of course, be cocoanut and bread-fruit, and others which belonged in that latitude, but they seemed dwarfed against the great wall of rock which rose full two hundred feet high against the sky behind them. There was a line of breakers extending along the whole length of the base of the picture, but later we made out that this surf did not break directly upon the island, excepting at the extremities north and south, for a barrier of rock or of coral, which must have been nearly flush with the surface of the sea, ran along a part of the coast, and parallel with it, for at least two miles. We kept a sharp lookout for an opening in this barrier, and ar length discovered one nearly in the centre of its line, though it was by no means smooth in the channel, and the passage through it might be attended by some danger. The strip of land which formed the foreground of the island was small in extent, and must have had a good layer of soil upon it, for it was well sprinkled with trees, including bananas and bread fruit, and a few cocoanut-trees, with other vegetation not so familiar to our eyes. But to our great astonishment we could see no human beings on shore, nor any houses, canoes, or other signs of the presence of man. Having approached the reef as near as the mate thought prudent, for we did not dare to venture within the influence of the rollers, the main-sheet was hauled flat, and the boat close-hauled on a wind, to survey and study the situation.

"I must say," said Mr. Andrews, "that I have never in my few years of experience seen an island built like this, nor have I heard tell of one like it. I should say it was partly coral-work, and partly volcanic."

"So it is, sir," answered Wesley, the boat-steerer, who was standing erect on the clumsy-cleet, holding by the bight of the boat's warp, and searching, with his keen sight, every part of the scene before him. "That may well be, for I have heard that there are islands of both classes among the Solomons. Now suppose the coral-workers had begun building upon rocks at the bottom, for it's likely they always know enough to select a good foundation, and supposing they had got half way to the surface, a great natural convulsion had pushed the whole arrangement bodily upward, rocks, coral and all, so there you have the explanation of the whole business, — eh, sir?"

Wesley was an inveterate talker wherever the opportunity was given him, and his shipmates were fain to confess that he was rather a good talker, too, in his way. He was almost as equally cool under all circumstances, and would stop to argue the point even when standing up within dart of a whale, generally being able to transfix his human opponent, and the whale too, without losing time, or losing his head.

"Yes, that 's very probable," said the

mate. "But, however, it matters little to us, just now, how the island was made, for here it is. I see no signs of life upon it, and yet there is food enough to support quite a colony of people, I have no doubt, and of course where all this vegetation is there must be fresh water."

"Just so, sir," returned Wesley, "and I can hardly believe the place is uninhabited, for it is contrary to all rules in these Pacific seas. You know the old saying, "Where there 's a cocoanut-tree there is a Kanaka. But Kanakas always build houses, I reckon, I never knew any of them to live in holes in the rocks, and that back-ground of rock there looks as solid as if it had n't even a rat-hole in it, let alone a cave big enough to shelter a man. What do you think, sir, of going round the lee side of it, and prospecting there?"

"Well, I have thought of it, but a bird in the hand, you, know, and I don't believe there's anything to leeward of that stone wall, but the ocean. I think that is the very backing of the whole, though it is a pity things had n't been faced the other way. I don't like to give up what 's before us, and go any farther down to leeward. You see we shall have to make a long circuit, for there are breakers away out for miles at the north and south ends of the island."

"Well, we 've got all day before us," argued the boatsteerer, and there is a posibility of falling in with the *Ontario*, or some other vessel, and so save us the necessity of landing at all.'

"Exactly, but if we get round there to leeward, and find, as I expect, nothing but a bold rock without a landing, we shall have need of more than one day before us to get back where we are now, against wind and current. I 've got the weather-gage now, and I can't bear to give it up. If I could only feel sure that the island is really uninhabited, and that there is no trap to entice us ashore, I think I would put her head in for that inlet now, at once."

"We can get in there well enough, sir," said the boatsteerer, "but I am not at all sure about getting out again, in case we should want to. It would be rather funny to be marooned on an island with no means of getting off again. There would be something original in the situation."

"Better than starving to death on the ocean with nothing but sky and water to look at," put in old Ripley, the burly midship oarsman.

"That 's true as a choice of evils, though we should find a fruit diet would soon be monotonous enough. But as to human beings, I think we must decide that they have never found their way here, for there is n't a sign of life to be seen. I think we could get in through the inlet, but as to coming out again we should have to catch a time when the westerly monsoon is on, for the trade-wind will always blow on shore, and I suppose that there is little or no set of tide here."

"Wesley," called out Mr. Andrews, who had been reflecting, and now seemed to have made up his mind, "I 'm going to do it. We mus'n't perish at sea, and I won't run the risk of going any further down to leeward, when we 've got food and water in sight right before us. Look out sharp ahead, and on both bows, and give me the word, and I 'll head her right for the middle of the channel. Now, boys, keep her well trimmed, and be ready to grab either paddles or oars, if necessary."

And after a last thorough search of the horizon to assure ourselves that no ship was in sight, the boat's head was swung off, heading directly for the inlet. We entered it all right, but found the force of the sea greater than we had foreseen, and the passage growing narrower as we approached.

The mate did his best to keep her straight, but when near the inner edge of the reef, moving very swiftly, she swerved a little to starboard, and the sharp coral crushed into her frail bottom as if it were an egg-shell. The next instant we had glided past the narrow of the channel, and were in the clear lagoon inside, but the water was already rising fast round our feet. I seized the bucket and baled for dear life, while the rest pulled their oars, but we had all we could do to reach the shore before she filled to the thwarts. We floundered out upon the coral bank, and dragged up the wreck of the boat, but she was past being repaired with any means at our command. We perceived at once that we were like Herman Cortes after he had burned his ships, for there we were six men, marooned on a mere strip of land, with no means of escape. It was evident, however, that our lives were in no immediate peril. There was food enough, dropping from the trees even had we been unable to climb them, and there was fresh water trickling down from a fissure in the rocky wall, as though out of some mysterious reservoir. There was plenty of bedding to be gathered up by the armful, and our wrecked boat turned bottom up afforded all the shelter we should want in that equable climate. There was no object for which to exert ourselves, and life was likely to be a burden for the want of something to do.

Directly abreast the passage through which we had come with the boat was a narrow creek like a still dock leading right up to the base of the great rocky wall, and thus dividing our island, or rather the habitable portion of it, into two parts. The width of this creek was not above fifteen feet, but its depth must have been many fathoms, for al-

though the water was clear and comparatively quiet, we could not see the bottom. As it was too wide to be jumped over, and too deep to be waded, we set to work with the boat-hatchet to chop several small trees, and throw a rude bridge across it, thus giving us highway to all parts of our little kingdom. We had not only matches, but flint, steel and tinder, in the boat's lantern-keg, and were thus able to make a fire for baking bread-fruit, of which there was enough to furnish the staple of our solid food. We set what we whalers called "boat's-crew watches," taking turns about, two and two, and a constant lookout for ships was kept night and day.

In our exploration we had come across evidence of a fire having been built, and some decaying twigs had been found braided in a manner only possible by the agency of human hands, but there was nothing bearing marks of very recent date. Of course human beings had landed here, but they might have been temporary visitors from some other island, and probably got away again as soon as convenient. The situation of the place was not such as to tempt any tribe to make it a permanent home, being on the weather side of a wall of rock two hundred feet high, and completely inaccessible to man. The place was liable to be swept by a hurricane, and we found evidence in the way of fallen trees that it had been so at no remote period, and besides there was the difficulty of egress, and the fact that no fish were to be taken without going out to windward of the barrier, if indeed there was any even there. This latter is an important consideration with the Micronesian savage, fish being the only animal food with which he breaks the monotony of his vegetable diet.

On the third day of our imprisonment here, I observed that Mr. Andrews seemed troubled and downcast, at which I could not wonder much, especially as he had left a young wife at home, and had stronger ties than the rest of us, though the prospect was anything but pleasant even to me, reckless boy as I then was. As we sat all together on the lee side of the boat-house at evening, eating our supper of bread-fruit and bananas, he returned to the old subject of discussion, our situation on the island, and our plans for the future.

"Here's our boat," he said, "past all cure; that is, with any medicine that we have here. She can no longer be called a boat, as she is only useful when keel uppermost. I don't like to hang blue-lights, but it looks very much, boys, as though we should live and die on this beach. It all depends upon the chances of a ship coming near enough to see us, which is n't likely at all, for no one will approach very close on a weather-shore. We have no possible chance to get out to her and make ourselves known. If they see a fire, they will suppose it made by savages, and pass on without stopping for any closer acquaintance."

"That 's all very true," asserted Wesley, "and the chance does look slim. I 've been turning it over in my thoughts, and as I could n't find my way out, I 've tried to think how much worse off we might be than we are now. We can't starve here, nor freeze, nor drown, and no hurricane will blow us away with that stone-wall at our back. I only wish we could look through that rock, and see what 's under our lee."

"Can't we knock up a boat of some kind?" suggested old Ripley.

"If we could," answered the mate, "the greatest difficulty would be got over at once, but it seems like joking to ask such a question. Here 's our whale-boat with two timbers broken, and three streaks caved in, and there are no trees fit to make a dug-out, even if we had tools to work with, which we have n't, as our stock is limited to a little boat-hatchet and a few sheath-knives. We can make baskets out of twigs and palm-leaves, but nothing that will hold or keep out water."

"But we can make a raft of raplings that will float us."

"Yes, so we might, but we could never manage or handle it in that sluice-way, to get it outside the reef. Any such attempt would only drown the whole of us, but I suppose we are not ready to end the suspense in just that way. If we could — Hark! what 's that sound?" We were sitting very near the bank of the creek or dock before mentioned, and the sound appeared to come up out of the water, close to the base of the wall, and directly under our bridge. It was like the dip of paddles, and was repeated many times. It was no matter of imagination, for we all heard it distinctly, and so we could not be mistaken. After a short interval of perfect silence, the sounds were repeated, continuing for some moments. Here now was food for wonder and discussion, and the subject seemed to assume an importance that did not justly belong to it. But we were in no fair way to solve the problem of navigation, so we were not sorry to have something else to talk about. Wesley delivered a long lecture about water-sprites, naiads, and mermaids; but as he was not at all superstitious, and did not believe in any of those beings, he said it must be caused either by fish, or, what was more likely, it was connected with some volcanic operations going on beneath us, and even hinted at the possibility of our all being blown sky-high some fine night, without a note of warning. The noises were not loud enough to draw attention unless we

were nearer the spot, and keeping very quiet, but after this, of course, there was one or more of us listening about there most of the time, for there was a strange fascination attracting us to the spot. The sounds were not always the same; sometimes they were paddle-dips, at other times such as might result from a smart blow struck flat upon the surface of water, and again limited to faint breathings or sighs, and two or three times a bubble had been seen to rise and to break. We could never catch or see any fish, and indeed there were some varieties among those sounds which the presence of fish could not reasonably account for. Thus matters went on until the sixth day of our stay upon the island, when an incident happened which did much toward unraveling the mystery, and made such an impression upon my boyish fears, that I shudder even now as I remember the terror that seized upon me at that moment.

My shipmates all chanced to be at some distance away, and I was sitting alone on the bridge, with my feet hanging, and gazing downward into the water, as if by so doing I could penetrate the mystery that now occupied so much of my thoughts. I could see the dark wall of the rugged rock for several feet down, but beyond that all was lost in obscurity. Of a sudden, a small bubble rose, then another, then several in quick succession, and then as if shot upward from the bowels of the globe a human head rose into the air, with a jerk like that of a jack-in-the-box, so close to me, as I stooped, that I was showered all over with the water displaced by it,—and such a head! I was so overwhelmed with horror, that I had no strength to rise up, and indeed I came near toppling over into the water, and into the very embrace of this horrible demon, for such it seemed to me. It stared with affright at the bridge, then up at me, and then to right and left, and then, after displaying an array of dreadful black fangs, set in a mouth uglier than that of a codfish, it settled almost as suddenly as it had hopped upward. I was too frightened even to describe clearly all that I had seen, as my shipmates, startled by my cries, ran toward me.

Wesley, who chanced to be nearest, was in time to see the agitation of the water, which had not yet entirely calmed, but for all else they were obliged to be content with my story. The head which had appeared to me was that of a full-blooded negro, of gigantic size, or so it appeared to me, surmounted by a heavy, bushy growth of wool, which stood out above and at the sides, as I have seen it worn sometimes by highly stylish colored barbers at home, giving the whole somewhat the form of a magnified mushroom. The hair or wool appeared to have been dyed of a brick-red color, and the whites of the eyes that glared at me out of that diabolical head itself, and the cavernous mouth and gums in which they were set, appeared from their horrible redness to be bathed in blood. Beyond the natural blowing off and inspiration of breath on first rising no sound had issued from the head, save a low grunt at the moment when the looks right and left had taken in the knowledge that other human beings besides me were present.

I was, of course, the lion of the hour, though Mr. Andrews, at first, doubted if I had seen anything at all, and even insisted that I had fallen asleep, and had a horrible dream. But the boatsteerer was sure that he had seen the agitation of the water where the something had gone down, it was not probable that I had thrown anything into the creek, and quite certain that I had not fallen in myself. My description of the head was found to agree well with all the descriptions we had heard of the savages in New Guinea, Erromanga, Tanna, and other islands in that quarter of the Pacific.

A long conference or council of war then ensued, in which Wesley was the chief spokesman. After a good deal of flourish about mermaids, Old Neptune, David Jones, Banquo's ghost, and other supernatural marvels, he came to the sensible conclusion that I had seen a real savage in the flesh, and the only explanation must be that the lee portion of the island was inhabited, and that there was a connection between the two by a submarine passage.

Of course we had no idea of the thickness of the wall of rock; we only know that it was perpendicular on our side of it, and there was no chance of an enemy dropping down upon us unawares, but we had never before thought of the possibility of invading armies rushing out from under it, to swarm upon us up the creek bank. And there were two sides to the question whether in case of such invasion we had better meet them with hostile weapons, or await their coming with the olive-branch in our hands. If we succeeded in driving them back by force, we might only be calling down upon our heads the vengeance of overwhelming numbers, who would come by sea to attack us, for of course they must have plenty of canoes. Who ever heard of South-Sea islanders without some kind of safe, sea-going boats, even though they are obliged, in many cases, to build them of a hundred little pieces of wood, lashing them closely together?

It was determined to keep a watch patrolling the beach and the bridge, while the rest slept on their arms, and ready for a call. In the event of all hands being roused we should be ready either to fight or to temporize as circumstances might require, but we

were to await the mate's orders, and not to attack until the word was given.

But the alarm signal that night came not from our sentries. All was quiet until into the small hours of the morning, for we had no time-keepers among us, and were obliged to guess at the hour, when, in the midst of the most perfect stillness, an earthquake shock brought every man to his feet, shaking the island from its very foundation. A series of rumbling and grating sounds followed the first great terror, and then, when the air we breathed seemed charged with sulphurous vapor, and the sea around us flashed in the darkness like a boiling pot, another terrific shock was felt, and we seemed to be borne aloft for a moment, while the water-level settled rapidly in the creek, and the waves receded from the shore. Then again all was quiet, and as still as the grave; but, partially stunned and nearly asphyixiated by the noxious vapors, we dared not trust the evidence of our senses as to what had happened, until daylight broke, and, as the air gradually cleared, the sun soon rose from his ocean-bed in all the glory that had attended his course on the day before.

We still stood on the same coral bank, with the same familiar land-marks around us, but the sea-line was way out half way to the barrier reef, and the surface of the creek many feet below us, while the great central wall of rock, the back-bone of the whole structure, appeared exactly the same as before, its relation to the lower land remaining entirely undisturbed. The whole island had been lifted during the night, pushed bodily upward fifteen feet, the actual distance being indicated by the old and new water lines on the side walls of the creek, which was now like a canal cut square downward through a hill. The barrier to windward was itself another island of a respectable height, and even the bottom of the channel through which we had entered was now high and dry, save where a heavy roller at times submerged it.

"Look there!" exclaimed Wesley, who stood peering down into the canal. "Here's the underground railroad! See the tunnel where our black friend came in yesterday!" The top of the arch formed by this cavern or natural tunnel was even now only about five feet above the surface, showing that it must have been ten feet under water on the previous day. Its width was rather less than that distance, so that a man might swim and turn round in it, but two men swimming abreast would have been crowded. By listening on the bank above, we could now distinctly hear various sounds, indicating the presence of many men at the further extremity of the passage. Here now was communication opened by direct route, between the rival kingdoms, with no necessity either of swimming down in submarine grottoes, or of making a long circuit by sea.

We must soon be brought into contact with our savage neighbors, and what would be our best policy under the circumstances? With our advantages of position, we could make battle at the mouth of the tunnel like Leonidas against the Persian invaders at Thermopylæ; but we must never be off guard a moment night or day, and what were our six lives against such fearful odds? for the tribe might number some hundreds, nay, thousands, for aught we knew. Would it not be better to take our chance of the tender mercies of these barbarians, try to make friends with them, and get through to the lee side of the island? Once there, we might stand a better chance of being taken on board some passing ship, — that is, if our black friends did not take a notion to knock us over the head with stones, or impale us upon their spear-points.

The sound of loud outcries came to us from time to time, while we were considering these points, and we judged from this fact that the savages might be in a state of indecision similar to our own. We kept a sharp watch upon the opening, and listened intently to detect the sound of any approaching canoe; but the day wore on, hour after hour, until the sun was high overhead, and no one came, though still the clamor and excitement appeared to continue, breaking forth at intervals. As the noon hour passed by the voices increased, and seemed to take the form of wails and lamentations, from which we judged they might be mourning for some members of the tribe who had lost their lives during the volcanic operations in the night. But suddenly there came to our ears the muffled thud of an explosion unlike any of those which had attended those great natural phenomena.

"That 's no earthquake, nor volcano!" roared old Ripley, as a second report precisely like the former followed in a few seconds. "It 's a gun! and you may bet your lives it 's fired from a ship!"

And now the clamor increased, and from the approaching sounds we knew that there were human beings coming through the subterranean passage. They came on and on, the din of voices increased, showing that the tunnel was full of them, while the snap of the guns followed each other in quick and regular succession. What could be going on? We stood with our little force divided, two on each bank of the creek, and the remaining two on the connecting bridge, which still remained in place, having been only slightly disturbed by the uplifting of the island, and thus, with our whale-lancer and harpoons ready for use, we could have sent down death to ten times our own number,

had we thought it expedient to do so. The head of a climax, and the naked forms of the whole two hundred, writhed and quivered like so many hob-goblins. At this movement, the ship-of-war, for such we had decided she must be, let drive a whole broadside at once in place of single guns as heretofore, and the din of mingled sounds was quite deafening, but by this time we all anderstood the mate's plan, and were ready to act at the signal.

"Stand by, boys! the admiral is coming!" roared Wesley, who stood on the bridge, a bright harpoon ready for a dart, while the rest of us, having laid aside our weapons, were grasping the bight of the line at a proper distance, to give him a clear swing, and not to snub her too soon.

The long, ornamented head of the canoe appeared, and with unerring aim, the boat-steerer threw his iron, or rather drove it straight downward, exactly at the right moment, transfixing her right through the quick-work of her bow, or what whalemen would call her head-sheets. Thus suddenly arrested, as five pairs of strong arms snubbed the line, the only anxiety being not to check too short for fear of tearing out the harpoon, the canoe swung round presently entirely at our mercy. The savages in the bow dared make no attempt to clear the harpoon, for Wesley, when the harpoon left his hand, had secured a long lance which he now used with such persuasive effect that the royal retinue and family, one after another, and finally the monarch himself, more ugly and hideous than any one of his subjects, jumped overboard in mortal terror, and made their way to other canoes further on.

"Now's your time, boys! Jump, all!" and in a moment more the whole six of us were in the creek, and scrambling over the sides of the great royal canoe, which was big enough to carry three times our numbers. We had thrown our own boat-paddles down ahead of us, anticipating that the savages would carry off theirs when they fled for their lives, and in a moment more the craft was shooting back into the tunnel the way she had come. A few strong and rapid strokes carried us through, for the distance was not more than fifty yards, and as we glided out into the sunlight again, a scene of enchanting beauty lay spread out before us like a panorama. The lee portion of the island was much larger than that upon which we had landed, and was everywhere teeming with tropical luxuriance. The fruits of the earth flourishing spontaneously were ample to have sustained two thousand people instead of two hundred, the neat huts of the village were set at intervals in a perfect bower around the concave of the little bay, the cocoanut-trees growing vigorously even down to the edge of the water. The place was quite a little paradise, but our eyes did not stay to rest long upon it, for there, close under the lee of the reef outside, lay a sloop-of-war with her broadside bearing directly upon us, and the British flag displayed at her peak. She had ceased firing now, and two boats filled with armed men were approaching as if to take possession of the deserted town by right of conquest. The English crew were struck with astonishment on our appearance, and still more so at the relation of our strange story; and the whole party, following up the bank of the canal, which extended all the way through the island, met the waters of the bay on the lee side, examined for themselves the archway of the strange tunnel, through which the frightened barbarians had fled. No great harm had been done to the place beyond demolishing a hut or two, and knocking over or breaking down a few trees, by way of showing the people what could be done by the power of bullets. Indeed the English lieutenant informed us that nearly all the firing we had heard was only blank cartridges, the object being to inflict just a little injury, and give the savages a terrible scare.

The sloop-of-war was the *Daphne*, and she had been sent by the admiral of the Pacific squadron with orders to give the savages a little idea of British power by way of warning. Several difficulties had occurred between the crews of English traders and the natives of this island, which was known on the charts as Arganua, and also as Backbone Island, from its peculiar conformation. No lives had been sacrificed on either side, but some English seamen had been taken prisoners and held for ransom, and other annoyances, though perhaps there was equal blame on both sides, hence the mission of the *Daphne*.

Captain Baxter told us that although he must carry out the letter of the admiral's orders, he desired to avoid bloodshed, and was glad the blacks had found such a rat-hole of escape as the tunnel which we had discovered. We should leave them to return to their homes at their leisure, and hoped the fright caused by his guns would prove a salutary lesson to them. Before leaving, however, he went on shore himself, and inspected with great interest and curiosity the results of the volcanic changes the night before. At that time the shocks had been but slightly felt on board the *Daphne*, she being then nearly a hundred miles southward of the island, and no great importance had been attached to the fact.

After a short cruise in the British man-of-war, visiting other islands, and making the acquaintance with more tribes of South-Sea Africans, we arrived at Sydney, where to

our surprise and joy we found our own ship the *Ontario*, and were soon exchanging explanations with our old shipmates. I have heard from other mariners that Backbone Island has disappeared from the charts now, and there can be no doubt that by some latter natural convulsion it has been totally swallowed up in the ocean.

## *THE PERILOUS ROMANCE OF A MEXICAN BEAUTY.*

BY ELIOT RYDER.

PROMPTED by a love of adventure, I once undertook an overland journey to the city of Mexico, and the incidents of the trip were quite as varied and exciting as the most adventurous spirit could desire. Yet the journey was not without its times of keen pleasure, and of these not the least were the occasional sojourns at the hacienda of some wealthy don. In Mexico the people are all hospitable, and, when they happen to be wealthy, they entertain the stranger in a manner which is truly delightful.

I shall never forget the pleasure with which I learned one day, while traveling in the state of Chihuahua, that the dwellings of Don Trinidad Carabajal were but a few miles distant. The day had been intensely hot, our supply of water and provisions had been consumed, and I found myself and my guides sadly in need of food and rest, to say nothing of our poor *burros*, which had not enjoyed a full meal since we had left the city of Chihuahua, three days previously.

In due season we reached Don Trinidad's establishment, which, with its numerous adobe buildings, resembled a small village. That we were made heartily welcome is scarcely necessary to say. The animals were first attended to, and my men, after a liberal supply of tortillas and mescal, were soon at work trying to win the money of Don Trinidad's followers, by various gambling devices. As for myself, I had been conducted to a spacious dining-room, where a bountiful repast was served, accompanied by a supply of excellent native wine. Don Trinidad Carabajal was possessed of immense wealth, and dispensed it with a liberal hand. He was the model of a good host, and, after I had eaten and drunk to my heart's content, he escorted me across the *placita* to the apartment occupied by his wife, who received me in a most gracious manner, bidding me consider myself as thoroughly at ease as though I were in my own home. She did not appear to be more than twenty-five years old, and was surpassingly beautiful; but what attracted me more than her beauty was a superb necklace of rubies and diamonds, which flashed like rays of the morning sun. There was something so fascinating about them that they riveted my attention, and I was unable to turn my gaze to another object.

My host noticed my distraction, and said, with a smile, —

"The Señor American admires your necklace, Donna Lucia. Will you not entertain him with the narrative of how they came into your possession?"

The lady colored vividly, and replied, —

"That is an agreeable task I believe I had better confide to you, Don Trinidad. I was not married when these beautiful gems were placed around my neck, and the story has so much of romance in it, that it should be told only by a master of that mysterious art. Suppose you take the gentleman to your own room, and entertain him with the story."

"So, so!" said the Don good-naturedly; "it is thus you libel me before people. By marrying me you have lost your romance, have you? and I, a sedate man of forty years, am declared to be full of it! Well, well, have your own way of course. What say you, my friend?" turning to me; "will you have the story?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," I responded with alacrity.

"Follow me then, and you shall hear it," and, with a profound bow to Donna Carabajal, he led the way to his own apartment. Arrived there, he motioned me to a lounge, saying, "Lie down, and stretch yourself. Your bones must ache after your long ride. Smoke a cigar, and listen to me."

I needed no second bidding, for, in good truth, I was exceedingly tired. After we had lit our cigars, and drank to each other in a glass of *aguardiente*, my host related the following story.

My wife is a daughter of Don Miguel Anaya. He was general of a Mexican regiment, had a handsome and amiable wife, and this one daughter, who, at fifteen years of age, had come to be considered one of

Taboo



"But I never trusted him," she said, reflectively. "I always suspected he was a hypocrite."

"Then the people of Willowdale are sadly mistaken."

I make no other reply, and I now confide my secret to my only confidant, the public. If that hints that I compounded a felony, I remind it of that woman's wretched life and crushed, degraded soul, and cannot be sorry.

## TABOO: A BEACH-COMBER'S STORY.

BY W. H. MACY.

I HAVE often been told, compassionately, that I am an outcast—an exile—a homeless adventurer. Not a week ago, I was told so by an old schoolmate on board a British man-of-war that touched here. He said he didn't see how I could so cast myself away, and bury my talents and energies beyond the pale of civilization to live and die a semi-savage. Because he had the cross of St. George flying over his head, he said it with an air of patronage, too; *he* who was enlisted while half-stupid with liquor, and came to his sober senses to find himself incarcerated within "the wooden walls of Old England," and now daily listens to the inspiring strains of the band of her majesty's ship Driver, and joins in the ironical chorus that "Britons never, never, never, *never* shall be slaves," to any tyranny that is not essentially British in its nature.

My ancestors have always cherished a special admiration and veneration for this patriotic sentiment. My grandfather wore the scarlet uniform, and wore out his life in the ranks under Clive and Cornwallis, sinking a victim to the East India climate, prematurely, with the rank of corporal. Had his constitution endured ten years more of similar service his grateful country would, perhaps, have made him a sergeant. My father, who was a prime seaman, as I have learned from those who knew much more of him than I ever did, was "seduced" by a press-gang, during the interminable wars with Bonaparte. He never, never, never set his foot on shore afterwards, but lived and died with a ship for his prison. He, who had been promised the command of a vessel on his next voyage by his employers, was cut in two by a round shot at Trafalgar, serving on the forecastle of the Temeraire—all for the glory of old England. My mother—God bless her! if still alive—her memory, if not.

The gallant captain of the Driver would have detained me on board without asking my consent, and torn me away from my adopted country, had he considered me, physically, fit to serve in one of her majesty's ships. "Once a subject, always a subject," said he, showing his white teeth. "That settles my right in the case; but I don't want a man with the 'fay-fay.' My surgeon thinks it is incurable, so you are not suitable 'food for powder.'" My left arm, though I suffer no pain from it, is four times the size of my right; a phenomenon by no means uncommon here among my people. And this was my only exemption from compulsory service and a glorious death like those of my immediate ancestors, for, be it known, that "Britannia rules the waves."

My old schoolmate knows all this, and yet he pities me. I most heartily reciprocate his feelings. I pity him; why should I not? My expatriation is, at least, voluntary; and though unfit to serve in the royal navy, I can still cry, God save the King, Kanka-retah, and his sea-girt-kingdom of Bo-nah-tay, whereof I am a citizen. Citizen, did I say? a peer of the realm—a son-in-law of royalty—chancellor of the exchequer, for the national treasury department is enclosed within my time-worn sea-chest, and all drafts pass through my hands—lieutenant-general of the naval and military forces—and sole minister of foreign affairs. I am also Prince-Consort-apparent, and my children, like Banquo's shall be kings, though I be none. My person is sacred; for am I not "hedged in," and protected by the invisible *taboo* of my sovereign and father-in-law, Kanka-retah? My name—no matter what it was once—is simply Roger.

I came ashore here from the English whaler Cambrian, some fifteen years ago, (or thereabouts, for I keep no calendar, not even a notched stick like Crusoe; but I occasionally get the date from some passing ship, and take a fresh departure, generally losing it again before another arrives). I had some high words with the captain, and demanded my

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discharge; he assented, supposing I would back down; when he found I was really determined to leave him, and take my chance among these barbarians, he said I could do so, as he had pledged his word; but that he should return in a week, by which time he thought I would petition to be received on board again. He has not returned yet; though I think he intended to do so, but got currented off to leeward, and found it impossible, or at least, impracticable, to make the island again.

I saw, at the outset, the importance of ingratiating myself into the favor of the king. I was the first white man who had come ashore to reside here, and was at once, heartily welcomed by all, from the novelty of the thing, as it seemed. As I had brought as many tools as I could collect, and was naturally skillful in the use of them, I soon found means to make myself useful, almost indispensable, to Kanka-retah. A still greater source of power and influence was my possession of that wonder of wonders, a musket, and my being, of course, the only one who knew anything about using it.

The first use I made of my growing influence was to persuade the king to administer the sacrament of *taboo* in the highest degree. This was done with the most imposing ceremonies in the presence of the whole tribe. I felt, after this, that my person was safe. Heretofore I had been in constant fear, lest some impulsive savage might, in some capricious or eccentric moment, run me through with a spear, or knock me on the head with a fragment of rock. But, from this moment, such is the power of this singular institution, and the sanctity of the consecrated person or thing, no one dare assault me; not even the king himself, without another tedious ceremony of repealing or lifting the *taboo*.

I had always cherished a romantic idea or whim of settling among some savage people, of acquiring power among them, and of becoming—what I now am. I set myself to work assiduously to acquire the language. I found this no easy task, for, although the number of words is necessarily small, from the limited range of ideas and subjects of discourse among such people, yet many nice shades of meaning are indicated by slight changes of inflection or intonation of the same word. But I became in time so perfect a master of it, that it is now much more familiar to me than my own tongue. And I cannot better express my meaning than by saying that I now *think* in the idiom of Bonah-tay, and then translate my thought into the vernacular.

I had not been long domiciled here, when a formidable rival appeared in the field. An American ship sent in a boat at another village on the opposite side of the island, and landed one of the crew, a gigantic negro, intending to return for him in a few days. He had shown symptoms of scurvy, and for this reason was put on shore, that contact with the land might restore him to health. But his ship, like the Cambrian, never made her appearance again, and after a few weeks we ceased to look for her. Jerry, as the black called himself, had become a resident of Ewah-lua, as that bay and village were termed, the tribe being governed by a chief or viceroy, who was, however, subject to the general sway of Kanka-retah.

Months passed on, and it became evident that Jerry had no intention of leaving the island. His captain had supplied him liberally with tobacco and cloth, and he had also brought a gun and ammunition ashore with him. Two or three ships had touched during the time, but the negro, so far from seeking a passage in one of them, did not even go on board, but devoted all his time and energies to strengthening his power among the natives. He had received the rites of *taboo* from the viceroy, Tuckanooa, which made him safe among that tribe, but its power did not extend to ours, as that ruler had no jurisdiction on our side of the island. Only the king himself could make the sacrament binding upon the whole people.

I perceived that the negro was making rapid strides in power, and that his ambition would never be content with holding a confidential position with Tuckanooa; but that nothing short of the elevation at which I was myself aiming would satisfy him. He spent much of his time at E-ree-moa, as our settlement was called, and had frequent audiences with the king. His mastery of the language in so short a time was miraculous; for he had the fine ear which is so common with his race, many of whom are known to acquire foreign languages, orally, with surprising facility and correctness. He was doubtless, aiming at the same mark as myself, a marriage with the Princess Sai-see-wah, only daughter of the sovereign. I had from the first set my mind upon this matrimonial alliance. I do not say my heart, for, although the Princess Royal was a comely young

woman, there were many girls of humbler rank who far exceeded her in personal charms, and whom I might have had for the asking. But policy dictated a union with Sai-see-wah, and I knew that similar motives would influence the king in disposing of her. He would care little whether his son-in-law was white, black or copper-colored; still less would he care about his daughter's inclinations, but would make such a match for her as he thought would be best for his own interest. I had never yet dared to mention my wishes to the king himself. But jealousy of my rival precipitated matters, and, on making application for the hand of Sai-see-wah, I was met by evasive answers. I saw that the king was disposed to give my rival at least an equal chance with myself, and to play fast and loose with both of us for the present. The black and myself became bitter enemies from that hour.

In the case of men situated as we were, where a deadly feud arises, there is but one course for each to pursue; to take the law into his own hands, and protect himself. In this case, I had thus far the advantage of Jerry, in being *tabooed* by the highest authority of the land. He dared not attack me, as his own life would be at once forfeited for breaking the *taboo* law. I could have shot him at that time with impunity, as he was unprotected, except from the tribe of E-wah-lua, but I hesitated to do it. I had never yet shed the blood of a fellow-being, and could not make up my mind deliberately to take human life except as a last resort in self-defence. So we were both safe for the present. Though he was using his influence whenever he could get the king's ear, to persuade him to bring us on an equal footing, either by giving him the higher degree of personal protection that I possessed, or else by partially revoking mine. In either case he would have been at liberty to fight out the feud with me; for a *tabooed* man may always be attacked by another who is under the same or a higher degree of sanctity.

While the king still held himself undecided, and I hesitated to avail myself of the advantage I possessed, an event occurred which made me a party in a wholesale murder, compared with which the killing of Jerry would have been but a trifling affair.

An American whaleship called the Minorca touched here, and being in want of water and wood, the captain was persuaded to come to anchor. Jerry acted as pilot in taking her into the bay at E-wah-lua, which was the best and safest anchorage to be found at Bonah-tay. All was now bustle and holiday, for the Minorca was the first ship that had anchored, and the people all gathered to the common centre of attraction, and spent the greater part of their time near the ship. The captain was much on shore, and, as might be supposed, was pleased with all he saw, and thought he should visit us again next season. I had all the time a vague suspicion that the ship would not be suffered to go to sea; that treachery was at work, and that the negro was at the bottom of it. I know not why I had this belief. I had seen nothing that could be called tangible evidence, nothing that would justify me in giving a word of warning to the captain, even had I dared to do so. But to have warned him would have been as good as signing my own death warrant, as, if it were seen that he was on his guard and was taking any new precautions, there was no one to suspect but myself, and I should be hunted to death both by Jerry and the king. The captain had been lulled into a feeling of perfect security by the apparent friendliness of all with whom he came in contact, and with culpable negligence he now carried on the duty of the ship, and scattered his men here and there with the same reckless confidence that he would have shown in the harbor of the most civilized commercial port.

One night, we had come ashore from the ship, where we had been spending the evening in mirth and jollity, and I was about to retire to my own house, when Kanka-retah touched me on the shoulder, and pointed to the council-house with a nod. I looked round for the negro; he was already going in that direction as if by previous appointment. I followed him with a feeling that mischief was afoot. As I stooped to pass in at the low door, I saw by the dim light of a small fire that smouldered on the ground in the centre of the building, that all the inferior chiefs, or nobles, were assembled to the number of ten. They saluted me gravely as I entered and took a seat in silence among them. One of the chiefs now stirred up the fire, and forced it into a blaze, throwing a lurid light upon the naked forms of the assembled councillors, and bringing out in bold relief the sinister-looking head and immense chest and limbs of the African Hercules, who sat opposite me in the full glare of the fire. We took no great pains to conceal our hatred and distrust of each

other, as evinced by looks, but no word was spoken by any one.

The king, accompanied by the viceroy Tuckanooa, now entered at the upper end of the house, by the only door which was high enough to admit a man walking erect, and which might be used only by the sovereign, and those to whom he granted permission. He signed to Jerry and myself to take seats on either side of himself and Tuckanooa, on a raised platform of bamboo which ran across this end of the building like a quarter-deck. Several women entered with small calabashes filled with the infusion of kava-root, one of which was placed in front of each man. The women retired, and all the doors were closed.

Kanka-retah then broke the long silence by informing us that the captain had told him he should finish his business at E-wah-lua the next day, and should leave us the day after.

"Shall he be allowed to go?" he asked. "We have power enough to stop him, to take his ship, and to make ourselves rich, for she has much cloth, much tobacco, much iron. When his men are scattered, some on shore getting wood, some in the boat with the captain, and only five or six on board with the mate, we can overpower them all without any danger to ourselves. Shall we do it?"

The king raised the kava to his lips and drank. We all did the same. Tuckanooa was the next to speak.

"We must take the ship," said the viceroy. "She is the first ship that has anchored at E-wah-lua, she must not go out again. We must have the tobacco, the cloth and the iron."

"Good," said Kanka-retah. "She has many muskets too, and one big gun. We must have them, and Jerry and Roger must teach us how to use them. Speak, Roger, our people are ready at my signal; shall we take the ship?"

I saw what answer was expected from me; I saw the gleaming eyes of the black fixed upon me, as if to read my thoughts; I thought of his triumph if I showed the white feather and the soft heart; I thought of our rivalry as suitors for the hand of Sai-see-wah; and answered firmly:

"We must take the ship. But what is to be done with the men?"

"Speak, Jerry," said the king. "What is to be done with the men?"

I did not fail to observe that Jerry was not asked for his opinion as to the expediency of taking the ship. That was already known to the king; and the other question was put as if it was known what the reply would be. This satisfied me that the negro was the master spirit and instigator of the whole business.

"Kill them," answered Jerry, coolly.

"All?" I asked, speaking this one word in English.

"All," repeated the black, in the same manner.

I shuddered at the thought of performing my part in this wholesale massacre of innocent men. But my destiny was leading me on, and no faint-heartedness must be allowed to stand in the way if I would reach the goal to which I aspired. I had gone so far, that for the safety of my own life I must still go forward. There was no retreat, with any chance of safety. I must be—what I now am, or I must die like a dog, for the unanimous voice would demand the revocation of my *taboo*, if I was suspected of treachery. I should then be at the mercy of any one who might choose to take my life.

The opinions of the inferior councillors were not asked in detail; it seemed to be taken for granted that they would follow the lead of their superiors. The plot was soon arranged, and the part each division was to perform assigned them. The negro, with the largest force, was to fall upon the men who would be engaged on shore in wooding. Tuckanooa and his gang were to take care of the captain and his boat's crew, after having enticed them ashore at the village of E-wah-lua; while I was to accompany the king in the attack upon the ship, which would require but few men, and could be managed without suspicion, as the men on board would think nothing of having two or three canoes alongside, or even half a dozen. The signal was to be given by Jerry, at the moment of leaving his ambush to attack the woodmen.

The remainder of the kava was drank in silence, and the king was rising to dismiss the council, when Jerry also rose.

"King Kanka-retah," said he, "may I ask you again for the *taboo* from your hands? It may be done now while all the chiefs of the council are present."

This was true; for, although it was usual to perform the ceremonies in the presence of the whole tribe, only that of the chiefs of rank was really necessary to make it binding.

"Not to-night," answered the king, evasively, "I must attend to other matters. This

business of the ship must be finished before we make any more *taboo*. You have all that Tuckanooa can give you, and I will give my royal command that no one at E-ree-moa shall injure you." He glanced at me as he spoke.

"I shall not attack Jerry," said I. "I do not wish to avail myself of the advantage which I hold."

Even if I did I was now bound by the king's command, which I valued as much, as I did the superstitious obligation, as nothing worse than death could follow the infraction of either. Not so in the opinion of the savages of Bo-nah-tay. These people do not attach much value to life; they would brave death with alacrity to gratify a revengeful impulse; but not the subsequent tortures and the eternal stigma to themselves and their posterity which they believe to be consequent upon violation of *taboo*. It is this recklessness of life among savage tribes that renders necessary an institution like the Polynesian *taboo*, or the *fetish* of the African negro. The ordinary code of capital punishment has not sufficient terrors.

The king understood very well the position in which the negro and I stood to each other; and it did not suit his purpose to have us fight out our feud yet, as he needed the services of both of us. Jerry, he knew, would be restrained by no such magnanimous feeling as I had shown. If we were placed on terms of equality, he would doubtless attack me at once. Each of us, as we now stood, would have been glad to provoke an attack from the other, could he have been certain that the first assault would not prove fatal. If I failed to kill him at the first shot or blow, he had then the right to defend himself, regardless of the *taboo;* and if the first assault came from him, whether successful or not, he would fall a victim to any man who could succeed in killing him. I now rose to make another request, thinking the whole difficulty might as well be understood by the council as at any time.

"King Kanka-retah," said I, "may I ask you to give me your daughter Sai-see-wah in marriage?" I kept my eye on the negro, who was anxiously waiting the answer of the king, his face seeming to turn *white* with suppressed rage.

"Not to-night," answered the king. "Sai-see-wah is not to be betrothed until after the great business of to-morrow is disposed of."

The king again pursued a temporizing policy, for much the same reason as before. Neither of us would become entirely desperate, so long as this matter of the royal alliance was kept in uncertainty. While he held out hopes to both, we both had something to live and strive for.

I bowed my head to this decision of the sovereign. We all rose and the council was declared adjourned.

The circumstances of our attack on the ill-fated Minorca and the massacre of all her crew, are too horrible and revolting to dwell upon. The surprise was so complete and sudden that scarcely any resistance was met with. The laconic advice of the black was acted upon, and all were butchered without mercy. The bodies were all collected together and burned to ashes, the clothing remaining on them, in order that every trace of the dreadful tragedy might be destroyed. Three days were spent in stripping the ship of everything that was considered of value among a people like this, and the ship was then burned. During all this time we were in constant fear that another vessel might heave in sight before all the evidences of our crime could be obliterated. But all was at length finished, and the plunder distributed so as to satisfy the principal actors in the bloody and piratical deed.

We met again in the hall of council, not darkly and secretly as before, but in broad daylight with the whole tribe assembled. Here feasting and congratulations at our victory prevailed; the warriors talked over their exploits, and boasted of their prowess in the slaughter of innocent and defenceless seamen, while the black giant, Jerry, was foremost of all in heroic deeds, it being generally understood and admitted that he had struck down four of the wooding party with his own hand. But though I confess I tried to harden myself and smother all feelings that were inconsistent with the general sentiment of the festive occasion, I could not drive from before my eyes the freezing apparition of those murdered men. I had assisted the king according to the programme in taking the ship. There were only five men on board besides the mate, and these being scattered and having no presentiment of danger, were easily struck down, all at the same time, when the shrill whistle was given by the negro on shore. I saw the mate killed by Kanka-retah himself, and his blow was so effectual that there was no need to repeat it. I had not, with my own hands, earned any

title to distinction at this festival, for I had shed no blood.

It had been intimated that before the festivities closed the final decision would be made as to the disposition of the hand of the Princess Sai-see-wah; and I could see that the negro was much elated with his prospects of success. I could not help feeling myself that all chances were in his favor, as I knew the king admired his prowess, and would feel a sense of obligation towards him for the leading part he had taken in the capture of the ship. I had no idea that the young woman would, herself, have any voice in the matter, and even if she had, I feared that like a true savage woman, she would most admire the man who had been conspicuous for bloody deeds.

It was apparent that my life would not be safe an hour after Sai-see-wah was affianced to the negro, as the gift of the princess in marriage would be followed up by conferring upon him the highest degree of *taboo;* and that either he or I must die. I resolved now, as soon as the decree was pronounced that was to make him the king's son-in-law, to avail myself of the advantage I possessed to get the first shot at him, before he should receive the degree that would give him the right to shoot at me.

The king now made a signal for silence; and the whole assembly came to order, and disposed themselves to listen to his words. He rose with an air of dignity, and looked gravely round upon his subjects.

"I have promised," said Kanka-retah, "that I would to-day choose one of the two strangers who have come to dwell among us, as my son-in-law. They are both here in council with us, and my people are all assembled. Both of them were with us and aided us in the great business, and both of them I think, look for a favorable answer. But that, of course, cannot be. According to our customs, it is for me to choose a husband for Sai-see-wah, and for her, like a dutiful daughter, to take the one who is chosen. But I shall, in this case, depart from our usual custom. Sai-see-wah shall choose for herself."

A murmur of applause ran through the tribe.

"Let my daughter come forward," said Kanka-retah.

The Princess Royal advanced from her place among the women in the background of the picture, and stood by the side of her father. She seemed embarrassed by the position in which she was placed; for it was a rare occurrence for any woman in Bo-nah-tay, still less for the daughter of any person of rank, to be called upon to express any opinion of her own in matrimonial arrangements.

"My daughter," said the king, "you will choose one of the two strangers for your husband. I trust you will choose wisely, and as becomes the daughter of Kanka-retah. But your choice shall be free, and wherever it may fall, he whom you choose shall be my son-in-law. I give my royal word upon this in the presence of the whole tribe."

The princess hesitated a moment, glancing at the impassible faces upturned to her from all sides of the assembly, then stepped lightly from the platform and advanced towards me. She crouched by my side, hiding her face, and laid one hand on my shoulder. I thought I could see a slight shade of disappointment on the iron face of her father, in spite of his efforts to hide it. But the negro rose to his feet, blinded by rage and disappointment. With the quickness of thought, a pistol, which he had carried concealed, was levelled at my head. I seized my musket, and brought it up to my shoulder; his pistol snapped, and with a deep curse the black cleared the door and bounded down the hill, followed by my bullet, and by the whole assembly of warriors in full chase. I saw him clap one hand to his leg for an instant, indicating that he was hit, but the injury appeared to be trifling. His strength and agility exceeded all belief as he drove straight for his own house, distant some two hundred yards. Several spears were hurled after him in his flight, but he eluded them all, and safely reached cover. He closed and barred the door, and we all came to a stand to consult together upon a plan of attack. His life was forfeited by the most inexorable law of the tribe. His frantic rage at the unexpected choice of Sai-ree-wah had got the better of his discretion, and he had violated the obligation of *taboo.* I knew that he would be put to death, if it cost the lives of half the tribe to do it; nay, that even if disposed to save his life, I should be powerless to accomplish it. He knew it, too, as well as I; and, being now a thoroughly desperate man, would, of course, sell his life dearly. It occurred to me that all the muskets taken from the Minorca had been carried to his house, as he was to clean and put them all in order before they should be disturbed among the chiefs. He had, therefore, some twelve or fourteen guns in his house, which

comprised all the firearms on the island, except the gun in my hand, and another of mine which was left at E-ree-moa.

The natives, in their impatience to take his life pressed up around the house, and one rash warrior threw himself heavily against the door to try its strength, but was instantly shot dead through a chink or loophole. At this, they all fell back to a safe distance, but not before a second bullet, intended for my heart, had broken two of my fingers, and rendered me nearly helpless to return his fire, if I should get a sight at him. I gave up the musket to the king, who had acquired some little skill in using it.

Attempts were now made to fire the house by attaching bunches of flaming grass to spears and darting them into the sides of the house, but this made it necessary to approach quite near, and while it proved ineffectual, cost us the life of another warrior, who fell before the unerring bullet of the desperado. I now made a circuit to reconnoitre in rear of the house; for I was not familiar with the ground here at E-wah-lua, as I was at the other village.

The house in which Jerry had entrenched himself stood close against the foot of a hill but little higher than the house itself, which rose quite precipitously at the back of it. A person on the hill was effectually concealed from observation at any of his loopholes by reason of the bushes that skirted the side of the hill and formed a low screen along the ridge above. I called to the natives who were nearest me to try the experiment of firing the roof by throwing brands from the hill. The idea was eagerly caught at, and several were soon approaching, when Tuckanooa, the viceroy, seizing my arm, pointed significantly to a cocoanut tree within a few feet of us, and then to an axe which he held in his hand. I gave him a glance of intelligence in return, at the same time inwardly cursing my own stupidity that I had not thought of this tree before. It stood ten feet back from the screen of bushes, and was high enough and heavy enough to strike the house, if cut down, and crush it like an egg shell. I countermanded the order for the firebrands, and sent to the viceroy's house for another axe. I directed the natives to assemble in force on the front of the house at a safe distance and make feint attacks to divert the negro's attention from the viceroy and myself on the hill. This was effectually done, and the infernal din and confusion of sounds, as they shouted war-chants and beat tom-toms all over the plain below, completely drowned the slight noises made by our two axes as we swung them smartly into the trunk of the tree, which grew with a slight inclination towards the house, making our task the easier. Now the yelling crowd, becoming emboldened, again press forward a little too near; the report of another musket rings among the deafening clamor, and then a yell of pain from a young fellow with a broken arm. A few more blows of the axe and the victory is won —again the negro fires and his bullet just grazes the ear of Kanka-retah, who rushes frantically towards the house, bent on revenge —a wild yell, louder than any before, warns him back, for the top of the tree is seen to waver—another, and the last blow falls—the massive trunk sweeps through the air with a rushing sound, crashing through the frail roof and bringing the whole structure to the ground, a confused heap of bamboo, thatch and lumber. You may cease your yells now, for the wrath of the insulted deity of *taboo* is appeased—the most timid among you may press forward to the front without fear; for, directly under the ponderous trunk of the tree lies the colossal form of the lion-hearted black, half-buried in the soil, crushed out of all human semblance.

This was my first, last, and only rival in my road to influence and power among the people of Bo-nah-tay. Years have rolled by since; many a ship has dropped her anchor at E-wah-lua, and taken it again in safety; for my accession to the post of prime minister has led to a change in the foreign policy of Kanka-retah. My wife, Sai-see-wah, has had no small share in the good influence exerted upon her father, and is nearer to my heart now, as the mother of my two stout sons, than on the day she both risked and saved my life by laying her hand on my shoulder. I am still called by white visitors to the island, a "rascally beach-comber," but all my deeds deserving the name I have chronicled in these pages, and honestly confessed the part I bore in them. I have heard many conjectures among whalemen as to the fate of the Minorca; but here, for the first and only time, have I ventured to refer to that episode in my life, which I would rejoice to have blotted out from memory. My gentle-hearted wife never refers to it without a shudder; though, in most respects, Sai-see-wah is still a savage, and an unshaken believer in the efficacy and sanctity of *taboo*.

# ALMOST ON A CORAL REEF.

BY W. H. MACY.

WHILE off Nukunau, or Byron's Island, in the barque Cherokee, a white man came on board, who said he had been living several months among the savages, and was anxious to ship in any capacity, to get away from them and be once more a civilized being. He called himself an Englishman, and said that he was left on shore from a Sydney whaler.

As we were shorthanded, and had a few days before "broken" or disrated one of the boatsteerers as incompetent, this man was shipped to fill his place. He registered his name as Abraham Cobbett, and took up his quarters, of course, in the cabin, as a petty officer.

As he belonged to the waist or second mate's boat, while I filled the same station in the chief mate's, we roomed together, and were necessarily thrown much in contact. Cobbett could not have been less than forty, or nearly twice my age at that time, but still in vigorous health, and remarkable for great muscular power. He was not a bad room-mate in the main, being quiet and intelligent, though at times gloomy and abstracted, and always very reticent as to his past life. I had observed several times that when relating some story, where he was about to mention the name of a ship or captain, he checked himself, hesitated and changed it, declaring that he was mistaken; or, at other times, evaded mentioning any name, by saying that he had forgotten it. He was a prime seaman, and a quick and ready man in his attack upon a sperm whale, as he soon had occasion to prove. This last was the main point, and was sufficient to have covered a multitude of failings, even had he been deficient in other respects. So Cobbett soon stood high in the estimation of the captain and officers, who reposed perfect confidence in him.

As is usual with sperm-whalers when on cruising ground, the crew were arranged in three divisions, called "boat's-crew-watches," each being in charge of a boat-steerer, while the captain and mates took "all night in."

We had met with good success in our cruise among the Kingsmill range. Having gradually drifted down to the leeward islands of the group, we took advantage of the "westerly monsoon," so called, which is here of short duration, to run back, until we again passed Nukunau, and were in a position to zigzag the old track over again.

The land was in sight off the lee bow at sundown one fine evening, seven or eight miles off. We had again met the regular trade winds, light but steady, and had plenty of room to pass to windward of it. I had charge of the first watch, and called Cobbett to relieve me at eleven o'clock. The land was then dimly visible, or rather the tops of the cocoa-palms, breaking the horizon line abeam of us, by a slightly irregular, jagged appearance. The coral islands of this group are very low, having little or no soil upon them, and at a distance the tufts of trees only are seen, seeming to grow in the ocean.

Instead of retiring to my room below when relieved by Cobbett, I brought up my blanket and pillow, and prepared a "shake-down" in the stern sheets of the quarter-boat on the cranes. This was nothing unusual for me in that climate. I preferred, as a choice of evils, the open night air to the hot, stifling quarters under deck.

Unfurling the boat's sail, I shook it out over the gunwales, as a screen or awning, to shield me from the moon's rays. I was thus hidden from view, unless the edge of the sail was lifted up to look under it. Not feeling at all sleepy, I had lighted my pipe and lay awake smoking for a long time. I could hear Cobbett's bare feet pattering as he paced fore-and-aft the quarter-deck. After awhile the sound ceased, and he appeared to have gone forward. In a few minutes I caught these words:

——"better chance than we've got now."

"Never," answered the voice of Cobbett; "but we must wait and make sure that Joe's asleep."

But I, Joe, was not yet asleep, and did not mean to be after hearing this. These words seemed to be spoken in subdued tones, but as the parties stood near the mainmast, the sound floated directly down to me. Still, it was not, as yet, apprehension of danger that kept me awake, but merely a natural curiosity

to know what was going to be done. So when, after a few minutes, I felt a trembling of the boat's gunwale, I lay quiet and feigned sleep. Cobbett lifted the screen and peeped in at me.

He listened a moment to my measured breathing, and apparently satisfied that all was safe in that quarter, he stepped quietly back to the deck. With my curiosity excited now to the highest pitch, I listened for the slightest sound. No word was spoken, but I presently became sensible, by the movement of the ship, as well as by the difference of sound as she glided through the water, that she was running with a free wind.

Could the wind have hauled aft, then? I ventured to raise myself a little and peep out under my awning. A single glance satisfied me of the truth. The wind was steady in the old quarter, but the ship was nearly before it. There was the island looming ahead and on each bow, instead of abaft the beam, where it should be. A moment's observation made it evident that this change was not the accident of a moment, but that the ship was being carefully steered in that direction. She was approaching the land at a rate which would put her ashore in an hour or little more.

I knew the man Mc'Intosh, who had relieved the wheel when my watch was out, to be a rough, desperate sort of fellow; in short, just the man to be an accomplice of Cobbett in case he had really plotted any mischief, as I now could not help believing. The few words which I had overheard were a key to the mystery. "They would never have a better chance than now" to run the ship ashore, of course. But the person with whom Cobbett was talking had been forward near the mainmast when he spoke. I had been unable to recognize the voice, but I felt tolerably sure that he must have at least *two* companions in his villany.

I lay still, considering what was best to be done. I wanted to communicate with the captain or mate at once, but it might not be best to attempt this rashly. Cobbett had complete control of the ship for the time being, with I knew not how many men to back him. They would not, of course, permit me to pass below if they had any idea of my purpose in doing so. They believed me to be sleeping soundly, and it was important to keep them in that belief until I could seize the right moment to act.

They had not, of course, ventured to square in the yards, for this could not be done without noise, and would disturb those below. The ship could be steered for the land with everything braced up sharp, and in case the captain or mate should come on deck, a movement of the helm would bring her to her proper course. It would thus be supposed that her falling off was merely the result of accident or carelessness of the helmsman.

Too anxious and impatient to remain inactive, I silently arranged my screen so that I could peep at what was going on in-board, and saw Cobbett with a pistol in his hand, which he was capping. He did not seem to be satisfied with the fit of the caps, having tried several while I was looking at him.

At this moment I heard the voice of Hiram, a boy in Cobbett's watch, who came along in the waist, calling, "Look, Cobbett, see how near the land is!" Cobbett laid the pistol on the scuttle-butt, and hastened forward to quiet him.

I had only to raise myself up and reach my body over, and the pistol was in my hand. My first impulse was to keep it and rush below with it; but I thought I could manage better by keeping quiet awhile. If I gave the alarm in this way, the mutineers would at once shut us up below, and we should probably have a bloody fight for the possession of the ship, or be snugly caged up when she ran on the rocks.

I took up the drinking-cup, which stood on the scuttle-butt half full of water, and turned enough into the muzzle of the pistol to drown the charge well. I then drained it out, and wiped it carefully outside. All this I could do without being seen by Mc'Intosh where he stood, under the little hurricane house. But had he taken a step, or even leaned forward, I should have been discovered, and obliged to make a rush for it.

Meanwhile, I heard Cobbett say to the boy, "Don't you trouble yourself about the land. *I've* got charge of the ship, and know what I'm about."

"All right!" answered Hiram, who seemed, even then, half asleep. "I don't care what you do with her. I only thought maybe the man at the wheel had let her fall off, and you didn't know it, and—"

"O no; nothing of the kind. I'm looking out for her."

By this time, I presume the boy had "struck an attitude" on the barrel of the windlass,

and, like a true Jack, left all responsibility to those who were better paid for it.

When Cobbett returned, I had fallen quietly back to my entrenchments, and lay watching him. He tried another cap on the pistol, which seemed to satisfy him, and then concealed the weapon in the breast of his shirt, handling it very carefully. *I* knew that he might have pushed it in, muzzle foremost, and pulled trigger. It wouldn't have hurt him. I was quite confident that he and his gang had no other firearms. The pistol was his own, for I had often seen it in his chest.

His intention was, doubtless, to run the barque on the reef at all hazards, but not to make use of any violence, unless compelled thereto by some interruption of his design. If the crashing of her timbers gave the first alarm to those below, so much the better.

I had now resolved to attempt running the gauntlet by stratagem. Suddenly throwing off the boat's sail, I roused up, yawning and rubbing my eyes, as if I had just woke. Without looking around me, or seeming to know or care anything about the course of the ship, I gathered up my blanket, pea-jacket and pillow in my arms, and thus holding the clumsy burden before me, I stepped on deck, and, muttering in a sleepy voice that "it was chilly," I passed on into the companion-way, and hurried below without opposition from any one. I thought I had blinded the conspirators by my apparent innocence, but Cobbett was too sharp to be easily caught.

He was, indeed, partially deceived, but did not fail to keep watch on me after I went below. I threw the bedding into my own bunk, and blew out the tin hanging-lamp which was burning, thinking to make it appear that I had turned in at once. Waiting a minute in the dark till I thought all was safe, I then darted aft into the captain's stateroom, and touching him with my hand, he was instantly awake. A whispered word only—his ears told him the rest; that the ship was off before the wind, and that the sullen roar of the breaker on the coral barrier was already audible, as he turned his head up to the little side-light in his berth, which stood open.

I darted across to rouse the mate on the other side of the cabin. Slam went the doors of the companion-way, the slide was drawn over and bolted, then we heard a rush towards the body-hatch, which led into the steerage. By the hurried, rattling sound of a rope, they must be lashing it down to prevent its being pushed off. We were caged for the present.

"Blow out the light!" said the mate, who seemed to comprehend the whole affair without much explanation. "We'll have the advantage in the dark. I've two pistols here, ready loaded, and in perfect order."

"We must break out very quick," said Captain Harris, "or the ship will be hard and fast on the coral reef."

"How many are there, Joe, in the scrape?" demanded the mate.

"I can't tell, sir, but I am pretty sure there are three, at least. Cobbett, Mc'Intosh, and one other, probably Carter."

"All right; we'll fix 'em out in a few minutes. Cobbett's the whole heart and soul of the business. I think I can put *him* through, and the rest are nobody."

"What's your plan, Mr. Stivers?" asked the captain, who, in an emergency of this sort, naturally looked to the most energetic man on board—in fact, leaned upon him. It was evident Stivers could save the ship if anybody could.

"For you and the rest to get on the stairs there, and pretend to be trying to force your way out. You will have your arms ready, of course, but trust to me to take care of Cobbett. His pistol has been wet, and he don't know it yet. Batter away at the door, and parley with Cobbett. Keep his attention employed, at any rate. Here, Joe, come with me."

We passed through the door which led into the steerage, and the mate seized a long board which lay on the heads of the casks.

"Here, Joe, take one end."

We pushed it through into the after cabin, and launched one end out at the stern window.

"Softly, Joe," said he. "Make all the noise you can there on the stairs. Kick the doors—fire a pistol—anything!"

Cobbett was kept fully employed in this manner, while he was obliged to have Mc'Intosh at the helm to keep her head on shore, and the other man near the steerage hatch to guard against a surprise. He supposed Mr. Stivers to be operating in that direction, as he did not hear his voice with the captain and second mate at the cabin doors.

We pushed the stout ash board four or five feet out through the window, the outer end, of course, inclined upward.

"Now, Joe," whispered Mr. Stivers, "ride

on the long end and keep it down. Quick, boy!"

The mate sprang on the transom, and passed through the window out to the end of the board. He had calculated rightly to reach the spare spars which were lashed across the stern. With a single leap he rose out of my sight.

I heard a bitter oath from Cobbett's lips, then the ineffectual snap of his wet pistol, followed by the sharp report of the mate's and a heavy fall. Then another fall, as Mc'Intosh was knocked sprawling by a blow from the mate's fist—the rattling of the tiller-blocks as the wheel was thrown hard-a-port, while, with a kick, the bolt of the slide was loosened and we all rushed on deck.

We had been none too soon, for the breakers were frightfully near under our lee, while the cocoanut trees appeared almost to tower over our heads in the dim moonlight.

On going forward, we found the fore-scuttle fast, and the crew in the act of battering the top off with sticks of wood used as rams. Cobbett, it appeared, had sent the boy Hiram and another of his watch down there upon some pretext, and then fastened all hands up below. His only object was to gain time and prevent interruption until he could run the barque on the reef. A few minutes more would have done it.

He was mortally wounded by Mr. Stivers's pistol; but he lived long enough to tell us that he meant to destroy the ship, not from any ill will towards the captain or crew, but to be revenged upon the owner. He had, he said, sailed in the same employ before, and the owner had wronged him. He had shipped in the Cherokee with this determination, knowing that it was not the custom of our employer to insure his vessels, and that, if wrecked, she would prove a total loss. He had not intended any violence unless forced to it, but meant to carry out his plan at all hazards, and to let us all take our chances after the vessel struck. He refused to tell in what ship he had sailed before, or how he had been wronged.

But the body was identified immediately by the captain of another ship, who boarded us next day, while we were lying with our ensign at half mast, making preparations for the burial.

"His name isn't Cobbett," said he. "That's Captain Averill, who was master of the Falkland. His ship was taken from him, you remember, two years ago, for intemperance and mismanagement of his voyage. The owners sent a man out to the Sandwich Islands with full powers to take charge of her. Averill has been knocking about ever since, and has lived on two or three of these savage islands at different times. I knew him well."

Mc'Intosh and Carter were secured and kept in irons for a time, but were afterwards allowed to go ashore at Onoatoa, another of the same group. We were glad to be rid of them in this way, and I have never seen or heard of either of them since.

## MARY SLOCUM'S DREAM.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE E. PLACE.

They came—from every part they came—
  All who could march upon the foe;
Full manhood with its sturdy frame,—
  The youth, impetuous for the blow.
Nor these alone—the man whose hair
Bore the white cast of years was there.
From early dawn that motley train,
  Full nerved with deep, avenging mood,
Had been assembling on the plain
  That fronted where our mansion stood;
For we had learned our British foes
  Had risen a distant post to aid,
And we their progress to oppose
  This hasty army had arrayed;
They came—no proclamation they
Waited to call them to the fray.

I scanned them well; in every eye;
  I marked the avenging purpose glare—
The daring will to do or die:
  No coward heart or soul was there.
O, as I gazed into those eyes,
I felt my spirit throb and rise,
And through my thrilled-up soul there ran
The wish I also were a man,
That I might join them in the fight,
To battle for our home and right.

At length that host, arranged, arrayed,
  Took up their line of march. I stood
And watched them vanish in the shade
  Of intervening hill and wood.
And then I sought my home, and bent

And loud King Robert's voice was known—
'Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child and wife,
For Scotland, liberty and life—
The battle cannot last!'"

The tide was now fearfully ebbing with the English, yet again and again they rallied, though each time more faintly than before. It was at this moment, as the reader will remember, that the final stratagem of King Robert put the climax upon his great victory. He had placed two thousand women, children, and other camp followers, behind an eminence in the rear of his line, and these, at a signal, now suddenly made their appearance and began marching along the high land, with banners displayed like those of a warlike host. The effect upon the English was prodigious; they no longer disputed the field, and the rout, already partially accomplished, now became general.

Never was there a more complete victory in any pitched battle. With terrible energy King Robert pursued his enemy. For more than ninety miles King Edward Second rode at frantic speed; and he had good reason, for Douglas and Moray were hard upon his track; but he escaped, to reflect at leisure upon his tremendous overthrow.

I have drawn largely upon Sir Walter Scott, partly because of the force and beauty of his poetry, and partly because of its faithfulness to the historic record. How vivid his picture of the death of Lord Colonsay, while chasing the routed enemy! It will be recollected that the English nobleman de Argentine refused to retreat further, but, turning upon the pursuing Scots, overthrew no less than four of them. He was in the meantime wounded.

"A lance's point
Has found his breastplate's loosened joint,
An axe has razed his crest;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who pressed the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nailed to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round!
Stirrup, steel boot and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gushed from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turned him on the ground,
And laughed in death pang that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid."

It was by no lovelorn heroes that the battle of Bannockburn was won, and a nation delivered forever. It was by men who could laugh when pinned upon a lance point, if only their dying blow might bring revenge.

## OUR HARPOON-GUN.

BY W. H. MACY.

ABOUT the time we sailed in the Rodney, there was quite a little excitement about harpoon-guns. Guns of various patterns were then being pushed into the market, each of which claimed to have some peculiar advantages over all competitors. But all these terrible appliances for striking whales met with but temporary favor, and were for the most part soon abandoned. The Greener gun, which is mouuted on a pivot, and fired point-blank at the object, met with good success, possessing a great advantage over any of the numerous shoulder-guns. But whalemen generally prefer to trust to the stout heart and the strong arm, whenever the prey can be approached within the proper distance, and in the long run, nothing has been found worthy to supersede the hand harpoon.

The principal owner of the Rodney was also, at that time, agent for the sale of one particular style of shoulder-gun, and was desirous of sending one out in the ship and giving it a fair and thorough trial. Captain Hathaway, a conservative seaman of the old school, was inclined to pooh-pooh the new-fangled affair, and declared that for striking a whale effectually, there was nothing like pluck and "elbow-grease."

But notwithstanding his prejudices the gun was put on board, and it was enjoined upon him, that, if he did not want to use it himself, he should at least let the younger officers practise with it, on the outward passage, and become proficient in the use of it. He could then be guided by his own fair judgment as to whether he would risk any part of the success of his voyage on its use.

It did not take many experiments to enable him definitely to make up his judgment. The gun proved a most effective weapon particularly at the breech or butt end. The experiments were made by lowering boats at sea in fair weather, and bombarding an old barrel or some similar object, thrown overboard as a floating target. But to have attained to any accuracy of aim with this famous gun, so as to hit a particular object, would have required more scientific knowledge of disparts and parabolas, than even Marryatt's gunner, Mr. Tallboys, could boast of. When fired, the harpoon usually struck the crest of a wave "athwartships" instead of endwise, and skipped pleasantly off, while the gun itself, which was secured by a stout lanyard, invariably went overboard on the opposite side of the boat, and the astonished marksman found himself with his heels in the air flat on his back underneath the midships thwart. This tableau, though sufficiently amusing and unique, was far from being satisfactory, from a practical point of view.

Our young second mate, who at the outset had been especially enthusiastic and eager to try the new gun, had after bruising both his shoulders black-and-blue, and nearly breaking his neck in one of his involuntary back somersaults, positively declined to have anything more to do with the patent shooting-iron. He had loaded her breech with lead till it was all he wanted to do to lift her to his shoulder, but spite of all this he declared "she could out-kick a whole tribe of Kick-apoo Indians." So the conclusion was generally arrived at, that the gun was like many other new and wonderful inventions—"a firstrate plan, but it wouldn't answer." It had fallen into disgrace and been stowed away out of sight long before we arrived on the northern cruising-grounds. But here it sometimes came into play, for it was discovered that the whaling-gun could be used to some purpose in blazing away among a flock of aquatic birds at short range; scattering about half a pint of small shot with quite satisfactory results.

But when we cruised down among the Caroline group of island "between seasons," the old gun having been brought out one day and exhibited as a curiosity to the "Nannikin" or chief of Bortic in the island of Ponapi, his highness at once fell in love with it, and was seized with an irresistible longing to become the owner of such a prize. His knowledge of firearms was somewhat limited, his tribe being the possessors of only a few old trade-muskets bought at various times out of whaleships—mostly antiquated flintlocks which might have done good service at Bunker Hill or the Cowpens, but could hardly be touched off with a firebrand in their old age. An experiment or two made by the second mate with very light charges sufficed to convince the Nannikin that the harpoon-gun was the very *ne plus ultra* in its peculiar line. A bargain was struck for three boatloads of cocoanuts, which being duly forthcoming, the gun made a change of ownership and was seen no more on board the Rodney. And it must be confessed that we were rather glad to have found so good a market for it.

The captain had instructed the Nannikin a little in the manual of loading and firing, and had directed how large a dose of gunpowder should be used as a maximum. The savage, however, paid little heed to this part of his lesson, and indeed seemed to think it **would** be a fine thing to load her up full to **the muzzle** and make a good big noise.

There was a Scotchman named Jock Addie living with the tribe—one of those adventurers of whom one or two are to be found domesticated upon almost every islet in the Pacific, leading a kind of semi savage life. Jock was the owner of the only good gun to be found among the tribe, and he made sport of the Nannikin as far as he dared, for his foolish purchase. He had acquired much influence, and could take greater liberties with the chief than would be permitted to any of his more dusky subjects. But in this instance, the royal savage was inflexible; he was quite infatuated with the blunderbuss style of gun, and had no ears for the advice of even Jock Addie.

It was a year before we revisited Boitic, and the useless old gun had been well nigh forgotten. Jock Addie was still there, and in higher favor than ever with our old friend the Nannikin. The first glance at the latter showed that he had been the victim of a serious accident since our former visit. His face, on one side, was disfigured by an ugly scar, and there was a deep indentation, as if one side of the head had been stoven in by the kick of a horse or some similar blow.

"What's the matter with the king?"

asked the captain. "Has been at war with the other tribe, and got a crack from a war-club, I suppose."

"Not at all," answered Jock Addie. "It was all from that infernal old harpoon-gun that he bought of you. And the only wonder is that he hadn't stove his brains out or blown his head off."

The story was simply that the Nannikin, after he got possession of his new toy, was never tired of firing it off with heavy charges of powder. Noise was in his view the great desideratum, rather than good marksmanship or execution. He had a large supply of powder on hand just at that time, and he kept this clumsy blunderbuss blazing away for hours together, to the intense delight and admiration of all his native subordinates, but to the disgust of Jock Addie, who did his best to warn him against accident.

Finding that his shoulder would not stand the strain, the Nannikin after having been knocked flat backwards a few times, contrived by means of a forked stick and some stones, to fix the gun in position, so that the recoil could not throw her out of place. He could now increase the charge, *ad libitum*, at least to the full capacity of the barrel; and trying more and yet a little more, he at last filled her right up to the muzzle, rammed it down hard, and prepared for the grand *finale* which was to finish the jubilee for that day. Jock said that he himself was sitting sulkily in the doorway of the great council-house, while every man, woman and child in the tribe had gathered around at a respectful distance, when the Nannikin stepped proudly forward, stooped down and pulled the trigger. The explosion that followed was fearful, and as the smoke cleared away, a wild yell went up from all in concert, at seeing their sovereign lying stunned and bleeding upon the sward, the gun having vanished entirely! Jock hurried to the spot and raising the Nannikin called for help. After a while he succeeded in quieting the fears of the savages a little, and showing them the fragments of the butt which had inflicted the wound, they became satisfied of the material nature of the accident, the first impression having been that the gun had been spirited away into space and their chief killed by the agency of some offended gods.

Though the poor Nannikin's head was frightfully crushed, yet thanks to his good constitution and simple habits, aided by the Scotchman's rude surgery, his life was saved and a perfect cure effected, although the deep cavity on one side of his face gave him a strangely sinister appearance. The circumstance was a fortunate one for Jock, as the king from the date of his marvellous cure, looked upon him as a very divinity, and deferred to his advice on all occasions. He had carefully preserved the fragment of the gunstock loaded with lead, which had so disfigured him, and this memento was the last we ever saw of our famous harpoon-gun.

## THE TURKISH ARMY.

BY PROF. SERANOS D. PATRIE.

THE Turkish army is composed of three hundred and fifty thousand men, with a reserve about as numerous; but at least a third of both forces may be said to exist upon paper only. The three hundred and fifty thousand men are divided into nine corps d'armee, of which two are stationed in Constantinople and the neighborhood; two in Asia Minor; two in Syria, Palestine, and the surrounding country; one on the borders of the Danubian Principalities; one on the frontier of Persia; and one at, and near, Bagdad. These different corps are again subdivided much after the French and German fashion. Each one consists of two divisions; each division of two brigades; each brigade of two regiments; each regiment of three battalions; and each battalion of three companies. I speak here of the infantry only. To each division there is attached a brigade of cavalry and about forty or fifty field-guns. Each army corps is commanded by a military pasha of the first class, called a "Mushir," and considered equal in rank to a field-marshal in other armies. The division is commanded by a "Ferrick," or military pasha of the second class, equal in rank to a general of division in the French service; and each brigade by a "Liva," or military pasha of the third class, equal in rank to a brigadier-general. The regiments are each com-

She made no answer, but her lips moved, and formed the word, —

"Yes."

"You killed his mother."

"Yes."

"You have attempted, in order to obtain possession of and destroy your husband's will, to murder me, and you have failed."

"Yes."

"Mrs. Moreton, I do not intend to seek your punishment, or to pursue you for my own revenge. Your crimes will bring their own retribution. You are free to leave this house as soon as you desire. The sum of money allowed you for your maintenance under your husband's will shall be regularly paid to you or your agent. I do not forget that you are still the woman whom my poor friend loved. Do you hear me, Mrs Moreton? you are quite free."

I turned away, and opened the door. She arose from her knees, and groped for it weakly, as though she could not see. Then she fell forward suddenly, and senseless, across the threshold.

The servants told me, next morning, that Mrs. Moreton could not be found. I knew well that I should never see her again. Her stipend under the will has never been called for, and its annual accumulation now amounts to a considerable sum. Mr. Jack Maddock probably deserted her on learning of the conditions of the will, as I heard of him afterward in Texas, and learned that he had been killed in a miserable bar-room brawl. The wretched woman who run so terrible a gantlet for his sake, was left to expiate her own crime and his, alone. God pity her!

# A CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY.

BY CAPT. W. H. MACY, OF NANTUCKET.

THE story which I here relate, is that of an incident in the career of my neighbor and friend, Captain Barnabas Gorham, a veteran mariner who has just retired on his laurels, after a rough and adventurous, but on the whole a successful, career. He is a man of honor and of spotless veracity, so far as my intimate knowledge of him enables me to judge, and I have no doubt that the circumstances as related by himself are true in every particular.

Gorham, when a young man of seven-and-twenty, — these figures representing less than half his present age, — was sailing out of New York as mate of the packet-ship *Endeavor*, making voyages to Liverpool and back. He had been three years in the same employ, and stood high in the confidence and esteem of his commander, as well as of the agents of the company on both sides of the Atlantic. He felt himself a competent seaman and navigator, and was eagerly looking forward for some vacancy to occur, which would give him promotion to the command of the ship, and enable him to marry the maiden of his choice. It was an English girl at Liverpool who had levied an attachment upon him, but he determined not to commit matrimony, and undertake family cares upon a mate's pay.

On one of the outward voyages of the *Endeavor*, when nearly in the longitude of the Azores, but a long way to the northward of the group, a sail was raised ahead; and on approaching her she was made out to be a small bark, lying with her main-topsail aback under easy sail.

The stranger was, of course, set down as a whaler manœuvring in the pursuit of his regular business, and as the *Endeavor* was carrying a press of canvas with a leading breeze, Captain Randall had no idea of stopping to communicate with her. But on a nearer approach, it became evident, that, although the bark was a whaler, her boats were all gone from the davits. They might, to be sure, have gone to a considerable distance in pursuit of whales, but what was strange there was no lookout-man even at the bark's masthead, nor could any person be seen moving either on or above the deck. The course of the ship was changed to pass within hailing-distance, but no response was received to the hail. A legion of ravenous sea-birds rose and took flight as the *Endeavor* ran past her stern, and an odor, not like that of Arabia Felix, was wafted from under the lee-quarter of the "*Bohemia* of New Bedford," lying with a whale alongside in the fluke-chain. From all appearances the whale must have been dead many days. The view of the bark's deck from the new direction still showed no living being in sight, and it became evident that something

was wrong, some mystery about the deserted whaler which ought to be investigated. Captain Randall gave the order to haul in the studding-sails, and bring the ship to the wind.

As soon as she was hove to, my friend Gorham was sent with a boat to board the *Bohemia*, and make observations. The result of these was not such as to explain or throw light upon the mystery of her abandonment. Everything was in tolerable order on board, and nothing indicated that any mutiny or difficulty had occurred. The log-book was found written up to noon on the 29th day of May, though it was now the 20th of June, showing that three weeks had elapsed since the desertion of the vessel.

From the same source it appeared that Alfred Deroll was or had been master of the *Bohemia*, and Richard Clarke first-officer. The last entry of latitude on the log showed her to have been then some six degrees south of her present position, and not far from the Azores, when the accident, or whatever it might have been, occurred. She had been ever since lying on the port-tack, and gradually working to the northward, and as she had met with a succession of moderate weather, and had, moreover, been drifting the *slick* of the decaying whale, she had made a smooth sea of it, and everything remained safe in its place without loss or damage.

Gorham did not stay long to take notes, but returned with his report to his superior officer. Here was a windfall indeed! The horizon had been sharply scanned in every quarter from the lofty mast-heads of the packet-ship, but no sail of any kind could be discovered far or near, excepting the uninhabited whaler. It is not every day that one has the good fortune to pick up a ship, tight, stanch, and strong, with neither owners nor crew to lay claim to her.

A copy of the shipping-list which chanced to be at hand, gave the date of the sailing of the *Bohemia* from New Bedford, her tonnage, the captain and owner's names, and reported her as having six hundred barrels of sperm oil in her hold but three months back. No doubt she had added to her catchings since that time, and the bark and her cargo were probably worth, in round numbers, nearly forty thousand dollars. Such a prize was not to be lost, for Gorham and his commander were both shrewd Yankees with an eye to a good fat salvage. It was possible for the *Endeavor* to spare her mate and four men, and a prize crew; and Barna Gorham, who felt a host in himself, was confident that he could take the *Bohemia* into an American port even with a very small crew. The season of the year was favorable, and he could keep her under moderate canvas.

Not many minutes were spent in preparation, for it was only necessary to pass the personal effects of five men into the boat. The *Bohemia* was in good condition, with plenty of provisions stores, and water, on board; and within half an hour, Gorham had assumed his first command, and was cutting away the loathsome carcass of the whale from alongside, while the *Endeavor* had spread all her kites, and was speeding away on her course toward the British Channel.

Gorham's instructions from Captain Randall, were to make the best of his way back to New York, and then to give up the property to the agents of the packet line, leaving the matter of adjustment in their hands. As soon, therefore, as the incumbrance of the whale was cleared away, the main-topsail was filled away, and the courses set; keeping close on a wind, and heading nearly up to her course for the home-port. The topgallant-sails were suffered to remain furled, but Gorham did not propose, short-handed as he was, to carry sail like a full-manned ship. But the *Bohemia* proved a rapid sailer, and the weather continued favorable. Everything went on regularly and ship-shape, and repeated trials at the pumps showed the bark to be perfectly tight.

Of course the new crew talked much about the mystery that surrounded the disappearances of the old one, and endeavored to account for it by a variety of theories, more or less absurd. As before related, there was not the least evidence of mutiny or trouble on board, nothing denoting that the ship had been abandoned by reason of panic; all around had the appearance of the crew having left on some temporary business, intending to return very soon. All the boats were gone, except one new one which was on the skids over the quarter-deck, where whalers usually carry their spare boats. Of course they might have gone in chase of more whales, after securing one alongside, and this seemed a natural explanation, supposing they had lost the run of their ship by reason of darkness or otherwise; but who had ever heard of all hands leaving a ship at sea, even a whaler, to take care of herself without any ship-keeper? The case certainly had some strange features about it, and Gorham and his men, after discussing it, at length were obliged to dismiss the subject in an unsatisfied way.

A week later, the *Bohemia*, having made a good stretch to the southward and westward, was crossing one of the favorite whaling-grounds of the North Atlantic, and a whaling-brig was seen to windward with her boats down, and making various manœuvres. But, as all this was none of Gorham's business, and he had no need to communicate

with the brig, he kept steadily on his course. The brig's boats apparently did not succeed in overtaking the whale, and, having abandoned the chase, were lying with their oars a-peak, when the *Bohemia* passed along under their lee, within a mile. One of the boats — there were only two of them — suddenly headed off under the full impulse of both oars and sail, pulling directly athwart the bark's track as if desirous to head her off and speak to her.

Gorham had no objection to exchanging a few passing words with any brother seaman, if he could do so without deviating from his voyage; but was quite unprepared for the angry shouts and frantic gesticulations of the man at the steering-oar of the whale-boat. His peremptory orders to "Heave to!" were enforced by a volley of oaths and threats, received only with a contemptuous smile.

"What 's the matter with you, man?" he asked. "And who are you, any how? What brig is that to windward?"

He caught the answer "*Draco*, of Provincetown!" from the boatsteerer in the head of the boat, but the first speaker continued to shout like a madman.

"Who are you, I 'd like to know? My name is Deroll, master of that ship, and I told you to heave to! How came you aboard of her, any way?"

"Picked her up adrift," was the cool reply.

A fusilade of curses was sent after the bark, but the boat was now dropping into her wake, and was soon left out of hearing. The oars were again manned, and she pulled up to meet the *Draco*, which was coming to take up her boats.

The brig hovered about the bark's weather-quarter, keeping the same course with her; and during the night the wind entirely died away, so that both vessels were becalmed next morning within two miles of each other. Soon after sunrise a boat was seen approaching the *Bohemia*, and Captain Deroll, though flushed and tremulous from excitement, restrained himself and kept a civil tongue, until he was alongside the bark.

Gorham handed him the man-ropes, and received him with proper courtesy as he came in on decks. He glared furiously about him, but seemed struck dumb, for a moment, with astonishment at seeing naught but strange faces.

"Where 's all my crew?" he thundered at last. "And who are you that pretends to be in charge of my ship? Do you know who I am? My name is Deroll, and I am master of this bark, the *Bohemia*. You understand, sir? I take charge of her now, from this moment."

The usurper did not seem at all overwhelmed with awe at this, as the speaker had seemed to expect he would. He felt that possession was nine points in the law, and had no idea of loosening his grip upon the handsome pile of salvage-money quietly.

"Not so fast," he said quietly. "You say that you are Captain Alfred Deroll, master of this ship. Any man might come on board and make the same claim; however, I am quite willing to take your word that you are Captain Deroll, and that you were, until recently, the commander of this vessel; but you are not so now, sir. The *Bohemia* is, in a certain way, a prize to the packet-ship *Endeavor* of New York, of which I am first officer, and I am here as prize-master, taking my instructions only from Captain Randall of that ship."

"But where 's all my men? And my mate and second mate? And where are you bound with the ship? And what 's to become of me with my voyage all broken up?" he demanded, following one question up with another in great excitement.

"My dear sir," said Gorham, "I know no more about your officers and crew than you know yourself, for I know not yet how you yourself left the ship, or how you came to be in the *Draco*. As to where I am bound, as soon as there is a breeze I shall go on my way toward New York, where I am ordered. I am truly sorry that your voyage is broken up, but you are a sailor, and know that such things belong to the fortunes of the sea. I shall be happy to offer you a passage home in the ship; as to your personal traps, they are all safe, and at your disposal."

But it was very hard to persuade the unfortunate captain to talk or act rationally on any subject. He insisted that he had a right to take charge of his own ship wherever he found her; declared his intention to call for help from his friend, Captain Nickerson of the *Draco*, to take her by force, if necessary; vowed that the bark should not go home, for he could take her back to Fayal, and ship more men, if he did not find his own, and prosecute his half-finished voyage, and, in short, he conducted himself like one demented by his troubles.

His boatsteerer, the same who had given the name of the brig the day before, now beckoned him aside, and seemed to be remonstrating with him to bring him to reason. A third man was called into the conference, and appeared to take sides with the boatsteerer. But the captain was quite unabie to see how anybody could depose him from the command of his own ship, and seemed not only angry now, but hurt in his feelings at the idea of his own men deserting his cause, and yielding up the vessel and cargo to a gang of usurpers without a struggle for her. Indeed, could he have

mustered a few men, he would surely have made an attempt to re-take the *Bohemia* by force; but Barna Gorham and his four ship mates were prepared to meet any such movement, and would have proved themselves worthy foemen even against great odds.

But another boat was seen approaching; and soon Captain Nickerson, of the *Draco*, answered Gorham's hail, giving his name; and, as the boat shot alongside, obeyed the request to leave his crew in the boat until some friendly understanding could be arrived at. As soon as he stepped on board, himself, and offered his hand, Gorham was satisfied that he had a common-sense man to deal with. A few words were sufficient to make him comprehend the whole situation, and he laughed at the idea of any one questioning Gorham's title to the command which he held.

"Look here, Deroll," said he, in a cheery way, "it 's just the fortune of the sea, and you 've got to make the best of it. I dare say now Captain Gorham will give you and your two men a passage home in the ship, as he is so very short-handed, and may even agree to see that you are paid wages for working your passage, if that is any object. But the ship and cargo are certainly a partial loss, at least, to her owners, and to you, and the salvors must have their share first of all out of the heap."

Captain Deroll, finding himself alone, was compelled to submit to his fate, though with an ill grace; and one of the boats being sent back to the *Draco*, an adjournment was made to the cabin of the bark, where a series of mutual explanations followed, though without fully clearing up the mystery.

It appeared that the three boats of the *Bohemia*, in charge, respectively, of Captain Deroll and his two mates, had been lowered in pursuit of sperm whales on the day indicated by the last entry made in the log-book.

The bark was left in the care of old Scott, the ship-keeper, he having the cooper, the black cook, and two Portugese boys to assist him in working her. A whale had been taken during the forenoon, and secured alongside, but as more were in sight, it was determined to go in pursuit of them, deferring the operation of cutting in. The captain's boat struck another whale which proved to be a racer, and ran him several miles to windward at such a rate that the other two boats were unable to get near him, and the last time that Captain Deroll had noticed them, they were still far to leeward of him, and tugging away at their oars. After this, he made up his mind to go it alone at any risk; and after a hard and long siege, he succeeded in checking the speed of his whale by a mortal wound. But for the first time, he became conscious what, in the excitement of his work, he had not before observed, that a fog-bank had crept down upon him, and the ship was hidden from view. Still he hung on a while longer, hoping the mist might lift again, for it was hard to give up and lose the whale now, after all the struggle for victory; but night was closing in, — nothing could be seen, and no sound could be heard in response to frequent blasts of his own fog-horn. He was driven to the mortifying necessity of cutting from his prize; and now shaping his course with the best judgment he could, by the little boat-compass, and the wind, he began his tedious search for the ship.

But from that hour he had never seen either the *Bohemia* or the other boats. As shown by the log-book, the *Bohemia* was at that time several degrees south of the position where she had been picked up by the *Endeavor*, but was, nevertheless, north of the usual cruising-ground. Captain Deroll knew that there were several vessels cruising between him and the islands, and his best chance of safety lay in making his way southward, so if he did not meet a vessel he could certainly make the land in a few days. After suffering much from hunger and exhaustion, he was picked up by the *Draco*, which having spoken several other vessels, and heard nothing of the *Bohemia*, left for another cruising-ground more to the westward. She had distributed a part of the men into other whalers, as usual in such cases, so that only two beside Captain Deroll now remained. They had done ship's duty with the *Draco's* crew, and as the mate had met with an injury, and was temporarily off duty, Captain Deroll had volunteered to take charge of his boat, and thus had chanced to be so near his own ship as to recognize her at sight.

He had, up to this time, felt no concern about the safety of the *Bohemia*, or of her crew. Mr. Clark was a competent man to take charge of her, and the captain expected in a few weeks to return in the *Draco* to Fayal, where he would, doubtless, find his own vessel waiting for him, since the mate would, of course, have learned that he and his boat's crew were safe, and on board other vessels of the fleet.

The statement of Gorham as to the place and circumstances of the finding seemed a strange one, but there was the log-book before him with his mate's handwriting up to the fatal date; then a blank of three weeks, after which the entries were resumed in a new hand, and at a point six degrees further north. The bark must have been all that time lying aback on the northern tack, with the whale in the fluke-chain,

and not a living soul on board. It was easy enough to believe that the other boat's crews had, like himself, been lost in the fog; but it was unaccountable that all the ship-keepers, five in number, should have left the vessel. But they had done so of course, for the *Bohemia* had carried a spare boat on her cranes, and this too was gone when she was fallen in with.

There would seem to have been some rashness or imprudent management, and perhaps some day it might be explained, for it was not probable that seventeen men in three boats had all perished.

The alternative now offered to the unfortunate captain and his two men, was either to go home on sufferance in his own ship, or to return to Fayal in the *Draco*. His wisest course was to take Captain Nickerson's advice and follow the fortunes of the *Bohemia*, though to his peculiar nature the idea of going home in her in this ignoramus way was galling enough. He listened to reason at last, however, and as there was a prospect of a breeze springing up, the *Draco* men returned to their own vessel, leaving him and his men behind.

With this timely re-enforcement, Gorham felt strong-handed enough to carry sail as he wished, and the voyage across the Atlantic was made without further adventures worthy of note. The two subordinates were jolly enough, and seemed to fall into their old places quite naturally; but the old skipper was morose and sullen most of the time, despite all the efforts of Gorham to rouse him into a different state of feeling. The very idea of a ship-master being permitted to work his passage home on board his own ship in this humiliating way!

"Why, I feel," he said, "like a prisoner of war, with my ship in the enemy's hands. Yet I never abandoned my ship. I may say that she abandoned me."

As soon as the *Bohemia* arrived off Sandy Hook, and took a pilot, Captain Deroll slipped quietly away, and hastened immediately to New Bedford to report to his owners.

The bark was turned over to the care of the packet-line agents, and all the crew were held as witnesses. In the adjustment of the case, it was considered that the vessel and cargo had been most effectually lost to her owners at the time she was picked up, and the salvors were justly awarded the lion's share of the whole property. Gorham pocketed a handsome sum as his proportionate share; and, as it never rains but it pours, while he was being detained as a witness, a vacancy was opened by which he got command of the fine ship *Fidelia*, belonging to the same line of packets as the *Endeavor*, and, on the return voyage, brought home the faithful English maiden as his wife.

But the more tragic part of the story was not explained until several months later, and even then but obscurely. A French merchant-vessel passing across the North Atlantic had picked up the wreck of a whale-boat with one man nearly starved, clinging to her bottom, having been several days in that miserable situation. The poor wretch was kindly cared for, and landed at Brest; and after a series of wanderings, at last he reached his home in the Azores, and proclaimed himself the sole survivor of the *Bohemia*, not then knowing the captain and his boat's crew had been rescued. His thrilling story, as given to the American consul, was that the mate and second mate giving up the chase of the captain had struck another whale, which stove one of the boats so that she filled and sunk. That the other boat having also a small hole knocked in her, and being overcrowded with twelve men, was also in a sinking condition; and being then not far from the ship the most frantic signals were made for relief. That old Scott, on the impulse of the moment, lowered away the spare boat, and imprudently called all hands into her, leaving the bark to take care of herself. With a short-handed and insufficient crew, the boat made but slow progress to windward, and even before they had reached their comrades, the stoven boat had filled under them and rolled over; and just then the fog-bank shut down around them, hiding the ship from view. Here now were seventeen souls depending for safety upon a single frail boat, and in the midst of the confusion that followed, she also filled and overturned. The struggle for life was fearful, as the poor lad described it. Some were drowned immediately, and one by one they dropped off into watery graves.

The wrecked boats drifted apart from each other, and the next day there were still three alive beside Antoine upon the one, while the other was not to be seen when the fog cleared away. To add to the agony of their situation they could see the *Bohemia* not many miles distant, and still forging away from them. Some unavailing attempts were made to roll the boat up again, as they hoped to be able to bail her out, but in their feeble and exhausted state this was found impossible, and they abandoned themselves to despair.

His companions had all perished and disappeared before the second day was spent, and he could not tell anything that occurred from that time until he was rescued. He jammed his thumb into the plug-hole in the boat's bottom, and clung to his station mechanically as by the mere instinct of life, but his mind had been nearly a blank,

and he had little or no idea of the lapse of time.

In time, this deposition of poor Antoine reached the United States, and was published in the journals of the day. This was the key that unlocked the mystery; and the statement of the Portuguese boy was doubtless true in all essential particulars.

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## *"THAT GIRL!"*

### *AN UNFINISHED GAME OF CRICKET.*

BY HELEN LUQUEER.

"MAY I come in?"

"No, it is not allowed."

"Then may I address you from here?"

And the young girl placed her rosebud of a face in a pretty pair of white hands, and resting her elbows upon the window ledge, stood framed, and looking into the chapel study of Hopewell Seminary.

"Even that," replied the gentleman tutor, Mr. Evistone, "would not be conceded, I think, as proper by the authorities."

"For that reason, if no other, I am bound to stay until I have said all I desire."

"To get scolded, and place me in a position to get frowned upon," he answered.

"And the entire school treated to a dish of proprieties," laughed Eva Leighton. "And, by the way, what a splendid confessional this would make!" and she clasped her hands together in supplication, and assumed a penitential look, and continued, "Your riverence, it 's a grievous sin I 've ben committin', — that 's old Bridget." Then she laughed merrily again, but seeing signs of annoyance in the face of the gentleman her mirth vanished, and she resumed, "Seriously, Mr. Evistone, I am in trouble again, — having played a little trick upon the dunces of girls."

"Peppered the pie, I suppose."

"Yes, and Becky Sharp" —

"You should not speak so disrespectfully of your teacher, Miss Mullison; for it is she, I presume, you mean."

"She is a wonderful reproduction of the wonderful creation of Thackeray; but if it suits you best, Miss Mullison has decreed that I am to be deprived of all sweet things for a week; and that is not all, — I am not to go with the school to Glen Elder this afternoon, and I believe she would put peas in my shoes if she dared."

"But what can I do for you more than to hope you will be careful in the future?"

"Simply this," and she laid some money before him, "that you will please bring me one of the wickedest novels you can find in town, and by way of revenge I will read it while she is away."

Mr. Evistone returned the money, and said, —

"No, I cannot assist you in breaking one of the rules of the school, but I will see that you are provided with something to read."

"And just a little naughty and exciting, or I won't read a word. But I catch the fluttering of a gray dress in yonder walk, and am certain Becky is scouting about for me; and should she find me here talking to a live man, and one of her teachers at that, she would decapitate us both without the benefit of clergy."

She placed her pretty fingers upon her rosy lips in token that there was a secret between them, slipped from her perch, and glided swiftly away.

He laid down his book, watched the fluttering of white garments until they had disappeared amid the foliage, and then sighed a trifle dismally, for, while the young lady was exceedingly pretty, she had the faculty of getting everybody associated with her into trouble, and he had a presentiment that he would not long escape, for even now were it known by the principal, Miss Mullison, that Eva Leighton had visited the little chapel at the end of the garden, which was strictly forbidden, he would come in for a share of the censure.

"Hopewell" was an Episcopalian school, and Mr. Evistone a divinity student who taught the languages, and read prayers in the chapel connected with it, which he used as a private study, and from the window of which Miss Eva Leighton had the audacity to hold conversation with him. It was a highly improper act, and if known would not only subject her to disgrace in the school, but him to unpleasant remarks as being unfitted to his cloth and position.

After an early lunch the entire school, with the exception of Eva Leighton, started

slowly. Then he put his arm round her, and I crept softly out of the room. I was amazed when I thought it over. Aunt Nix, our aunt, had been in love all these years, and we had never suspected it. How glad Mr. Hutchins must have been to find her still unmarried, and how much prettier than ever she had grown in these last few weeks. And then I went to sleep.

We had a quiet wedding at our house a few weeks later, and then our new uncle carried Aunt Nixie off to Chicago with him to live.

"Tom," said Aunt Nix, "I want all the children to come and make us a long visit as soon as we are settled."

"Elizabeth," replied Uncle Tom severely, "you will have to be contented with my company for a whole year. Then your numerous nieces and nephews will be welcome for a week or two."

And Aunt Nixie only laughed.

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# MY PORTUGUESE SHIPMATES.

BY CAPT. W. H. MACY, OF NANTUCKET.

A NUT for the student in human nature is the "'Guee," as he is to be found on board American whalers, or located, as many of them are, in the whaling ports of New England. Not the Portuguese from the mother country, is to be understood by this term; but the colonial 'Guees, and of these there are two distinct classes. The prejudice existing between the white 'Guee from the Azores, and the black 'Guee from the Cape Verde Islands, is quite equal to that to which we have been acustomed in this country.

The white or Azores men form the great bulk of the 'Guees in the whaling service. It has been customary, for many years past, for whaleships to sail from home ports with a partial complement of men, and to fit up their crews at those islands. Hence the large number of them to be found employed in the business. But the number who become American citizens is comparatively small. The great ambition of most of them is, to save money sufficient to return and purchase a homestead in their native island. They are deeply imbued with the love of home, or as phrenology has it, "inhabitiveness," for which mountaineers and islanders are especially famed.

In their peculiarities of character, the 'Guees form quite as distinctive a class as the Irish or Germans. Nay, more so; for the 'Guee is always a 'Guee, though he be an American citizen. He may be naturalized, but not assimilated.

Those who return to their homes, partially Americanized, form a sort of local aristocracy, as the possession of a few hundred dollars in hard cash secures them independence.

Of course, they are uot slow to plume themselves upon their superior knowledge of the great world; while the sobriety of their habits, have, in almost every case, saved them from the demoralizing influences of sailor life.

As seamen, at least in the whaling service, they are highly valued; distinguished as they are, not only for hardy endurance and submissiveness, but for qualities rarely to be found in Jack before the mast, — sobriety and avarice. This last attribute is of special moment in a business where every man, from the captain to the green hand, has a direct interest in the gains of the voyage. The American or English sailor, with characteristic recklessness and improvidence, may make little account of his small share of a hundred or two, more or less, in reckoning up the catchings. But Daniel Dancer himself was not a closer financier than is our genuine Azores 'Guee. He knows, at any moment, his exact interest in every barrel of oil stowed under hatches, and makes up his account anew as each successive "fare" is taken. If, as generally happens, he is not arithmetician enough to do this himself, he gets the figures from some comrade better versed in mathematics, who probably never took half as much pains to calculate his own "lay."

For this reason, he will always stick to a ship, and finish the voyage in her, rather than lose the money due him. He is not, like his Yankee comrades in too many cases, always laying plans for desertion in the next port, where the anchor may be dropped; nor is he to be easily induced to abandon his "little bird in the hand" for the sake of larger prospective gains. Even

the allurements of the Californian Ophir, which in '48 and '49 made such havoc among whalers' crews in the Pacific, had little effect in enticing away the Azores' men.

The 'Guee, as is generally the case with close-fisted men, is temperate in his habits. But, to do him justice, that is not altogether the effect of parsimony, for he can seldom be induced to drink deeply, even at others' expense. This trait makes these men particularly valued while the ship is in port. As captains and officers express it, "Where you put a 'Guee over night, you find him in the morning."

The 'Guee, when he comes on board at Fayal or Flores, is a most unpromising looking specimen to the eye of the veteran salt. He is usually loose-jointed and awkward in his movements, with a general air of sheepishness about him; seeming, as A. Ward has it, "to apologize, on behalf of his parents, for being here at all."

He brings nothing with him, but a single suit of homespun, with a cone-shaped woollen cap, which towers a foot or less above his head. But he straightway begins to accumulate property. Before the end of the first season, he is better clothed than any of his American shipmates, while his slop-bills are much less in amount than theirs. Unless we are very fortunate, the accounts of Jack Harris and Pat. Farrell show them to be in debt to the ship; but Manoël Rodriguer always lives within his mean, sand keeps a balance due him.

In illustration of this mysterious accumulating (the effect of a sort of thrift not generally well understood on shipboard), it is often said, that if two 'Guees, with one shirt apiece, were shut up in the fore-peak to trade with each other, they would both come out with full suits of clothes.

He wastes nothing which may possibly be made available at some future day, however distant; while Chatham Street can hardly produce his match at a bargain. I have never been more highly amused than in looking at a chaffering trade between a 'Guee sailor and a Jew clothier, in which my shipmate would triumphantly bear off a garment at forty per cent of the price first asked for it. And the best of the joke was, he would leave Moses well pleased with the result: while I myself had nearly broken his heart, by giving him the full amount of his original demand.

He is always *au fait* to all the ingenious contrivances for prolonging the existence of a garment, known among long-voyage mariners; such as quilting one old shirt inside of another, "breaking joints" with the thin places, so that no part of it shall be transparent when completed; or curtailing the sleeves in tropical latitudes for material wherewith to "re-enforce" the back. And the story of the 'Guee who bought an outfit of number twelve brogans, when his feet would hardly have filled sevens, because the prices were the same, and he got more leather for his money, the writer can vouch for, from his own knowledge.

But very few of the 'Guees who find their way into our marine are able to read or write, even in their own language; and it is only in rare instances, that they show any aptitude for book-learning. Hence few of them rise to be shipmasters, or officers above the station of second or third mate. But with such traits of character as have been mentioned, it is not to be wondered at that they save money, even in subordinate positions.

The number of the young men at the Azores who have the index finger, or a part of it, cut off, has often excited wonder and remark. It is safe to say that one in every three or four is thus mutilated. This, we are told, is done to escape the annual conscription for the Portuguese army. They appear, as a general thing, to have little affection for the mother country, and an unconquerable dread of military service.

They are, as may well be supposed, the most bigoted of Romanists. But they make little account of feast or fast days after enlisting under the American flag; and eat their allowance of bovine mahogany without asking what day of the week it may be. Whether they purchase a dispensation to fit their special case, this deponent is unable to say. It is certain that they seldom neglect their duty of confession, if an opportunity offers to fulfill it; but on arriving at a port where priests of their faith are to be met with, usually strike a balance of their long-current accounts, and open a new score.

On the whole it may be said of them, that, despite their ignorance, superstition and "nearness" (as Mrs. Peggotty Barkis would say), for which they are often disliked by their forecastle comrades, they stand well with those in authority on the quarter-deck, as being steady and trustworthy men, both in and out of port. Such of them as have settled among us, and formed new homes, while clinging tenaciously to their national characteristics, are, almost without exception, worthy members of society. Naturally conservative and unprogressive, the Azores peasant is ever noted for economy, plodding industry, and perseverance, if not for enterprise; and while we smile at his whims and eccentricities, we respect him as an orderly, temperate and thrifty citizen.

# *AN INSULT TO ROYALTY.*

BY CAPT. W. H. MACY.

OLD "KING GEORGE," as he was called at Strong's Island, was a sovereign as absolute in his way as the Autocrat of all the Russias, ruling his subjects with the most despotic power. So far as we could judge from observation during our stay at his beautiful island, every subject, from the highest chief, in authority next to the king, down to the meanest commoner, held his goods and chattels, his wife and children, and even his own life, completely at the mercy of his royal command or caprices. If he chose to enact the part of Appius Claudius, the state of morals and the deference for royalty were such that no Strong's-Island father could have been found to emulate Virginius.

One of the national games or ceremonies which was highly curious and interesting to us seamen, when on shore, was a dance performed round a large bonfire. In the dances all the able-bodied young men of the tribe took part, while the king and principal chiefs looked on with critical eyes, approving or finding fault as the case might be.

Every adult male at Strong's Island is tattooed with a stripe up and down the outside of each leg, all the way from the hip to the ankle, not unlike that on the trousers of an army sergeant in our infantry, and the effect is very striking. There was something weird and thrilling in witnessing the gestures and movements, all in concert, by a hundred or two stalwart men arranged in a circle, with the bright glare of the fire shining upon their sleek naked forms, and bringing out everything in bold relief against a background of darkness.

On one of these occasions when our watch was ashore on liberty, some of our men had been partaking rather freely of the villainous liquor manufactured by the only two white men who were at that time domiciled on the island. For here, as elsewhere in the South Seas, one of the first evidences of civilization is the presence of alcoholic stimulants. As soon as a white man locates, he at once proceeds to improvise a whiskey-still with a pot or teakettle, and an old gun-barrel, and the result is an article of "tangle-foot," which is warranted to kill at as many yards as anything of the sort dispensed across the bar of any of the lower order of saloons in New York or London. The liquor is made from the sap of the cocoanut-tree, is very strong and fiery, and was known to the sailors under the common name of "dent," the word being a contraction and corruption of the Spanish *aguardiente*.

Old Jack Spring was the most demonstrative of the liberty men and the chief spokesman, having imbibed rather freely of the fiery *dent*, and still having a "pocket pistol" half filled with the same, projecting from the breast pocket of his jumper. Jack was a veteran seaman who had sailed in all sorts of vessels, and loudly boasted of having, in his youth, served in one of the mizzen-tops of his most nautical majesty, William the Fourth. Taking him altogether, he was a fair specimen of that eccentric animal of whom Smollet and Dibdin sang, — the British tar.

The dance progressed very correctly, as we thought, and very much to our delight, but, as it seemed, not to the satisfaction of old King George, who was in one of his surly humors. He several times vented his anger in horrible yells at some delinquent, accompanied by violent threatening gestures, as if he had half a mind to show his despotic power by jumping into the ring and knocking the dancers right and left. All this excited the ire of Jack Spring, and led to counter demonstrations from him, expressive of an itching desire to punch the head of royalty.

Those of us who were sober enough to realize the folly and danger of such conduct did our best to quiet the old sailor down, and tried hard to reason with him. But Jack, who had been drawing some of the charges from the pocket-pistol, was now just in fighting trim, and we might just as well have tried to reason with a tiger in the jungle.

"Oh! don't tell me," said he, "about that old blow-hard, calling himself King George! He 's a disgrace to the name, and no true-born Englishman ought to hear him called by it. He a king, eh? I 'd just like to know who set him up in the king business! I 'd think nothing of spoiling his ugly mug for him."

The old manarch's attention was attracted by Jack's demonstrations, but his gaze expressed more wonder than fear. We tried to coax Jack away, but he would neither be coaxed nor driven. He struck out blows even at his dearest shipmates, and jerking himself away from us, stepped out nearer to the king with his fists squared for action, showing himself more than ever determined to beard the lion in his den.

But his majesty was not looking at him now; he had his royal eyes fixed upon one of his own subjects, a tall and wiry fellow whom he had once before yelled at because he did not keep sufficiently accurate time with the other dancers.

He did not raise his voice now above an ominous grunt; but, swelling with rage, he picked up a good-sized stone, which lay near, and hurled it with fatal aim into the breast of the unfortunate youth. This was the last stran that broke the camel's back of Jack Spring's endurance.

"Do you call that fair play?" he shouted. "I'll take some of the king out of ye!" And away went his right and left fists, straight from the shoulder into the ugly face of old Georgus Rex, who was just bowled over like a nine-pin.

To describe in words the *melée* that followed this rash act would be impossible. The old sailor was attacked by five or six men at once, but defended himself with marvelous agility, knocking his assailants right and left. The dance was broken up in confusion, and the din and uproar of many voices woke the echoes of the night. A cry of "Rescue!" was raised, and the rest of us sailed in to the assistance of our watchmate, but the islanders closed up around him, their only object seeming to be to secure the principal offender, who had so assaulted the sacred person of their sovereign, and made no further resistance to us than was necessary to effect that object.

"But we were soon sensible of the folly of attempting to help him, and of the madness of getting ourselves into a serious conflict with hundreds of excited savages. We lost sight entirely of Jack Spring, who was overwhelmed by numbers, and carried off bodily within a hollow square of men, while we made our way down to the beach unmolested; the natives seeming glad to get rid of us without resorting to the use of weapons.

Meanwhile those on board the ships had observed the commotion and heard the clamor of many voices, and the boats were sent in to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Besides our own ship, the *Young Eagle*, there was an English whaler lying in the bay, called the *Bermondsey*, commanded by a Captain Jacobs, who was an old cruiser among those islands, and prepared to deal with the natives summarily in case of trouble arising.

Three or four of the *Bermondsey's* men happened to be ashore with us, and had taken part in the momentary attempt at rescue with the rest of us, though the whole difficulty had been originated by old Jack, and the natives justly held him to be the guilty party.

When the boats touched the landing, we were all ready to jump in, but not a man, woman or child of the whole native population of Strong's Island was to be seen. The whole village was deserted, and dead silence had fallen upon the place. Our story was soon told, and, as might be supposed, Captain Parker was terribly concerned about the fate of the Englishman, who was now so completely in the hands of the Philistines. He must be rescued either by ransom or by force, at all hazards, even as a matter of common humanity. But more than this, Jack Spring was highly esteemed by the captain, and was really one of the best men in the ship when liquor was out of his reach.

Nothing could be done, at all events, till morning; and then, if the people had not already taken summary vengeance, we must try the virtue of an armed demonstration and a parley. We had a few old flint-lock muskets, brought out for purposes of trade, which looked formidable, but were not very dangerous, unless at the breach or butt end, and one old rusty carriage-gun, a six-pounder.

The sound of oars was heard, and a boat from the English ship came alongside, bringing Captain Jacobs himself. He was a very different man from Captain Parker; a fierce headlong fellow, who never stopped long to calculate chances, and moreover had been fortifying himself with deep potations of gin.

"Well, Captain Jacobs, I am very glad to see you," said our skipper calmly. "Indeed I was thinking of coming to see you, for I wanted to consult as to what it is best to do in this fix. Here 's one of my men has got himself into a tight place, by his drunken folly, and I don't know whether they 'll kill him or hold him for ransom, and let us buy him off in the morning."

"And don't you pay a ha'penny for ransom, Parker," said the little Englishman, impetuously. "By George, I would n't, and I 'm all ready to make this quarrel mine, and back you up. It 's old Jack Spring, I 'm told, and you may depend he 'll come out all right, for he has a charmed life. I know him well, for I had him with me a year in the *Seringopatam*, and I 'll bet high on Jack's luck. "What do you think of doing, Parker?"

"I suppose I can do nothing until daylight comes, and then we can go in with the boat and hold a palaver."

"And that will amount to just nothing," put in Captain Jacobs. "We 'll have to use force afterward, and I 'm for using it in the first place. Egad! that was a good thing, though, Jack knocking over the old barbarian, and I 'd have given a five-poun' note to have seen the fun." And Captain Jacobs went into a roar of laughter

at the amusing picture, in his imagination, of the old king with both his eyes bunged up, and the tipsy old tar plying his fists right and left among the naked islanders.

"I must confess I don't see this business in the same light that you do," said our captain seriously. "I should hardly wonder or blame them if they killed him with a short shrift. Why, only think of a stranger knocking down Queen Victoria, or the Prince of Wales, on British soil. What would you loyal Englishmen do about it?"

"Ah, but that's quite another thing. Our gracious majesty is not to be compared with this old milk-and-molasses-colored thief. I 've no patience to wait till morning, I want to begin now, and if you say so, we 'll carry the war into Africa. Why we might land forty men at once from the two ships, and set fire to the village, while we kept up a covering fire from the carriage-guns. What d' ye say?" asked Jacobs eagerly.

"I say I will not be a party to anything of the kind. The wrong is all on our side, or at least is all the fault of one drunken man, and I shall not do anything so piratical until I have exhausted all peaceable means."

"Well, if you won't agree to that," returned the English captain, "I 'll open fire with my battery, and give them a terrible scare. This may put the old king in a proper frame of mind to make good terms in the morning."

"I see no harm in that," returned Captain Parker, "and indeed I think it may have a good effect. Of course you will use only blank cartridges in your guns."

"I don't know about that," answered Jacobs, as he called his crew to man the boat. "I may fire a ball into one or two of them, — just by mistake, eh? Look out now for a grand explosion!" he called out as he pulled away into the darkness toward his own ship.

The *Bermondsey* carried eight guns, four of which were long nines, and at that time had them all mounted and ready for service. Captain Jacobs, as soon as he got on board his own ship, procedeed to load up and fire both broadsides at once, waking up all the echoes around the concave of the bay. After this formidable display of power, it seemed ridiculous to fire our one little pog-gun, though we had loaded it with that intention.

No sound was heard in response, after the echoes had died away, but all was silence and darkness. We looked and listened for a quarter of an hour, discovering no sign of life, when at last, a faint glimmer, like that of a lamp or a smali torch, was seen in the direction of the large building which stood very near the landing. This was the great council-house for the *kara* feasts and for other public purposes.

"Light, ho!" was called simultaneously on board both ships.

And then followed another deadly silence, while eager eyes were watching this new phenomenon, and awaiting some movement or change in it. The light grew lighter and increased in size, as if it were a bonfire which had been newly kindled, and was gradually gaining strength. Soon the flame made a sudden start, and enlarged as if it had laid hold of some new material, and the increasing glare shone upon the bamboo walls, showing in full relief the form of the structure, and the high thatched roof above, standing out against the dark hill, and the yet darker sky beyond.

The great council-house was on fire!

There was but one impulse in every mind, to rush to the rescue. For no human being was to be seen, no voice was heard. The fire was evidently accidental, and we had no doubt it had been caused by a piece of burning wadding from one of the *Bermondsey's* guns.

Down went the boats at the word of command, and into them we piled pell-mell, throwing in all the buckets, as well as any hooks and ropes which might serve to aid us in pulling down the structure. The Englishman's crew were not behind in showing the same spirit, and away we dashed across the little space between the anchorage and the shore, as gallant a fire brigade as ever ran with a fancy machine up and down Broadway or the Bowery. And from away inland was heard the approaching tread and voices of many excited men, coming so swiftly, that the two tribes of humanity, white and tawny, were likely to pour into the little clearing, where the burning building stood, at the same moment. It was a little uncertain whether our meeting might be a hostile one, or whether we could understand each other so as to unite our efforts against the common enemy, and the feeling caused a momentary halt on our part. But we were already at the point of landing, the danger from the fire was imminent, for the council-house, being a lofty structure, overtopped the smaller houses which lay directly in the track of the flaming brands and cinders, and the whole village would be doomed to destruction if the fire should get the mastery.

Those people had no facilities for extinguishing a fire in a building of this size. Smaller cottages could be pulled down by hands, but, practically, fire was almost unknown among them.

But our hesitation was not long. One of the resident white men, who appeared to have been just roused from a drunken debauch, came straggling down, and begged us to come and assist them in saving the building. The crowd of yelling natives was

also in plain view now, coming out from the cover of the trees and hills.

"Tell them to give up my man. Bring him down here quick, and let me see him! Quick! if the king wants us to lend a hand!"

For Captain Parker felt that now was the moment for him to make terms. The flames were spreading rapidly along the dry bamboo walls, and the conflagration lighted up the whole bay.

"He 's coming," answered the beach comber. "There he comes with King George."

And sure enough, the old monarch, with his battered face, soon made his appearance, speeding along as fast as his strength would admit, while Jack Spring, in the background, hove in sight, marching between two stout keepers, and with his arms bound at the wrists.

"Cut that man free!" shouted Captain Parker. "Let him free before we give the order to strike a blow, or pass a bucket of water."

The order was obeyed.

"And tell King George, that if he undertakes any treachery, my ship's guns are all loaded, and with balls, too, this time! Go ahead now, men!" added Captain Jacobs to his own crew, "and do your duty like British seamen!"

We young eagles were not slow to emulate them, and were re-enforced now by Jack Spring himself, one of the best and bravest of all. A few minutes' work by forty white men, English and American, well organized and working with a will, was sufficient to tear away the blazing walls, and throw them to the ground, where the bucket brigade, assisted by the natives themselves, could bring water to bear in drenching out the flame.

But, as the end wall farthest from the fire yielded to the pull of the hooks, a human being was disclosed to view, crouching in a kind of loft, upon an upper floor! He seemed to be overpowered by the smoke or by fright, so as to be unable to make an effort to save himself. Old King George uttered a scream of horror, that rings in my ears to this day, whenever I recall the events of that night, and the cry was taken up and repeated from a hundred throats.

Our hooks had not yet been brought to bear upon the uprights, we had only torn off the broadside of the structure, and the fire was creeping rapidly along that upper floor toward the victim, who made no effort to save himself.

"It 's the king's brother," said the drunken beach-comber. "He is a paralytic, and has lost his wits too. Nothing can save him!"

But even as he spoke, Jack Spring rushed past us, into the interior of the building, making for the rude ladder which led up to this floor from the inside. He was too late, the floor at the upper end of it was already crumbling into cinders, and even while his foot was on the lower round of the ladder, it fell, cutting off all means of ascent at that point. But the old sailor rushed out through the smoke and falling cinders, dragging the ladder after him with the strength of a Hercules.

"Lend a hand here!"

And in an instant it was raised on end, and placed against the corner post of the building. The poor wretch aloft was now quite hidden in a wreath of smoke, but a sort of idiotic cry could be heard above the crackling of the flames, that were now drawing very near the spot where he had been last seen.

"Steady the ladder at the foot, some of ye!"

And up darted old Jack, with the agility of a cat, plunging without hesitation into the smoke to re-appear again, almost in a second, with the now insensible man in his arms. He lowered his burden as far down as he could, sitting down to do this, with his legs hanging over outside.

"Catch him, there, below!"

A dozen arms were outstretched to divide the shock, and the poor wretch was rescued, and landed safely on the greensward, where the old king took him in charge. He was still alive, and revived almost immediately in the fresh air.

Jack hardly seemed to touch the rounds of the ladder in his descent, but rather to slide as down a back stay. He was none too soon, for the whole fabric was now ready to fall, and a single pull of the hook and rope brought it all to the ground in a chaotic mass of ruin.

The destruction of the council-house was quite complete, but the damage went no further. By pulling it down so soon, and by turning attention to the low, thatched huts, the rest of the buildings were all saved.

The life of the poor wretch whom Jack had brought out of the fiery furnace was more valued by these people than that of an able-bodied warrior, for, strange as it may seem, they hold any one afflicted with such infirmities, and especially when of unsound mind, as sacred in the eyes of their Great Spirit, Blueskin, and they are regarded with the most jealous care as objects of special veneration.

The king's brother had been left behind at the royal palace, which was very near the council-house, though being to windward of it was in no danger from the fire: it was thought that the very presence of this stricken man would in some way prove the safety of the village from any attack of bombardment, if we should fire upon it.

And old woman specially consecrated beforehand was left in charge of him, but she had become frightened and deserted her post, and the poor man, although partially crippled, had managed, nobody knew how, to climb up into the loft where he was found; and but for our having pulled away the side of the building, would have perished in there, and fallen among the ruins.

When the danger was over, old King George came to the sailor with tears streaming over his bronzed face, and embraced him as if he was something more than human, something to be worshiped.

"Why, give us your flipper, old chap," said Jack. "I 'm glad to see that you bear no malice, and I promise you there 's no bad blood on my side. I own I was a little set up at the time, and you must own there was no fair play in plunging a stone at that poor young fellow. He 's not hurt so much as I thought, though; I 'm glad to know that, and so we 'll let bygones be bygones, eh, old boy?"

The grateful monarch was ready not only to shake hands, but to kiss and rub noses, in short, was even more demonstrative in his affection than Jack would desire.

"There!" said Captain Jacobs, "did n't I tell you that something would be sure to turn up, so that Jack Spring would come out all right, out of this scrape? I tell you there 's luck in the man; but who would have thought of it all growing out of firing a broadside of blank cartridges? For I suppose that s' the way the big *kara* house was set afire."

But Jack had had a narrow escape after all. He had been tied hand and foot, and confined in a building, while a pow-wow by the whole population was going on outside.

He was informed by one of the white men, that the ceremonies, consisting of invocations to Blueskin, would be kept up all night, and that he would be taken out and knocked on the head, or stoned to death in the house, according to the answer which Blueskin in his wisdom should return, but that he would certainly be put to death one way or the other, exactly at daybreak next morning.

"Which, of course," said Jack, in telling the story, "was not very encouraging to think about, and did n't help me to sleep sound. When Jacobs fired off his broadside, the heathens were awfully scared, and stopped their infernal sing-song, that they had kept up so long. And what put my pipe out was that the young fellow that was stoned by the king came up there to sing my death song with the rest of them, and did n't seem to have a bit of gratitude for my having taken his part. After they saw the fire, they were in a doubt what to do, but they could n't bear to see the whole town burned down, without trying to stop it, and, as they wanted help from the ships, they took me with 'em to make terms. I 'm eternally obliged to my old Captain Jacobs, for firing those guns. He might have fired 'em tomorrow morning with red-hot shot, just for revenge, but that would have been too late for me!"

King George, however, stoutly denied that he had any intention of puttiug the old seaman to death, but said he meant to make us some trouble, and get a large ransom if he could, as he wanted to be well paid for the insult to his dignity. I believe, however, that the beach-comber's statement of their intention was correct, and that neither force nor negotiation would have availed the next day, as it would have been too late!

We sent our carpenters with gangs of men ashore, and in a few days a new and better council-house rose, like a Phenix, out of the ashes of the old one, to the great delight of George, and his loyal subjects.

The paralytic brother, none the better or worse in his narrow escape, stood higher with Blueskin, and was held in greater veneration than ever before, and certainly no man stood higher in the good graces of the monarch than old Jack, who had begun his acquaintance with him by knocking him down.

## *A LOVE SONG.*

BY MISS MARY J. FIELD.

I WILL not reason why I love,
Or what I love in thee:
There breathes some secret from above
In every flower we see.

Suddenly, as we pass, we own
Some glimpse or scent divine:
Such secret, to none other known,
My heart has read in thine.